WEEK ENDING MAY 12, 1928

5c

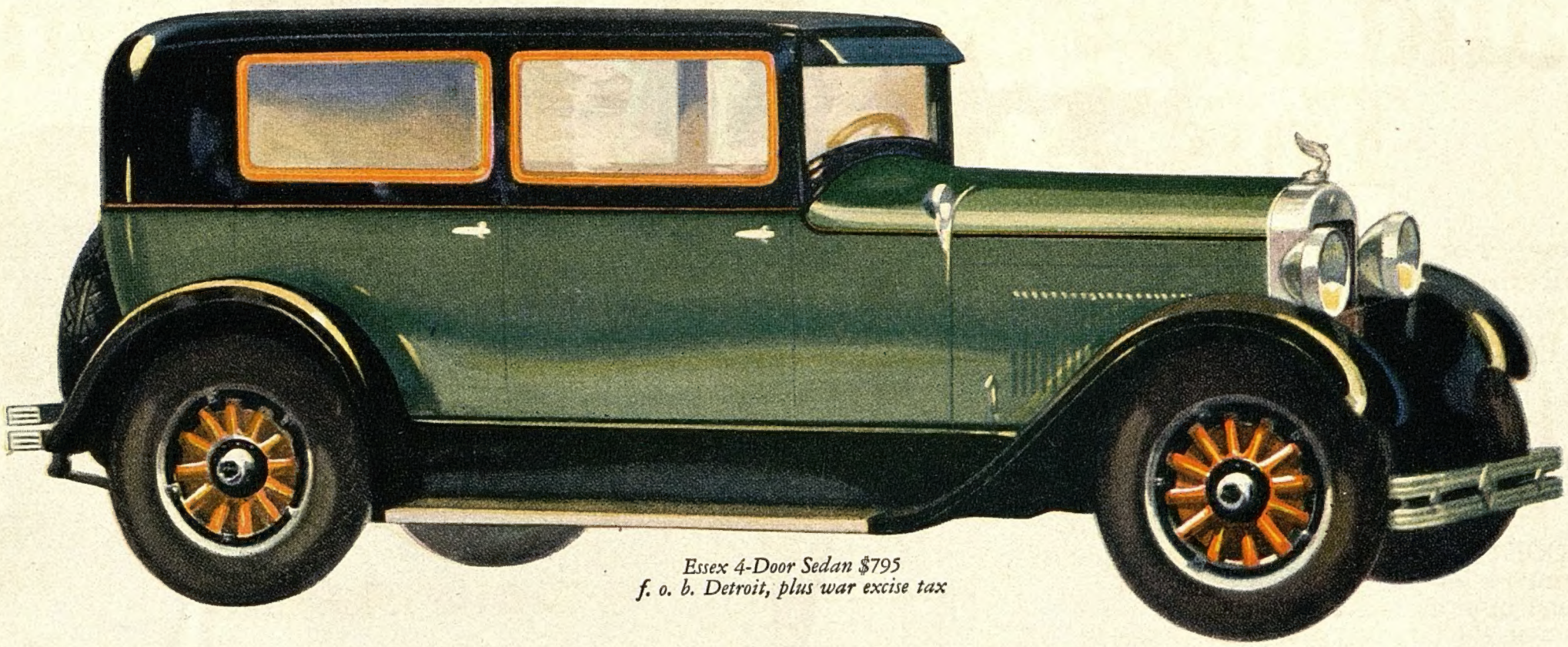
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Mother Knows Best

Memories of a
YELLOW JOURNALIST
by ADA PATTERSON

GRIMSHAW - ABDULLAH - FULLERTON - CHAMBERS - GREEN



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f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

Performance Men Own With Pride
and Beauty That Women Admire

The consistency of Hudson-Essex leadership is but the performance of their first principle and resolution—to always lead in value.

They were the first cars at moderate price to give truly great performance, smoothness and reliability—the industry's standard today. They were first in the development of American closed cars. The coach—a Hudson-Essex invention—turned the entire industry to closed cars.

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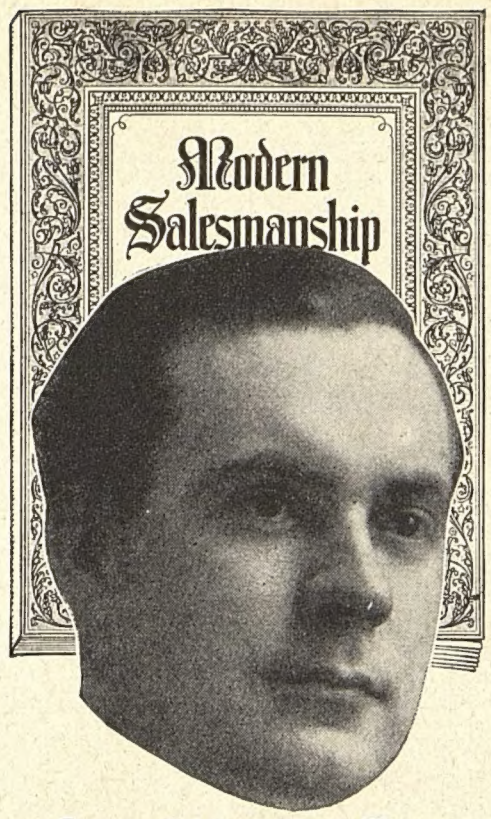
To see, examine and ride in these greatest Super-Sixes is to revise your whole knowledge of automobile values.

HUDSON-ESSEX

Both Are Super-Sixes

$7,500 a Year

C. W. Birmingham of Ohio was formerly a clerk in a shop, earning $15 a week. Within a short time he has increased his earnings 900% so that, today, he is making $7,500 a year. The book—"Modern Salesmanship"—proved the first rung in his ladder to success!



Over $10,000 a Year

C. V. Champion of Illinois counts it a "red letter day" when he first read this remarkable book—"Modern Salesmanship." He says, "It enabled me to learn more, *earn* more, and BE MORE!" Today he is president of his company and his earnings exceed $10,000 a year!

$1,000 a Week

O. D. Oliver of Norman, Oklahoma, was local manager of a mercantile business for 17 years—finally getting $200 a month. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes and started him on the road to big pay. Today he earns more in a week than he previously earned in 5 **months**—or $1,000 in the last 7 days!

$7,286 Last Year

F. J. Walsh was a clerk earning $1,000 a year, and trying to support a wife and three children. He had to do something. N. S. T. A. training built up his income last year to $7,286—an increase of over 700%.

—and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For a Limited Time Only—This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! If You Ever Aspire to Earn $10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail.

Where Shall We Send *Your* Copy FREE?

A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message that every ambitious man should read! It reveals the facts and secrets that have led hundreds of ambitious men to the success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far reaching has been the influence of this little volume, that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed."

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship" contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real *truth* about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

$4,800 Increase!

"It is a privilege to tell of the many good things I have received from studying the N. S. T. A. Course. After graduation, your employment department offered me choice of representing 48 firms (some service!) I mention this to show the great advantage of being connected with N. S. T. A.

"Last year I made over $100 a week and expect to make $7,000 this year. Some increase since my enrollment!"

F. B. Englehardt,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

$525 a Week

"Before enrolling with N. S. T. A. I was a cow-puncher. When I completed the course, I started out as a salesman. I made more than $3,000 in the next five months which is proof enough that N. S. T. A. helped me. Since then I have made as high as $525 a week." Wm. Shore, Neenach, Calif.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

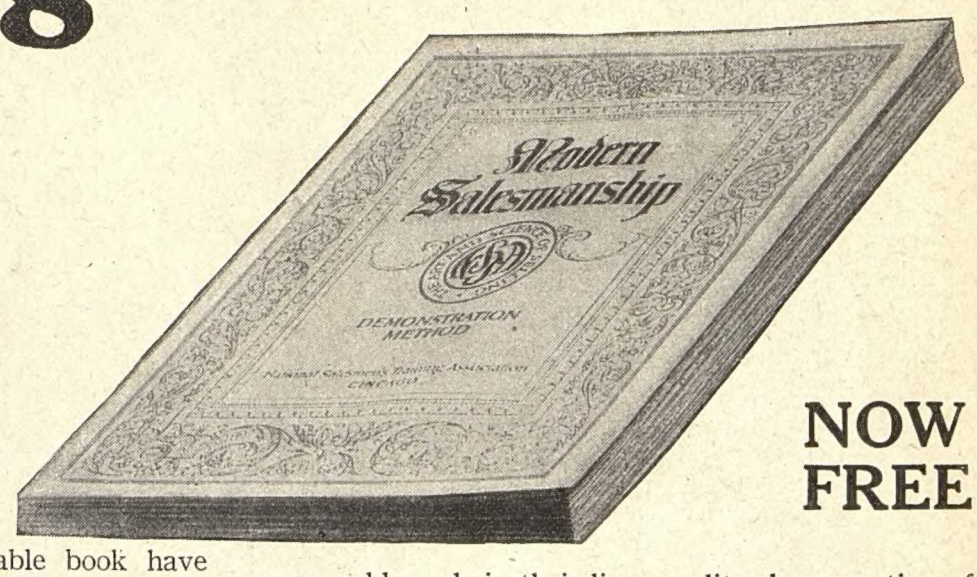
The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams of California who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning $10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

And then there's E. G. Kinzie, of Northville, Mich. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from $8 a week to $100 a week, and is now organizing a company of his own. L. A. Tinnes of Minneapolis made over $600 the first month after he had mastered Salesmanship. He had formerly been working as a machinist at $160 a month! And F. L. Real of Wheeling, W. Va., a former cigar maker, stepped into a position that pays him $4,600 a year drawing account alone!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience *proves* that salesmen are *made*—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the *National Demonstration Method*—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.



NOW FREE

Free to Every Man

If we were asking several dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. We cannot urge you too strongly to take advantage of this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association stands ready and willing to do for you. Find out exactly what the underlying principles of salesmanship are—and how you can put them to work for you. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession.

Mail the coupon now!

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WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST Exclusive SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

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N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me FREE your illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship," and particulars of membership in your Association and its FREE Employment Service.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

Age ..... Occupation .....

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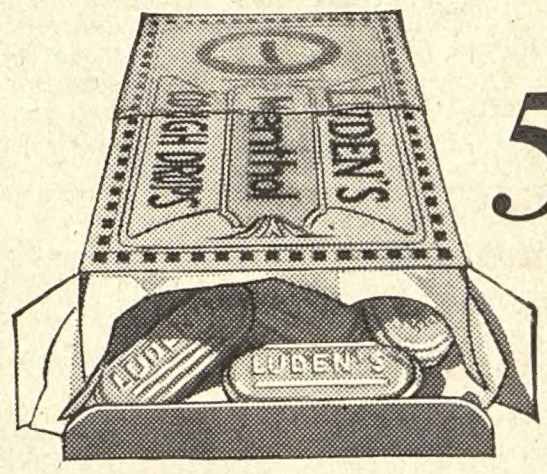
Are you missing SOMETHING on the 11th

Yes, if you haven't learned the new way to keep your smoke enjoyment up to par. Some shift constantly from brand to brand hoping for something .... for a cigarette that tastes good all day long .... But experienced smokers say "Do this" ... after smoking 10 cigarettes .... your favorite brand .... slip a Luden's into your mouth .... instantly it cools and refreshes .... whets your smoke taste and your 11th cigarette tastes as good as your first.



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LUDEN'S

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A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE STOCK MARKET

As we write this editorial—nearly a month before it will appear—the market on the New York Stock Exchange has been and continues to be one of the wildest and most bullish in many moons.

Qualify it as you will, this is a precarious observation. One may take a risk in writing about bonds, but stocks are dangerous to discuss a month ahead. Words as old as this are likely to look foolish. However, it *has* been a strange market, and one of the strangest things about it is that it has never been understood in financial circles and in Wall Street.

It is generally known that, for a long time, some of the biggest men in banking and finance have been accumulating cash, ready to go in and buy when the market broke. Some have been waiting a year; some two years. But the market never tumbled enough to warrant the projected purchases. That is, it had never tumbled enough when these lines were written.

Everything has been contrary to the expectations and experience of the men who are supposed to know.

Probably the long rise has been caused by a lot of money in the country, some for speculation and some for investment.

Those who use their money to speculate, in our judgment, would do better if they played the races or the roulette wheels which are coming into vogue in this country. What with the yachts and country estates the brokers and operators must have, the speculator hasn't a chance.

In the long run, the sucker is always caught.

Money for *investment* can be put into real estate, sound real estate mortgages, municipal and industrial bonds. But there is much to be said also for buying good stocks.

Stock in well managed enterprises has the advantage that as a business becomes more valuable the stock will go up.

It has often been computed how much a man would have made if he had bought Ford or General Motors or other standard automobile stocks when the concerns were young. But there are many less spectacular examples, such as U. S. Steel, Standard Oil, and various telegraph and insurance company securities—stocks in concerns conducted for years on a sound basis, which for years have steadily appreciated in value.

Perhaps people will not turn *en masse* for advice to a magazine editor who has never landed very high in the surtax bracket list. But, as the unsuccessful man told his son, do as I say and not as I do.

We would advise people who have money to invest to go in for standard stocks—those of enterprises that have been conducted successfully for ten or twenty years—and *not* to go in on margin. Buy as you can afford to buy outright, and can afford to put your purchases away, expecting them to increase in value in, say, ten years. You may see your stocks go down, but if you are patient you are pretty sure to find them more valuable in the end than they are now. In general, investors in basic stocks are wise. They do get increasing returns.

J. P. Morgan in 1900 said anyone who is a bear on America is a fool. We believe this is even more true in 1928.

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Bachrach photo

James Montgomery Flagg

The Greatest World's Series Game, described by

Hugh Fullerton

May 12, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 19

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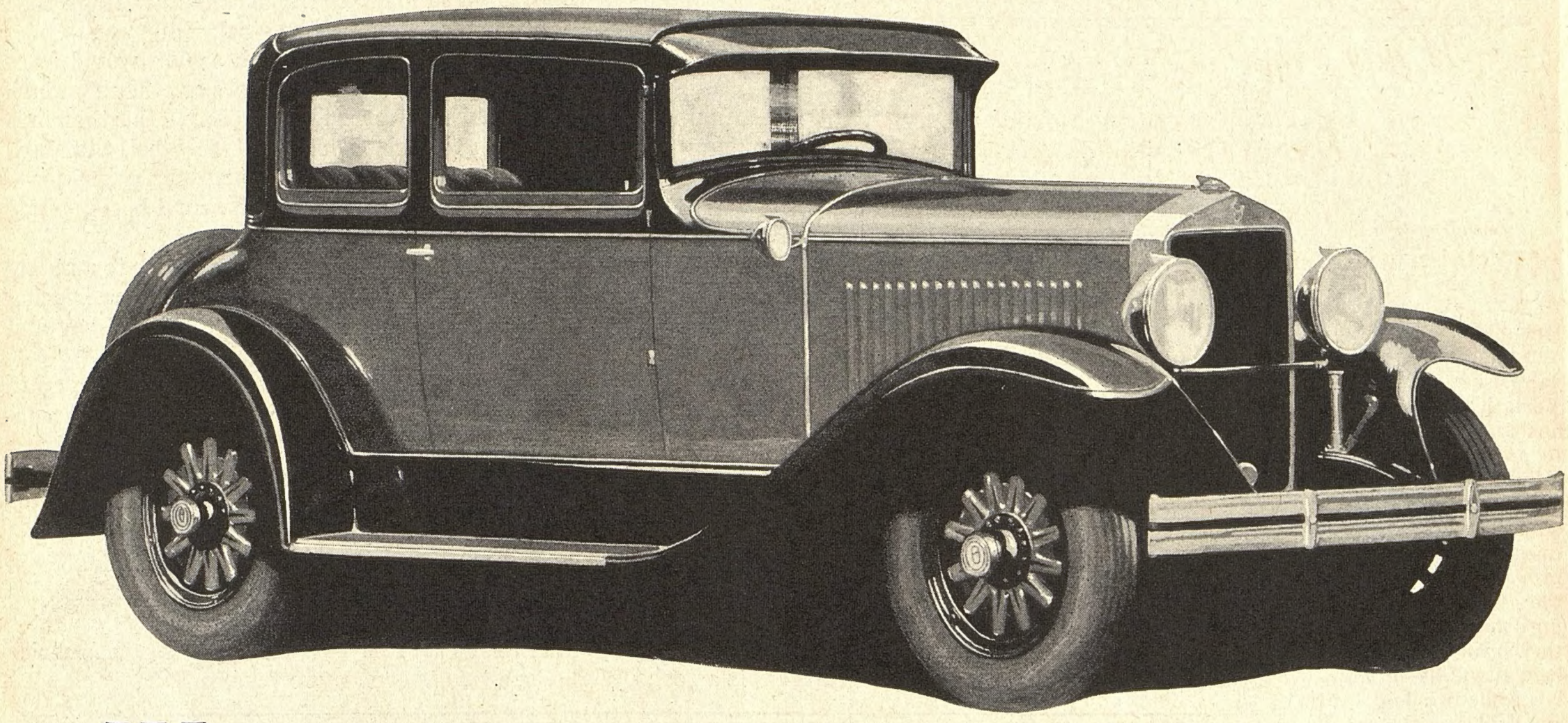
The Demand Is Steadily Growing



WITHIN three months after the introduction of the completely new line of Graham-Paige motor cars, this company enjoyed the greatest month's business in eighteen years.

Joseph B. Graham
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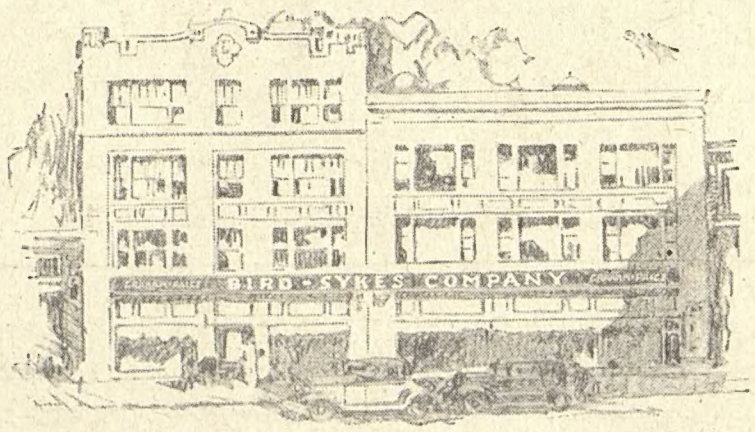
Five chassis — sixes and eights — prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Illustrated is Model 619, 4-passenger Coupe, with 4-speed transmission, $1575.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

GRAHAM-PAIGE



We have pledged ourselves that Graham-Paige owners shall be served by distributors and dealers who possess character, capability and capital. Illustrated is the home of the Bird-Sykes Company, distributors in the Chicago territory.

It's Fun to Be FRENCH!

A Story of What May Happen When Mother Makes Up Her Mind

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

(Reading time: 17 minutes 20 seconds.)

Pictures by KATHERINE STURGES

"Jealous? I? Of him? Ridiculous!"

"TO listen to you, my dear," said Rutger van Dissel, "one would think Jane isn't our daughter, but—a—a problem in economics."

"That's precisely what she is," replied Mrs. van Dissel, who, after twenty-five years in New York, still pronounced English (on purpose, her husband had been heard to assert) with a metallic French accent.

French, too, was her outer self. The cameo lines of her features, broken unexpectedly by the impish, arrogant uptilting of her nose; the brown eyes that held a twinkle of slightly ironic wisdom; the small, pleasantly rounded figure, narrow waisted, frankly proclaiming the presence of stays.

Rather like a plump little partridge, you would say at moments, looking at her; and at other moments rather like a marquise of the eighteenth century.

Indeed, her late father had been the Marquis de Déronville-Casserac. Van Dissel had married her, after a tempestuous courtship, when he had been attaché at the Paris embassy.

She opened her account book and tapped a page scrawled over with telltale additions. "Our yearly expenditure," she explained.

For, almost since their wedding, her husband had left all business matters in her capable hands.

"Must I read it?" he asked.

"Yes, darling."

He sighed, but studied the figures.

First came the household budget, which included everything except the personal expenses of the family, and amounted to $18,000. Then followed three succinct items:

Mr. van Dissel	$4,000
Mrs. van Dissel	4,000
Miss van Dissel	4,000

Without comment he returned the book to his wife.

"Twelve thousand dollars personal expenses," she said. "Add household expenses, and you have thirty thousand—our exact income."

"A lot of money," he suggested.

"A lot of money years ago. The cost of living is rising every day."

"I guess so." Again he sighed. "And our income is paid out of a trust fund. Thirty thousand—neither more nor less. And I could do with a little extra cash."

"So could I."

"You know," said Mr. van Dissel, "Tom Chadly is going to live in London—is willing to let me have his prewar bourbon at a bargain . . ."

"And I saw a charming sapphire at Cartier's . . ."

"And we need a new car. Our old one's a disgrace—regular Noah's ark . . ."

"And that lovely Mechlin lace Gwen was going to bring me from Brussels—she sent a sample . . ."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IT'S FUN TO BE FRENCH!]
Continued from page seven

"And the lot of Havana imports I thought of splitting with Jack Morgan . . ."

"Yes! This and that and the other thing! What you and I need is about four thousand a year more. And—there it is!"

"Where, Yvonne?"

She pointed at the item, "Miss van Dissel . . . $4,000," and continued:

"I repeat, Jane is a problem in economics. Do you know why?"

"Well?"

"Because she is also . . . *comment dire?* . . . yes—a problem in sex psychology."

Rutger van Dissel was shocked.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed.

His wife smiled.

"Any daughter, even yours," she insisted, "has sex!"

"Please—don't be so—so . . ."

"So what?"

"So French!"

"But I *am* French, darling. And glad of it. It's fun to be French! Much more fun than to be American or English."

"How d'you make that out?"

"Because to have fun in life you must be happy. And to be happy you must be two things."

"Healthy and rich?"

"No! Tolerant and truthful. And we French are both."

"Tolerant? I admit it. Too damned tolerant at times. But truthful? My dear Yvonne, I've known occasions . . ."

"When I lied to you?"

"Right!"

"Maybe I did."

"You bet you did!"

"About unimportant details. Pleading a headache to avoid a silly bridge game . . . trifling things . . ."

"And other things—not quite so trifling!" He shook a finger at her. "I remember . . ."

"I know what you mean. Going to lunch—years ago—with Tom Chadly, eh?"

"Yes."

"You were so gloriously, so ridiculously jealous, *mon gros chéri!*" She gave him a rapid little kiss. "You simply forced me to tell you a fib. But I'm always truthful, sanely truthful, about really important matters"—she was very serious—"such as sex."

"What are you driving at?"

"Our daughter. She is pretty, *hein?*"

"Looks like you."

"You're a dear. And she is intelligent and well educated. She would make a delightful wife—for somebody. And after she is married we'll have four thousand a year more."

"A bit hard, aren't you?"

"No. I love our little Jane. But I believe in being fair."

"Call it fair to balance her future against four thousand dollars?"

"Fair toward you and me. Or has Jane the right to expect that life should be less fair toward us because we are old, than toward her because she is young?"

"You have a trick of—of . . ."

"Of speaking the truth. Jane is an economic problem that must be solved. Marriage is the solution. But does she marry? No!"

"I had an idea that young Blake de Puyster . . ."

"He adores her."

"And—she likes him?"

"Tremendously. But he won't propose."

"Why not, Yvonne?"

"Because, at least in America, when dresses reached to the floor it was man who proposed—and woman who fainted, but always became conscious in time to accept. When dresses stopped above the knee it was woman who took the initiative—and man who often, doubtless, felt like fainting, but accepted anyway. . . . Americans *are* such chivalrous gentlemen! But since last spring we have a new fad in style and sex—and our daughter has adopted it."

Rutger van Dissel sat up. Had he heard conversation—light laughter . . .?

"WHAT is it?"

"Skirts stop halfway between heel and knee. Legs are no longer advertised, either by exposing or hiding them. And the result? Sex equality! Platonic friendship! Which is very, very immoral!"

"I fail to see where the immorality comes in."

"Immoral because unnatural. A young girl and a young man like brother and sister . . . unaware of—*enfin*—the little thrills? Why, it isn't proper!" She paused. "Besides, it costs us four thousand dollars a year."

"Well, platonic friendship isn't the lasting sort. He'll propose to her sooner or later."

"Not as long as Jane trusts him. That's where she is so wrong."

"Wrong—to trust him?"

"Rather wrong to show him that she trusts him. It is an insult to his manhood."

"Eh?"

"No man likes to be trusted—quite."

"You trusted me—in Paris, twenty-five years ago."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course."

"Remember the night of the ball at the Austrian embassy, when you asked me to go driving in the Bois?"

"I'll never forget." He smiled reminiscently.

"I didn't trust you then."

"Yvonne!"

"Again I shock you—because I speak the truth."

"But you went with me—that night—to the Bois?"

"I did. But I was—*eh bien*—careful. Not too excessively careful, though. In fact, I encouraged you."

"But . . ."

"Every man must be encouraged . . ."

"To fall in love?"

"No. To be wicked. As soon as he is wicked you must make him feel ashamed. And as soon as he feels ashamed you must give him a chance to show his nobler nature—so that he can make up for his wickedness—by proposing marriage . . ."

And then a fresh young voice came from the door:

"You are so French!"

At which Rutger van Dissel broke into loud laughter.

Why—to be sure! Here was Blake smiling at Jane, and Jane at Blake.

"Just what I've been telling your mother!" he exclaimed, and beat a strategic retreat toward the library.

"Come in, child," said Mrs. van Dissel.

Momentarily she was worried. She wondered how much her daughter had overheard. She felt relieved when she found out, a second later, that Jane had heard only the last few words; she had not caught their personal application and implication. For she asked:

"About whom were you talking, mother?"

"Nobody in particular. Only generalities. Your father and I were at our old pastime—comparing American and French customs."

"I'm all for the home brand."

"Of course you are, darling." She looked at her daughter.

The latter was a charming picture in a rococo dress of pale blue taffeta, her chestnut curls hidden by a fluffy, powdered, snowy white wig.

"How do you like my costume, mother?"

"Delicious! Dress rehearsal for the charity fête?"

"Yes. At the McCrackens'. I'm dancing in the Watteau scene—with Blake de Puyster."

She threw her mother a kiss, turned toward the door.

"I'll have to go."

Then, suddenly, an idea came to the older woman.

A lie?

She shrugged her shoulders.

A white lie, meant to help. And she was due at confession tomorrow, anyway. . . .

"Please stay a minute, child."

"I'm in a hurry."

"Only a minute. There's something—something important—I want to tell you . . ."

"About . . .?"

"Blake."

Jane looked up sharply, suspiciously. A faint note of defiance crept into her voice.

"If it's any matchmaking scheme of yours, little mother . . ."

"No, no! On the contrary . . ."

"I'm just warning you that you can save yourself the trouble. Blake and I are buddies—plain buddies—nothing but!"

Mrs. van Dissel gave a sigh of relief that was a pure product of art.

"Ah—I am so glad! I thought . . . never mind . . . it's all right. Run along, darling. Have a good time."

SHE picked up a magazine and started reading.

"Mother!"

"Yes?"

"I want to know about Blake."

"It's nothing. Nothing at all."

"But you said . . ."

"It doesn't matter, since you are—how you call it?—buddies."

"I'd like to know! I must know!"

"You're like your father—so stubborn! Ah—it is no fun being French—in America. One is so bullied"—with a little martyred air—"even by one's own family."

"I don't care. Tell me about Blake."

"You'll be late for the rehearsal."

"I shan't go until you tell me."

"But it is so—so—not at all in good taste!"

"What isn't?"

"Blake's *petite affaire* . . ."

"Affai?"

"Yes"—brightly, rapidly inventing—"with the daughter—the Alsatian baker's daughter . . ."

"Where?"

"Oh"—vaguely—"on Seventh Avenue."

"Who told you?"

"Our maid Suzette . . ."

"I see! Backstairs gossip! It isn't true!"

"I hope it isn't! Though—what does it matter to you? You're like brother and sister—you and Blake."

"That's just why he might have told me. He's dining here tonight. . . . I'll give him a piece of my mind . . ."

"No, no! You mustn't let on to him that you know. He'll think you jealous."

"Jealous? I? Of him? Ridiculous!"

"Of course it's ridiculous. But men are so conceited. Take my advice. Don't mention the subject to him. Promise?"

"All right. I promise. Still, I'm angry at him—very angry. . . . I trusted him."

And Jane went to the dress rehearsal, there to treat Blake de Puyster with marked coolness, while Mrs. van Dissel joined her husband in the library.

He saw the expression on her face; knew it of old.

"You look like the cat that has eaten the canary," he commented.

"Only half the canary—so far. Are you going to your club?"

"In a minute."

"Would you mind stopping at Cartier's and asking them to put the sapphire aside for me?"

"But . . ." He was astonished.

"And if you see Tom Chadly," she went on, "tell him it's all right about the bourbon. And do you think Jane would like my grandmother's emerald necklace for a wedding present?"

"You—you mean . . .?" Rutger van Dissel stammered in his excitement. "Has Blake . . .?"

"Proposed? Not yet."

"Then . . .?"

"I cleared the way. You see, I said something to Jane about Blake's little escapade—with the baker's daughter . . ."

"Blake? Baker's daughter? Great Scott! Who told you?"

"Nobody."

"Oh—you fibbed?"

"Well—it might be true. One never can tell. At all events, she doesn't trust him quite as much as she did. Platonic friendship? We shall see tonight. At dinner—ah"—she laughed—"when I shall fire the second shot."

"What are you going to do?"

"Never mind. But"—with a determined glint in her eye—"Blake will propose before the end of the evening."

"He will if you've made up your mind."

Rutger van Dissel left the house.

"Extraordinary woman!" he thought.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IT'S FUN TO BE FRENCH!
Continued from page nine]

"Might have been one of Napoleon's marshals."

But he grew less sure of his wife's military qualifications when, at dinner, he watched his daughter and Blake de Puyster. For, if Jane had treated the latter coolly during the rehearsal at the McCrackens', she treated him now as if he were a social leper. Not once did she address him; replied to him in terse monosyllables: "No" and "Yes" and "I guess so" and "Maybe" and "Indeed" and "Is that so?"

The idea, she thought, carrying on with a baker's daughter! And on Seventh Avenue, of all places! An Alsatian baker's daughter . . . yellow-haired, most likely, and with round, china-blue eyes . . . like some silly Gretchen!

Oh . . . She became conscious of a queer tightening of her heartstrings.

She was furious at Blake.

Not because of his love affair. No, no! she insisted to herself. But because he hadn't told her.

He should have. Weren't they buddies? And here he had gone and . . .

"Jane!" said Blake de Puyster.

"Yes?"

"Been to the Follies?"

"No."

"Care to go with me next Saturday?"

"No."

Follies! she thought. Follies indeed. Smirking, undressed chorus girls. Just like Blake to go to the Follies!

And this was the man she had always trusted—had treated him as if he were her brother. And now . . .

Follies! Baker's daughter!

She looked at him covertly. Couldn't blame the other girl. Nice looking chap. Tall; broad; black, curly hair; cleft in his square chin. . . .

"Jane!" said Blake.

"Yes?"

"I'm up for the tennis semifinals."

"Is that so?"

"Playing Bill Hickson Tuesday afternoon. Want to watch the game?"

"No."

Rutger van Dissel squirmed. He had taken his wife's instructions literally—he always did—and so he had told Tom Chadly he'd buy the whisky, had stopped at Cartier's; and here—why, this was terrible . . . the way Jane spoke to Blake. . . .

He glanced at her over the rim of his wineglass. Her face was sulky. Sulky, too, her thoughts:

Not the first one, this baker's daughter—she was willing to wager. Nor the last one. Of course, no man with a cleft chin should be trusted. . . . Stake him out on the desert and he'd flirt with a cactus!

Blake! Flirting!

She wondered if he was good at it; wondered what they had to say to each other—he and the baker's daughter. . . .

"Oh—Jane!" Blake tried again.

"Well?"

"Bought a new car. A wow. Eats up the miles. Come for a spin tomorrow if the weather's fine?"

"No."

Rutger van Dissel almost swallowed a chicken bone. He looked appealingly at his wife, who sat there quiet and comfortable, like a well fed, white-haired sphinx.

He coughed to attract her attention. She looked back at him, smiling enigmatically.

"I"—he began—"I went to Cartier's . . ."

"Thank you, darling. Have another glass of champagne?"

CHAMPAGNE! The word echoed in Jane's brain. That's what Blake would order when he took the baker's daughter to a road house. Oh—her quite unladylike thought—damn the baker's daughter!

"Jane!"

"Yes?"

"Read the new Wodehouse book?"

"No."

"It's a corker. All about golf. Shall I send it to you?"

"No."

Again, appealingly, Rutger van Dissel stared at his wife. She gave him the tiniest wink.

Pleased, was she? Well, he was not.

Nor was Blake de Puyster. Why—thought the latter—what had come over Jane? Treating him as though he were some sort of obnoxious beetle. He felt hurt; became taciturn . . . and silence dropped over the dining room like a pall.

Rutger van Dissel suppressed a sigh.

"You are so innocent, mon pauvre ami! You see, I played—how you say in English?—with the feet."

His wife had overplayed her hand. No doubt of it. That's what came of fibbing!

Maybe he'd better try to straighten things out—tell Jane later on that this story about Blake and the other girl wasn't true. . . .

Yes. It was up to him.

So he slumped down in his chair, deep in thought, framing what he would say to Jane. He would have to be very discreet, very diplomatic.

A minute or two passed.

And then, suddenly, Rutger van Dissel sat up. Had he heard conversation—light laughter . . . ?

He looked across the table.

Why—to be sure! Here was Blake smiling at Jane, and Jane at Blake. Blake must have invited her to go some place, for she was saying:

"I'd love to go!"

"Tomorrow night?" asked Blake.

"Well, I've a date tomorrow with Charlie Osborn . . ."

"Can't you break the date?"

"Of course!"

Rutger van Dissel could not make it out at all.

He listened.

More talk. More light laughter.

And why was Jane blushing? Why was Blake looking so—oh, so pleasedly self-conscious?

And his wife . . . ?

Sitting there like a sphinx. Calm. Serene. . . .

RUTGER VAN DISSEL was puzzled; was still puzzled when, a little after midnight, he was sitting in his wife's boudoir, and she said to him triumphantly:

"I told you so, *mon ami!* Yes. Blake has proposed. Has been accepted."

"But—I don't understand . . ."

His wife had opened the household account book; was blue-penciling the item "Miss van Dissel . . . $4,000."

"That's that!" she said with finality. "Blake is a dear boy, and our little Jane will be so happy . . ."

"But what happened?"

"This!" Mrs. van Dissel stretched out two tiny feet in tiny silver slippers, pointed at certain dark spots that smudged the toes. "I'll have to get new ones. Silver slippers are hard to clean . . ."

"What are you talking about? Please come to the point."

"You are so innocent, *mon pauvre ami!* You see, I played—how you say in English?—with the feet."

"You—you don't mean to say you played — er — footie?"

"Footie! Yes. That's the word."

"With—with Blake?"

"With both."

"What for?"

"To give a taste—to both—of stolen apples. The sweetest apples in the world."

He smiled.

"Like you and I—twenty-five years ago. Old-fashioned, aren't you, Yvonne?"

"No. Some fashions do not change. It worked, *hein?* The table is small. And my right foot played with Jane, my left with Blake. And Blake thought it was Jane's foot, and Jane thought it was Blake's." She laughed, then went on: "You know, I'm a little bit shocked . . ."

"Why, Yvonne?"

"Because—the response!"

"Whose?"

"Jane's—and Blake's. They played it so well—too well—this footie game. They—yes—I'm afraid they've played it before—both!"

"Still"—again she laughed—"I enjoyed it—very much! Ah—but it's fun to be French, *mon chéri!*"

THE END

The first bright glow in the meal!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

SOUP
and
Mrs. Grundy

SHE HAS always been a famous woman—has Mrs. Grundy. She never lived, to be sure, but she has been feared and respected ever since her name was first used in an old English play. In this play she never even appeared on the stage, but another woman, a rival of hers, stood in constant awe of her and kept continually asking, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" From that day to this, her name has been used to represent the gossips and the critics.

Every neighborhood has its Mrs. Grundys who set up their little courts and deliver their judgments on their sisters. No independent, self-respecting woman caters for their favor. But by the same token, proud and capable women demand that their homes shall at all times be so faultlessly kept that no Mrs. Grundy can throw her little barbs of criticism at it.

SOUP IS now accepted as one of those refinements in the daily menu that mark the well-kept home. The woman who is jealous to have for her family a table second to none in charm and excellence is careful not to omit soup. She is quick to follow the example of those neighbors whom she most respects and admires—friends who exchange visits with her and who take it for granted that delicious, invigorating soup will greet them at the table, as it does in their own homes.

THE WOMAN who makes it the rule to serve soup every day proves that she wishes to make her meals just as enjoyable as possible. She also shows that she knows how to make them most beneficial. For soup not only delights the taste, it also stimulates the flow of the digestive juices and promotes general good health.

The more you appreciate quality, the better you like Campbell's Soups! Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. So easy and convenient. Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of the twenty-one Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

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See the clever part I've played;
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At Eighteen—"That Schoolgirl Complexion"

At Thirty—Keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

At Fifty—Still "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

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Staying young with her husband! A priceless faculty . . . yet no secret, to the millions who are doing it. To these fortunate ones Mile-stones in life come only as happy reminders of congenial miles together.

The art of keeping young—of staying beautiful, today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty.

Women with lovely complexions know that common-sense care surpasses any synthetic beauty treatment known. They know that beauty that endures the years, comes from following Nature's rules, not man's, in beauty preservation.

More and more every day, women turn to this safe way to beauty

Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for *one purpose only,* and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Retail Price 10c *Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper. It is never sold unwrapped*

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

The Woman in BLACK

Being a Chapter from the

Memories of a Yellow Journalist

By

ADA PATTERSON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Patterson is one of the best known newspaper women in America. Since the age of fourteen she has worked on dailies in Salt Lake City, San Francisco, St. Louis, New York, and other cities, and has "covered" every phase of news from a hanging to an exclusive society event. She also has to her credit a biography of Maude Adams and a collection of short stories, By the Stage Door. The following article is the first of a series dealing with her experiences.]

(Reading time: 19 minutes 10 seconds.)

BUT for the accident of an editor's electing to enjoy his vacation sooner than he had intended, I might have given twenty years to the woman's page and topics considered to be especially of "interest to women," instead of going to the bottom of rivers in a deafening caisson; of spending a night in a house where a murder had been committed, to learn whether it was haunted; of interviewing and witnessing trials of murderers, and of viewing the execution of one.

But for his hearing the splash of the captured trout a fortnight before the date set for his vacation trip, I might have written about blue cross-stitches on doilies and how to give a betrothal shower party, instead of tragedies and the possible morals thereof.

It was that editor's impulsive advance of his holidays by a fortnight that moved me out of the contemplated sphere of pale and polite newspaper-making into the zone of yellow journalism. It was his premature rush out of the office that saved me from boredom.

For, whatever the invectives hurled against them, the yellow sheets are never dull. A life, or fraction of it, spent in their service is not one of yawns. I might have fallen asleep over a story for the woman's page. Becoming yellow I made acquaintance with insomnia.

The yellow journalist lives intensely, even though vicariously, and though there are strained eyes and jumping nerves in the office that houses him, there is no nodding.

Picture by Joseph Maturo

"I swore upon the body of our child that if he did not marry me I would kill him."

The managing editor of a New York newspaper, having read feature articles with which a Western journal was foisting youth instead of wisdom upon its public, telegraphed his representative:

"See this girl. Find out whether she would come to New York."

She would. She did—to learn that the editor who questioned her willingness to move upon the metropolis had left for a month's vacation sooner than he intended. No one else in the office knew anything of the negotiations opened by the editor. The girl must wait until his return.

I went into executive session with my bank account. The report of the meeting was disconcerting. I knew no one in Manhattan. Or so I thought. But on my second day in the great city, while I walked down lower Broadway, its wonders to survey, I met a man who had preceded me from the West two years before.

"Doing anything?" he asked.

I told him of that despair-stirring vacation.

"Come over to our shop," he said. "An editor wants a woman's job done in a hurry. No, wait. They don't do things that way here. No dropping in on the editor. You must make appointments. I'll tell him about you."

A TELEGRAM called me to the office. The editor viewed me with glacial, impersonal eyes.

"I want someone to go down in the caisson of a bridge that is being built across the East River. The men who are building the caisson often have the bends. The air pressure sometimes causes deafness. Will you take the risk?"

He searched on his overflowing desk. He found a small clipping. I read the headline: "Men Dying in the Caisson of Bends."

I visualized the diminishing bank account and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

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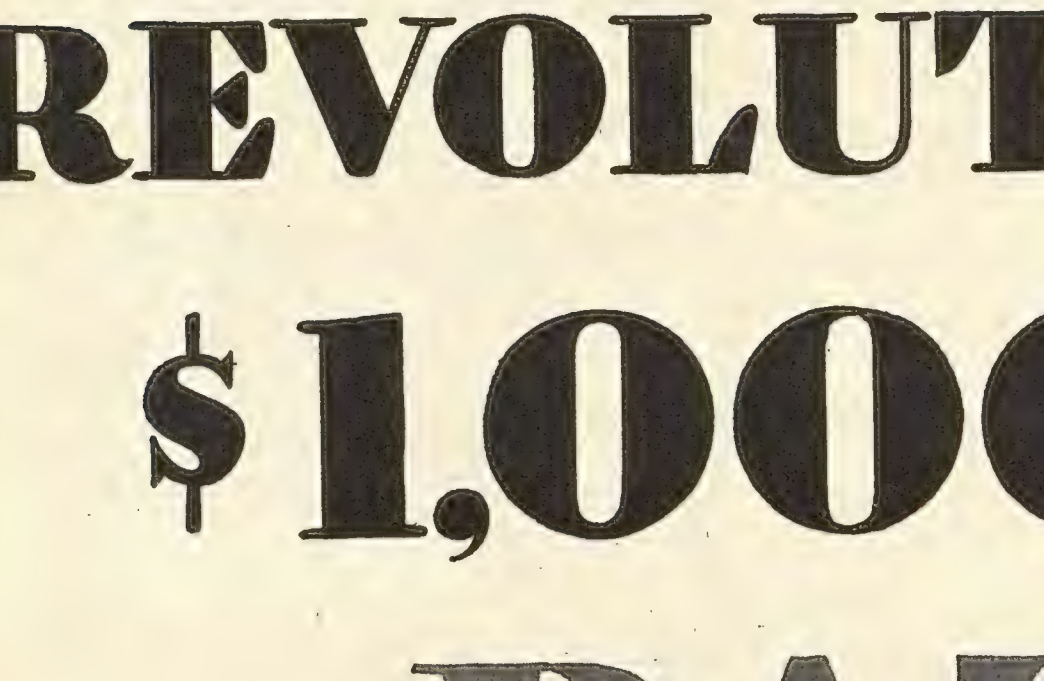

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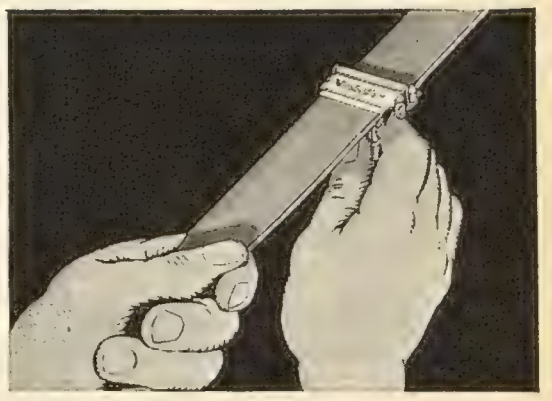

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[THE WOMAN IN BLACK
Continued from page thirteen]

the editor who was fishing in the Adirondacks.

"Yes," I said.

When the editor of the paler paper returned I had turned yellow.

Another color entered the scheme of my life. A sister sensation-pursuer supplied the color.

"It's the hardest kind of newspaper work," she said; "but our compensation is that we get more yards of the long green for it." That, in the last, the first, and the middle analysis, is the reason why I served the cause of Extreme Realism longer than Jacob served for his much desired Rachel.

Yellow and green. The chromatic challenge flew before my vision as the flag of his nation before a soldier.

Lillian Russell, I am sure, had forebodings that they would be hard years for me. She did not say, as Charlotte Perkins Gilman did, "Don't. It is too great a tax upon womanhood."

Sitting at a round table eating her before-theater dinner—I recall how deftly she sliced the roast of beef, and that it was one of the few times I ever saw her alone, since she was usually surrounded by a wearisome retinue—she apologized because I had waited in the hall for an hour.

I had answered warmly that it was well worth it to meet the American Beauty. I had come to ask her whether she had adopted Christian Science. She said she had, and she advised:

"Adopt it yourself. It will help you in your work. You will need it."

She was right. The daughter of a newspaper editor herself, and inclined to the pen and paragraph, she knew that newspaper work is less easeful than gainful, and that the way called yellow makes frequent overdrafts upon strength and a personal stock of philosophy.

She knew that most of the matter published in a yellow journal is published against the will of its chief figure. The conflict of wills leaves the reporter exhausted though victorious.

OF cruciform outline in my memory is a woman who murdered her lover. In my pre-yellow phase as an innocuous recorder of society events in Salt Lake City, I had written the "story" of her wedding.

She was a clerk in the city water department. She married a clerk in a railroad company's office. While not in society, nor of it, she was the romantic, shimmering, central figure in a wedding. All marriages were chronicled in the society columns. I saw her in her bridal gown in her room a half hour before the wedding.

It may have been the only day in her life that the woman, whose name was then Annie Madison, was beautiful. In that hour, when a woman's loveliness is supreme, her eyes shone, dark stars through the film of her bridal veil. Her dark complexion was softened by that exquisite whiteness.

The then unfashionable slenderness of her body was rounded into gracious curves by the generous folds of her thin white silk gown. I noticed how slimly lovely were her feet in their slippers of snowy satin.

Now I saw her in jail in Washington, D. C. The feet, still tiny, shod in coarse shoes, had walked the path of dishonor.

The name which that day the railroad clerk had given her, with the gold ring that was the badge of her wifehood, bore the red stain of murder. In the interval between that day and this, she had lived in a reasonable degree of happiness with the railroad clerk. She had borne him two children, a son and a daughter, whom she had christened Matthew and Martha.

INTO their commonplace Eden had entered the Utah Senator, Arthur Brown. Brilliant, unstable, unprincipled, he lived in the best street. She lived in one of the poorest.

As a political worker she had achieved the distance between the two homes and had become a member of a committee with Mrs. Brown. It was a radiant evening when the star escorted the humble glowworm to the cottage where the railroad clerk, in his shirt sleeves, sat smoking and waiting for her on the porch.

After two years of tumult, recriminations, of bitter scenes between the women, which the United States Senator, watching with grim smiles, umpired, Mrs. Brown died.

"A broken heart the primary cause, with complications," said the doctor. Matthew Bradley, the railroad clerk, having been moved off the board by process of divorce, Annie Bradley waited the conventional period of mourning. For Senator Brown had promised her that when that period had elapsed he would marry her.

© P. & A. photo

Lillian Russell.

There were two living reasons for the marriage—two small sons whom she had given him. That they should be legitimatized by the marriage of their parents had become the woman's reason for continuing to live.

There rose on the murky scene a new figure. Mrs. Annie Adams, mother of Maude Adams, the great actress, was an old friend and client of the Senator. She paid a friend in Salt Lake City a visit. The Senator and she renewed their friendship.

The tortured woman, on whose breast the community and her own acts had pinned the scarlet letter, watched the Senator's goings and comings, dogged his footsteps, importuned him, begged his friends to intercede for her and the children. Mrs. Adams returned to the East to join her famous daughter, and Senator Brown said that he had business in Washington.

"What kind of business? Fortune-hunting? Matrimonial business?" sneered the wretched woman.

"Legal business," he snapped. He refused her any further confidence. Details of the proposed journey, its object or its length, he denied her. Capsheaf of his cruelty, he repudiated the paternity of the two children.

ALL of this background she etched for me in the matron's high room in the old jail. A bent, pock-marked woman in black. A woman with dark eyes that were wells of despair. She sat with face turned eagerly toward me, her bent back toward the window.

The gray afternoon light that came through the windows showed a strange background for the bent, narrow figure in black. It was the giant gray frame of the gallows. On that scaffold the assassin Guiteau had been hanged for the murder of President Garfield.

All afternoon she unfolded to me the tale of passion that was the precursor of death. To the dark eyes that burned as with fever came the relief of tears, when she repeated for me the love verses that she and the Senator had addressed to each other in their first raptures.

"Strange," she said, "we suffered the more from public scorn because each of us had Puritan ideals, though we loved the beauty and glory of life. It was his friends that first came between us. He wanted to go back to the Senate. His friends told him its doors would be barred to him unless he 'got rid of this woman.'

"When a man has made public scandals of his private pleasures he is an Ishmael—unless he repents. He had told me this, and I had said, 'It doesn't matter about me. I would not stand in your way. But the children must be legitimatized by our marriage.'"

Out of the gathering twilight the words tossed on the impassioned current of her story; tossed and seemed to fasten themselves upon the gaunt frame of the darkening gallows.

"I swore upon the body of our child that if he did not marry me I would kill him."

The words leaped back from the gallows and seemed to fasten upon

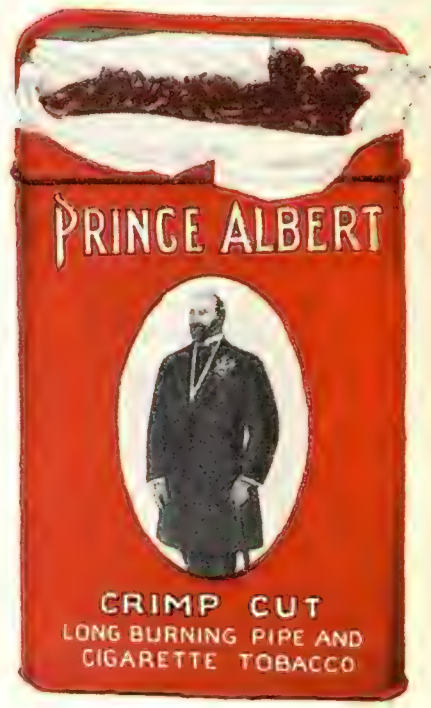
[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

"All the day through"

YOU'LL always find P. A. and me together, following the sun around. But we differ from the fellow in the song. We're *never* blue! No, *Sir!* P. A. and I joined hands when linen dusters were standard equipment for the Sunday drive. I'm still broadcasting my prescription for pipe-joy.

I like to lift the hatch on a tidy red tin and treat my detector to that Prince Albert aroma. Then I light up. . . . Cool as the click of a taxi-meter. Sweet as the words: "This ride's on *me*." Mild and long-burning, with a rich, full-bodied flavor that's just great!

From the first pull after the bacon-and-coffee till the house-slipper kick-off at the end of the day, P. A. hands me plenty of silver-lined smoke-clouds. No matter what your present program, pour some of the National Joy Smoke into your pipe. Then you'll know I'm not just talking words.



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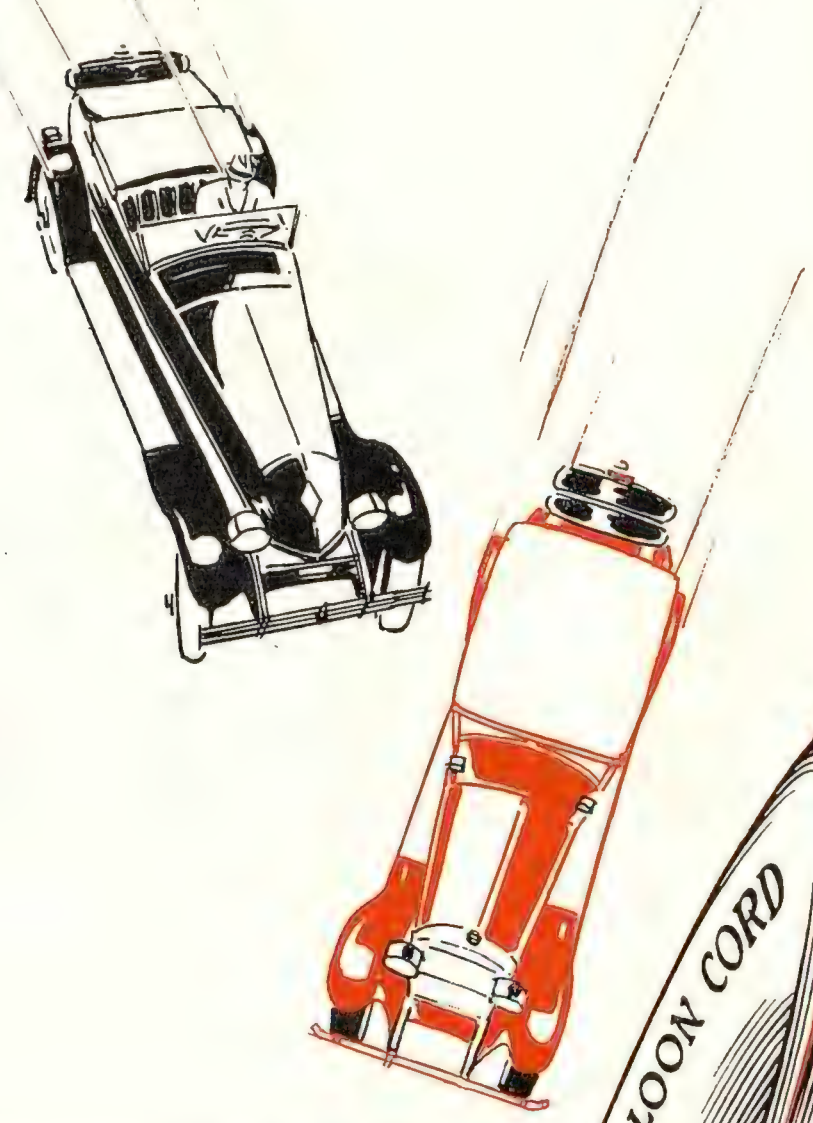

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Dayton Thorobred Tubes —famous companions to Dayton Tires.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

the stooping figure, enchaining her, drawing her to it.

"I followed him to Washington. I inquired at the hotels and found where he was stopping. He was out, but the clerk gave me the key, and I waited in his room until he came. I found some letters that turned my suspicion to certainty. He was deserting me. He did intend to marry another woman."

Senator Brown, coming from the Federal Court, found the shadowy figure, crouching, waiting. He cursed her. She shot. To kill.

For ten days he lay fighting with his grim will the foe that the desperate woman had called to her aid. Death won at last. But, in justice to the man who had shot as an evil comet athwart the lives of many women, it is remembered that he would make no charge against the woman who killed him.

Every officer of justice who had asked for a statement said that he only shook his head and closed his lips the tighter. Arthur Brown died in the dignity of silence.

THE woman talked a great deal. When the news of his death was brought to her she wept. And talked.

She told the story of guilty love and tragedy as though the telling of the story lifted its burden from her heart. To me who visited her the day after her lover's death she poured it forth without prompting, without reservation.

It was what Park Row calls a great story. A story rich in detail and incident. A complete story, for nothing from motive to climax waslacking. While waiting in the offices of her young lawyers at Washington for the love letters which they lent me for reproduction, I marveled at the freedom with which she had talked.

And I saw her again sitting there, telling all. All. And the gallows looming first gray, then black, behind her.

On the train that took me back to Manhattan, I mentally sifted and arranged my material.

"It will be good for first pages for two days, and inside pages two more," I thought. The red headlines for an exclusive feature flashed before my pleased vision. "Annie Bradley Tells Own Story." "The Love Letters of a Senator." "Mrs. Bradley Confesses She Planned to Kill."

Behind the red letters, as through flames, I saw the figure of the pock-marked woman in black, the passion-torn, grief-aged woman who had suffered so much that I marveled that she was in a jail instead of a madhouse. And behind the distorted figure and the despairing eyes I saw the gallows. Waiting as an animal that hungered.

"Those words will hang her." I spoke mutely to my listening self. I counted the words. Only nineteen:

"I swore upon the body of our child that if he did not marry me I would kill him."

Proof of premeditation. If she had shot him in the fury of one of their frequent quarrels, a jury would find her guilty of manslaughter. But intent. Deliberate intent. A confession of that intent to the press.

"It will hang her," I said in self-communion.

Two selves strove in me. "It will hang her," said the woman.

"But it is a great exclusive story, a beat," answered the newspaper woman.

"It will hang her," repeated the woman.

"But she did not tell it in confidence. She understood that she was talking for the press," insisted the newspaper woman.

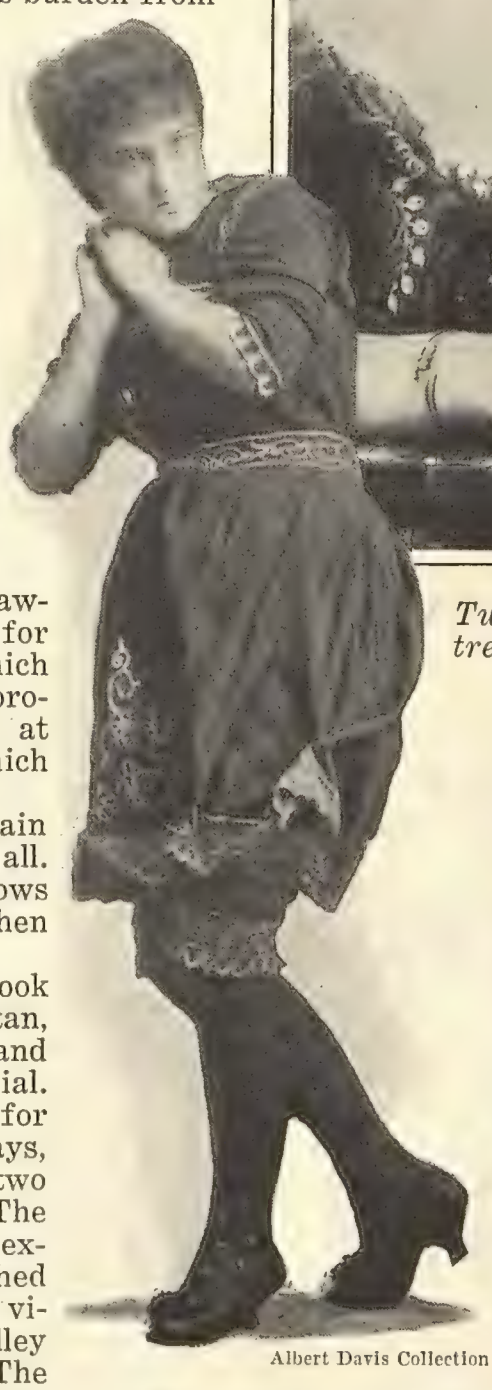
"It will hang her," reiterated the woman.

"She is intelligent. She knew the significance of her words. She doesn't want to live. She told me so," pleaded the newspaper woman.

"Intelligent, but jealousy maddened and grief crazed," said the woman. "Remember the four children for whom she must live. Her words will hang her. Will you use them?"

Albert Davis Collection

Two studies of Pearl Eytinge, actress, once the talk of Broadway.



Albert Davis Collection

A woman who sat in the chair across the aisle had been watching me. Her hair was the color of ashes. Her faded eyes were kindly. She crossed the aisle and spoke:

"Pardon me. Are you ill? Is there anything I can do for you?"

I thanked her and turned my tortured face toward the New Jersey marshes. The debate went on:

"A woman. You can't print what will hang her."

"You owe that beat to your paper. You have no right to withhold it. You didn't promise not to publish it. She did not even ask you. Remember newspaper ethics."

"You have brought the paper several exclusive stories on the case. You have nearly a bushel of love letters."

Out of the twilight above the New Jersey marsh a shape rose, danced crazily, followed the train, pressed close to the window. A gaunt, gray shape that turned to black. From the beam hung a small, bent figure. The black skirt flapped about thin ankles.

The woman across the aisle bent over me.

"Did you speak? Are you sure I cannot do anything for you?"

"Thankyou. Nothing."

When I left the train at Jersey City, the woman who had sat across the aisle gave her traveling bag to her middle-aged husband and nodded and smiled a good-by. Her anxiety about me had passed, for decision had composed my features.

A famous pleader offered his services to Mrs. Bradley. "They will cost you nothing. I want to free you," he wrote.

On his way to Washington he called on me. "I hope you will come to Washington to write of the case," he said.

"I think I may," I answered. "By the way, Judge Powers, I think Mrs. Bradley is still too confiding. I suggest that you warn her against statements, even to her friends."

"Doubtless you are right." His eyes were searching, his tones guarded.

MY paper sent me to Washington to cover the trial. "Write a running story of the court proceedings, and file a special story every night," were my instructions.

I called on the prisoner at the jail. She received me in the matron's room. Her figure was still bent. But her eyes were calmer, more observant.

"When I talked to you before, I may have said some things I should not have said," she began

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

New Model

Pocket Ben

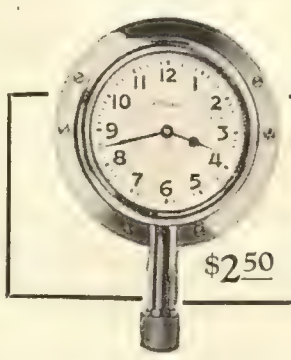
The new model Pocket Ben watch has won universal good will.

You'll find it as good looking as it is dependable. Millions of men carry it with pride and confidence.

Sold everywhere for $1.50.

Built by the makers of Big Ben and other Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois



Prices slightly higher in Canada

New Westclox Auto Clock

Attractive, convenient, reliable. Fits any car. Quickly attached on dash or above wind-shield.

$2.50

IPANA

a good name to remember for healthy teeth and gums

SOMEONE has said that a good name is better than riches! Ipana started with a name difficult to remember!

But the tooth paste was so good, so sound in formula, so beneficial to tender gums and so cleansing for the teeth, that the repeated recommendations of the dental profession overcame for us the difficulty of the name.

You may not easily recall the name "Ipana Tooth Paste" the first time you ask for it at the drug store.

But after you have used a full tube and tested its goodness — then, we think, you will never forget it!

© 1928

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

[THE WOMAN IN BLACK Continued from page nineteen]

hesitantly. "Judge Powers thinks I may have. When I told him my story he halted me at one point and said, 'Have you told that to anyone else?' I said, 'Yes,' and told him to whom. He groaned and said, 'God help us! To a newspaper woman!'

"I told him I didn't think you would publish it, for you had written half a dozen stories and had not mentioned it. He said, 'She's only waiting till the trial. Then she'll go on the stand and ruin the case for you.' I told him I did not think you would."

I avoided her eyes, looking through the gray windows at the grayer gallows. The crisp, businesslike tones I heard amazed me.

"You talked a long time and you told me a great deal, Mrs. Bradley. I may have forgotten some things you said. All that I remembered, I wrote, and it has been published."

She avoided my eyes and asked me whether I had seen her children.

"The children of my love I adore," she said. "For poor Matthew and Martha, born in wedlock, I care less."

The words carried a faint prophecy of a new horror that was to enter her horror-haunted life. For Matthew, the little newsboy drudge—who at that moment was selling newspapers on the streets of Salt Lake City, calling in a faint voice, "All about the trial of Mrs. Bradley in Washington, sir"—fate had written the prophecy:

"One day the little family drudge will come home tired from his newspaper selling, and when Arthur vexes him, will say, 'Get out of my way, you bastard.' And Arthur, seven years old, will snatch a gun from the table drawer and kill him."

WHEN I doubt the working of the principle of retribution in what seems the crazy cosmos of current life, I remember the son who killed the son of the woman who was the slayer of his father.

Yes, Mrs. Bradley was acquitted. On the stand she told her story—that she followed her recreant lover to Washington to plead once more with him to marry her. That, when she met him, there was a struggle. That she did not know what happened next.

It was "all a blank." The story—during the recital of which my eyes guiltily stared at the paper and my unsteady hand guided the pencil in my running story—and Judge Powers' impassioned plea for this worn little mother secured her freedom. Her life cannot twice be placed in jeopardy for the same crime.

Mrs. Bradley was grateful; but when she read an interview of mine with Senator Brown's son, charging her with being "an ingrate who wore my mother's old clothes," she voiced her indignation.

I reminded her that newspapers print both sides of a sheet and of a case.

I have made my peace with my journalistic conscience. I was able to secure for the newspaper many beats in lieu of that lost one.

ALTHOUGH the yellow flag is, in the sight of its ardent critics, a pestilential one, its followers are the most zealous of the vast army in journalism. They go farther for a story, bear more, do more.

"Do anything that is necessary to get the story. Only don't go to jail," said a foremost representative of the class called yellow.

One of his staff did go to jail on a charge of criminal libel for writing a story that was particularly pointed and especially vivid. But the newspaper soon contrived his release.

I asked a lawyer to lend some documents the paper needed. He refused, saying, "My reason is that your newspaper inflames the basest passions of mankind."

The material came to us through another source. Often afterward, in the district that adjoins Park Row, I passed the lawyer. I did not speak to him because I believe his base passions should be granted quiescence.

A physician in a Brooklyn hospital responded to my mild request for information about a patient by shouting: "Your paper is rotten, and everyone connected with it is rotten!"

The story, derived from the patient's family, yielded a page which I mailed to the physician.

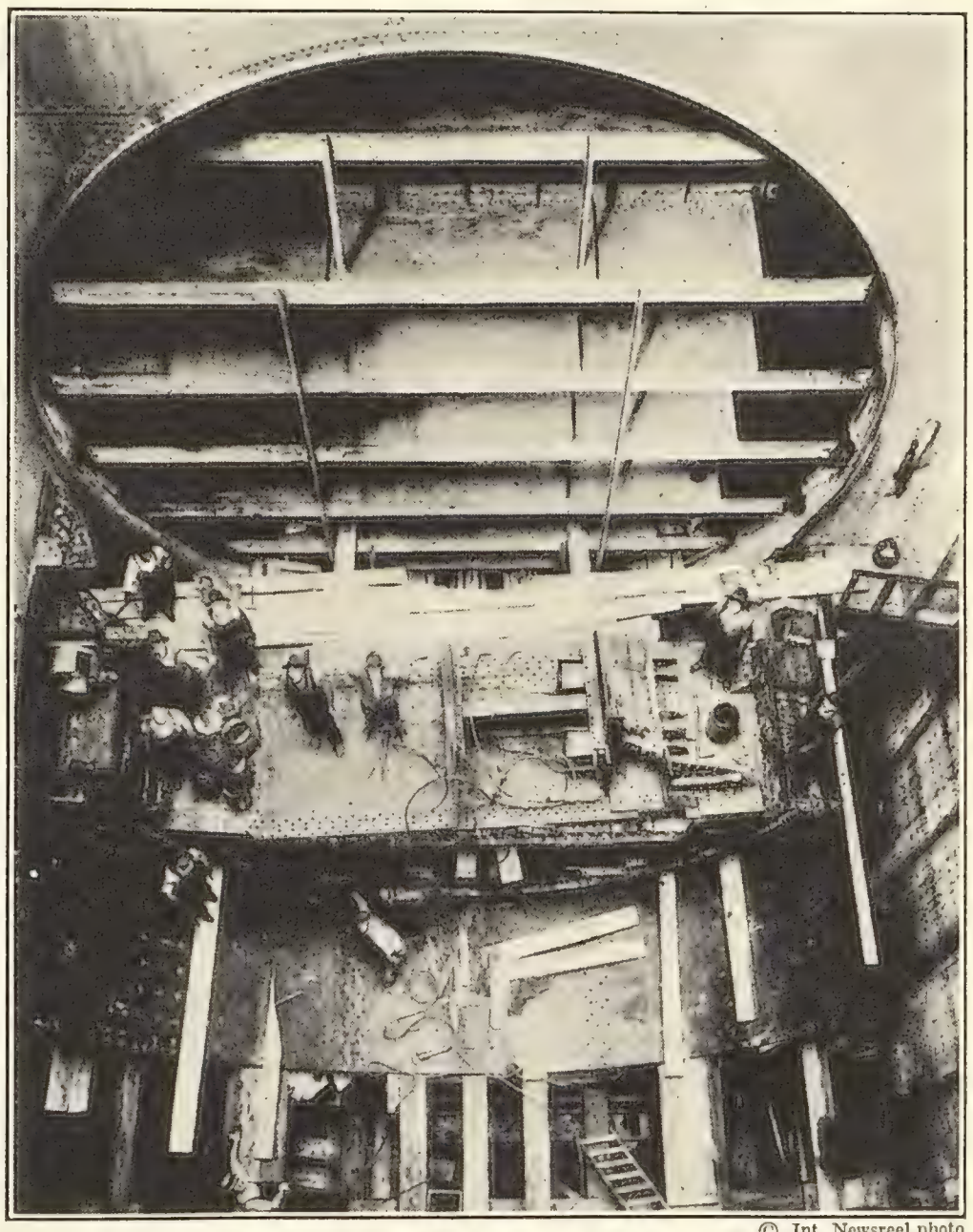
The most humiliating experience which I suffered in my service to that great god of every true newspaper man or newspaper woman, The Paper, involved one of the most spectacular actresses who ever trod the worn boards of Broadway. The actress had taken a nude dip into a pool on the stage.

The theater had been closed after one night's performance of The Clemenceau Case. She had sued a millionaire for breach of promise and had recovered a tidy annuity from the hitherto deemed impeccable one. Drink claimed her. Then drugs.

From the editor's desk came the command:

"Pearl Eytinge is in a sanitarium. Go up there. Bring her down. Take her to a Moody and Sankey meeting and get her converted. Tell her we will pay her for her story."

Hiding snugly in the hills above Deckertown, New York, I found the institution where derelicts were patched and calked and strengthened for another and longer voyage on the sea they had found tempestuous. A slender, gray-eyed young superintendent received me in his office, and listened to my proposal. He met frankness with candor.



© Int. Newsreel photo

A caisson of the type which the author entered, that she might write an article about that dread disease, the bends.

"IT would be a great story," he conceded, "and if Mr. Moody persuaded her to change her manner of life it would be a benefit to her and to the community. But, unfortunately, she has not been cured. If you took her away with you, you could not control her. As soon as the ferry landed she would give you the slip."

"When do you think she will be cured?"

"I shall need two more weeks."

"The Moody and Sankey meetings close in a week."

"I am sorry you made the useless trip. Will it help you to see her?"

"It might."

It did. For the woman who lay on the sunlight-covered bed of an upper room said, "I wish I could go. But I suppose the damned doc is right. I must not leave until I am well. But, look here. You are

not unlike me. You are of the same type. Large eyes, round face, curly hair. Why not impersonate me? Wear a veil. No one will know. And the paper can send me the check, as though I had gone. I want the money."

The director of my activities met the turn of events with his customary paucity of words:

"Can you get away with it?"

"I think I can."

TO the great hall where Moody and Sankey distilled balm upon troubled souls went a flashily dressed, veiled woman. She listened to the impassioned discourse that ended with, "Unhappy souls, come to Jesus. His blood will wash away your sins."

The flashily dressed, veiled woman joined the procession of those convicted of sin. With them she knelt.

A slender youth dropped to his knees beside her. He was one of the earnest workers.

"Dear sister"—his voice was compassionate—"the Lord always welcomes his lost sheep. You have but to open your heart to Him. Do you repent your sins?"

"Yes," answered the veiled woman, in a thin voice that quavered. "But I want to talk to Mr. Moody."

"He is busy with others who are convicted of sin and are seeking salvation. Shall I send one of the sisters to you?"

The answer came in a voice that was thinner and that quavered more. "Only—Mr. Moody."

He came and looked with honest eyes into my dishonest ones.

"You want to lead a good life?"

"Yes."

The honest eyes held a pity at sight of which my own overflowed with nervous tears.

"Men are your weakness?" questioned the great evangelist.

"Yes," trembled the weak, shamed voice.

Nauseous admission from one already known in her dewy youth as a man-hater.

"I thought so. You must change your address. Move to where you will get away from your evil companions. Give your address to one of the sisters who is standing at the door. She will call upon you and help you find a good home."

He knelt beside me and prayed. I joined in his "Amen."

He grasped my hand. "God bless you, and be sure to leave your address with a sister at the door."

The veiled woman slipped unnoticed past the hand-shaking group at the door.

A page signed by Pearl Eytinge informed readers of her startling conversion under the spell of the revivalist's preaching and prayers. Pearl Eytinge received her check. She wrote the editor a receipt and commendation of the story and its writer.

Doubtless the evangelist read it with interest and gratification. Perhaps with a sincere and resonant "I thank thee, Lord, for snatching this brand from the burning." He died shortly afterward, believing that he had reclaimed the brilliant, erratic actress.

She left the institution, cured. There was no relapse to the slavery of the too oft brimming cup or the needle.

She eloped with a handsome masseur from the institution and they lived in intermittent happiness on the millionaire's annuity. The companionship ended with her death.

Three years later, while changing trains at Suffern, I heard a traveler say, "This town has improved its name. It used to be called Deckertown."

The hurrying station agent stopped to answer my query about the sanitarium. "It's up there now." He pointed to a vast brick building on a high hill.

"And the superintendent?"

"He's dead. Died of the habit he cured in others."

Albert Davis Collection

Mrs. Annie Adams—mother of Maude Adams.

WHEN Amélie Rives' ex-husband, John Armstrong Chanler, who, repudiating his family, changed his name to Chaloner, achieved his escape from Bloomingdale Asylum, and appeared in Virginia, The Paper sent me in pursuit of him to hear his story of Four Years in an Insane Asylum.

At 4 o'clock in the morning I arrived at the town nearest his estate, Charlottesville, Virginia, and a Negro porter showed me the way to my hotel room.

I looked about the huge square chamber, and remembered, suddenly, the admonition of a solicitous relative:

"Be sure to try the doors in a hotel room."

"Is the other door locked?" I inquired.

"Ya-as'm."

I turned the knob and opened the door.

A form came suddenly to a sitting posture. A shock of tousled hair recalled the personality of a startled porcupine. A compelling voice roared:

"Get out of here, or I'll throw a bootjack at your head!"

I complied with the reverberating request. *Sir Galahad* was my ideal man. I had met him and had passed on.

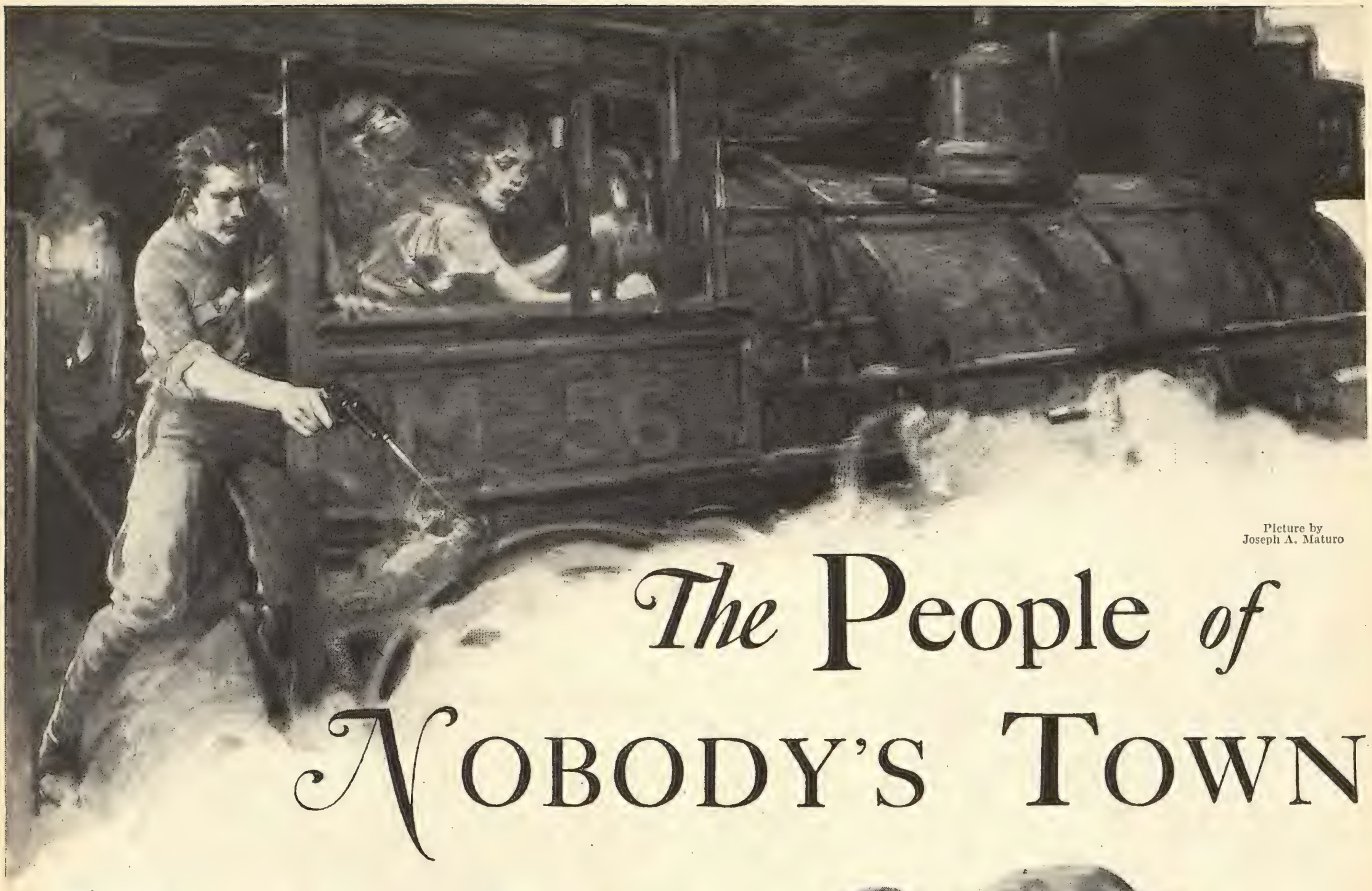
Miss Patterson once acted as the newspaper "ghost" of a condemned woman. Again, she was photographed in a cage of lions, to help a circulation scheme. She will tell of these experiences in an early issue of Liberty.

Protects *and* Smooths the skin

Both men and women use it

Mennen Skin Balm is one instance of a product which has grown beyond its original purpose because it is so good. Originally introduced to men as an after-shaving skin comfort Skin Balm drew such enthusiastic praise that the women soon began to use it. They discovered it was wonderfully protective, healing and soothing to their own delicate skins.

While Skin Balm still is a favorite with men as an after-shaving lotion and all round skin tonic it is almost as widely used by women to keep the hands and face smooth and soft. Applied before going out into the wind or sun, it protects the face and hands from roughness, windburn and sunburn. Even if the skin is already irritated or rough, Skin Balm will quickly smooth and heal it. Skin Balm also cools, refreshes, invigorates and tones up the skin. Being mildly astringent it reduces large pores and firms the tissues. Is non-greasy, disappears quickly and is antiseptic. Skin Balm forms an invisible film that protects and heals all day. Its odor is delightful. Try Skin Balm. Every dealer has it. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.



Picture by
Joseph A. Maturo

The People of Nobody's Town

The Story of a Girl's Past and Her Perilous Honeymoon

By Beatrice Grimshaw

(Reading time: 28 minutes 15 seconds.)

ALL day long the wind blew over the hills of Bokolo. All day the sun of the line latitudes, splendid and cruel, washed Bokolo in floods of white-hot gold. Bokolo stood unmoved on its many hills, without a breath of that blue smoke which is the life of houses; blind in a thousand windows; deserted, dead.

Maurice Baird and Gilda Baird (who had at break of day been Gilda Robinson) climbed together the last lap of the track, and stood at the summit of the mining town. It was full noon, full summer, and the heart of the tropic world. Life, like a mounting wave, had swept to its highest, and these two, bridegroom and bride, seemed for the moment almost one with the splendid world, as they were one with each other, she standing in his arms at the top of the windy golden hills.

Romance encircled this young pair as the wide sea encircled Bokolo. They were lovers, young, just married. They had run away—crown of romance!—to a town where there was nobody; where there were many houses, beautifully furnished, for them to choose from; gardens where no one walked; the blue South Seas surrounding; and the ship that had carried them thither a black blur on the rim of the outer world.

The Missimee, Pacific liner, had seen their first meeting. From the moment when Miss Robinson, sitting in her deck chair by the side of her aunt, had looked up and seen Maurice Baird, third officer, hovering white and gold like an angel in the pale blue South Sea skies (he was in tropic uniform, on the flying bridge), the matter was practically settled.

Gilda was a forthright young person who had already put enough men through her slim fingers to know just what she did not want; and Baird, six and twenty, a stocky, merry fellow with a head of red hair that would have turned a bullet, and splendid teeth that made his plainish face handsome when he smiled, had been fed and fed up with female passengers (as he put it) long enough to know Gilda was a gem the instant he caught her glance.

BAIRD shot him, and he fell, as the engine, spitting and champing, began to move.

She wasn't only pretty—most girls were nowadays: she was that excellent thing, jolly; jolly and well bred, too. (Baird thought, vaguely, that he had heard someone say her people were *the* Robinsons, whatever that meant.) And gayety with her wasn't lightness: she knew when to stop. (If you are a third officer, with plenty of watch to keep on a high-up

bridge, you do not guess about these things: you know.) And she had the most beautiful feet that anyone ever had since *Cinderella*—or *Trilby*. And she had a gay, delighted way of looking, with topaz eyes wide open and crescent brows just raised, upon a world that she expected, clearly, to show her something very pleasant quite soon. . . .

"Begad, it will, darling; leave that to me," said Maurice from the height of the bridge, where nobody heard. But Gilda was looking, and if she did not hear, she saw that the angel in white and gold was talking to her.

Her aunt saw, too; there was nothing that the aunt did not see. "That appears to be a very forward young man," she observed.

"Oh, frightfully," agreed Gilda aloud; adding to herself, "I hope so!"

EVEN aunts who see everything can be evaded. Mrs. Thorpe-Robinson was evaded, in the course of the next few days, much more often than she knew, although perhaps not oftener than she suspected. She had her duty to perform, and she was resolved to do it. But there was (so Mrs. Thorpe-Robinson thought) no immediate hurry. They had just one port to call at, an unimportant island, and then there were seven clear days till Sydney. During those days she would make things plain. It was obvious that Gilda had lost her head quite shockingly. Baird was merely "another of them," to be stamped on in due course, just as the many others had been.

Mrs. Thorpe-Robinson, fifty, with love and youth forgotten in the '90s, long ago, forgot and overlooked two things. She forgot that there is something called true love, and that before it mountains melt and seas vanish away. She overlooked the danger of Bokolo.

Aragi, the largest island of a big western Pacific group, had been a port of call for some years while the copper mines of Bokolo were working, and the little lost capital, Port Conway, thirty miles away, shared in their insecure riches.

It was now to be cut out; the failure and closing of the mines had made it unprofitable. The Missimee was leaving an officer behind to pick up loose ends and come on by a local boat. For this duty the supercargo had been indicated, but unfortunately he broke his leg and had to be laid up. Baird took his place, being a junior who could fairly well be spared. And Mrs. Thorpe-Robinson, when she heard of it, ignorantly rejoiced.

That Baird would dare to take a girl with him, and that girl Gilda; land her secretly at Port Conway, and get married by the local magistrate; that he would then hire an old Ford car, and bump himself and his bride, with a cargo of stores, across country to deserted Bokolo, never entered anyone's imagination. Certainly not Mrs. Thorpe-Robinson's—until she found the typical runaway's note tucked into her evening slippers, hours after the boat had sailed, and knew that by that time Gilda, her niece — Gilda! — and the forward young man from the bridge would be quite hopelessly married.

All these things, however, troubled the bride and bridegroom not at all. If Maurice Baird was a trifle puzzled as to how he was going to support his wife when the company had discharged him, as the company certainly would, he took the matter lightly. There were always jobs to be had. Perhaps one might even land that sailor's luring will-o'-the-wisp, a post ashore, with every night and all night "in." . . .

Meantime, there was Paradise, complicated only by the necessity of visiting and reporting on certain sheds of goods that the company was taking over in lieu of money owed. For the rest, Bokolo the deserted, Bokolo that had destroyed as many fortunes, sunk as many lives as Goodwin Sands, now existed for the sole purpose of making the delight of Maurice and his bride. Or so it appeared—as far as they could see from the top of those sun-gilt hills, and the peak of joy. Perhaps that was not very far. Perhaps another pair, less intoxicated with each other, more awake to certain sinister possibilities of the Aragi Islands, might have guessed that the envious gods, here, had ample opportunity for revenge.

Silence held Gilda; she could not find words. Romance! Had anyone ever tasted it in such full measure? How could one talk?

Maurice showed her how. He had Irish blood in him, and no English delusions about the connection between strength and silence.

He told her how he had been used to come on deck, even in his watch below, to see the lighted town slip by at night, high on its hills, a-sparkle with electric stars—and the great smelters, down below, blaring flame upon the dark. How he had seen it in daylight, the little red bungalows scattering the green grass like beads, and tiny white-clad people, small as ants, moving about the long-looped tracks and sitting on verandas. How he had envied them, and pictured them—the people who slept all night and every night, knowing no "gravy-eye watch"; who dined by twos and twos, no "passenger table" to face; who had large, beautiful suites of furniture in their rooms instead of bunks and drawers; gardens where they walked, like the Lord God, in the cool of the evening; tennis grounds aflame with flowery hedges—everything that the heart of man, especially a sailor sick of the salt seas, could desire; everything that a third officer with all his career before him had no conceivable right to wish for.

Picture by Charles Sarka

He stood directly in front of the advancing engine, confident that the white people would pull up rather than run him over.

"AND now, Gilda darling," he ran on, "we can play at having it—we can really have it for a week, till the boat comes in. You and I will pretend we're rich folk, like the fat old managers who owned these biggest bungalows—rich folk who have houses and gardens and"—they had been walking while he talked; they were on the veranda of the highest bungalow, peering in through broken shutters—"and a large round mahogany table with a sideboard to match, and—look in—cheval glasses, wardrobes, marble washstands—my eye, Gilda!—oak beds as big as a house, china basins and jugs all over butterflies and roses—everything! You couldn't believe, Gilda darling, how many men are afraid to get married just because they can't stick the price of those things. You don't know what they cost, maybe—"

He was rattling on, shaken with that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here's a solid citizen!

These stalwart all-brass alarm clocks are called AnsoniaSquareclox. They won't tumble or stumble on your bureau.

Resign today from the Coffee-Guzzlers! Squareclox get you up in time to enjoy breakfast.

The whole family trusts the honest hands of Squareclox. Three sizes at jewelers', druggists', hardware and department stores . . . $3.50 Your choice

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SQUARE BOSS ..Over 5 inches high, fine brass case, silver-plated dial.

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SQUARE RASCAL ...Under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.

ANSONIA CLOCK CO., 12 East 41st St., New York
Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated. (X the one you want.)
Square Boss ☐ Square Owl ☐ Square Rascal ☐
Name .....
Address .....

[THE PEOPLE OF NOBODY'S TOWN]
Continued from page twenty-three

form of bridegroom nerves that keeps a man ceaselessly talking. Gilda knew it as well as if she had been married several times instead of never. She felt absurdly older, calmer, than this darling boy—who was actually twenty-six to her twenty-one.

She patted him as if he had been a horse.

"I can guess," she said agreeably. "But they are not the kind of things I've been accustomed to."

"Then you are going to be accustomed to them, for a little while now, and again when I make my fortune. We'll believe that I'm not a poor devil who's goin' to be bumped out on his ear by his company, and you're not—what are you when you aren't traveling, Gilda? You've never told me yet."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," she said easily. "My aunt took me."

"Will she leave her money away from you because of me?" he asked, suddenly grave.

Gilda burst out laughing.

"You may be quite sure that she won't," she answered him.

MAURICE just heard her. He was climbing with sailorly activity on to the roof, and thence to a little back window, easily forced. In a minute he had come round and opened the door. They entered, together, into a sudden silence and warmth. The long glasses palely gleamed.

"Anyhow," said Maurice, "the Kariva haven't been here."

"Kariva? Who are they?"

"Sort of bogy men from the hills; people tell no end of yarns about them—mostly lies. Head-hunters and worse, but have phonographs in their villages and all sorts of white men's goods—if you'll believe it. Some of them have been to work right in the mines here, but they all went back bush again pretty quick.

"You can't civilize a Kariva. They're supposed to be very clever—so clever that they know a trick worth two of that. Can't say I blame them. There are some pretty poor sort of whites in these islands, and I suspect that any looting that's been done was done by those. A lot of stuff has been carried away, you know, mostly from the houses on the smaller hills. They would blame the Kariva, of course. Nobody could do heavy looting here, except with a good steamer down in the bay. You saw the sort of country we bumped over in the car, and it's worse, impassable, in wet. The stuff will mostly rot."

"There's plenty for our game," said Gilda, smiling over some secret joke of her own.

"Yes. We're jumping the years from now till forty. I reckon I can give you something like this by that time. I'm no money-maker, love; I should have been shot for marrying you."

The dim long glass, that had seen much love in its day, grew suddenly bright with yet another love picture—fair Gilda, in her blue frock, her arms round red-head Maurice, her face upon his breast. . . .

Through the delight of that embrace thrilled suddenly, amazingly, the sound of a telephone bell.

They fell apart.

"Did you hear that?"

"Did you hear that?"

They spoke together. "It can't be," said Maurice, listening, poised.

"It is," declared Gilda. "In the house next door."

"The manager's office?"

"Is the line still up?"

"To Port Conway? I suppose so. But what the hell— Sorry, darling. There it goes again. I'll answer and see—"

"Maurice," said the girl, who had turned very pale—or was it only the reflection from the spreading leaves of the pomegranate trees just outside?—"Maurice—don't answer!"

"Not answer? Why? Won't take a minute. You can come too."

"I—I'm fey—or something. Don't."

She looked at him with dull terror in the amber-hazel eyes.

"My darling love, it might be something important."

They stood facing each other in the hot twilight of the shut-up room. Maurice was pale now. He remembered that he had known little of this girl before they loved; he recalled the secrecy upon which she had insisted.

"Is there anything you're afraid of?" he asked.

Picture by Charles Sarka

One could see, against small, bright window and door openings, the stirring and passing by of busy figures.

"Nothing," she said, and the truth rang clear as silver in her tone. "But—go; go if you must."

The bell thrilled for the third time.

Maurice kissed her and fled. She heard him break open and throw down a shutter. Then silence. Then a voice talking. The words were inaudible.

Maurice came back, changed as a man is changed by an illness. He looked almost old.

"What is it?" she asked, as well as a shaking lower lip would let her.

He did not answer at first. There was something frightening in the look.

"Nothing," he said at last, almost fiercely.

"I shan't ask twice," she told him. She could not tell whether she wildly desired, or wildly feared, to know.

Then something seemed to break in Maurice, and he caught her in his arms, and kissed her, once, desperately, as they used to kiss when the black leave train was pulling out to that "rendezvous with death" that men kept in the days of the war.

"Gilda, we aren't married."

"Not—!"

"No. The magistrate's clerk has telephoned from Port Conway to say that the magistrate killed himself half an hour after we left. He'd been dismissed in disgrace from his post, and had no more right to marry than—than—"

"Oh, how could he—how could he!"

The two young things stared at each other.

"Dearest," Gilda said, using a little handkerchief candidly, "it's not so bad as it might have been. We'll just have to take out the tin Lizzie again and go back."

"Go back!"

"Yes, darling. Don't worry. We know the worst now, and it's not so very dreadful. If the lamps are in good order, we'll have no trouble returning; there's a good hour of daylight still."

NOT another word was spoken. They closed the doors, barred the shutters again, and walked, silent, down the hill that they had ascended so joyously.

Their food and luggage were still in the car. Baird cranked her up, with trouble, and they started. A blue-eyed crow of the kind that cries "Ha-ha!" looked out from a dry pandanus tree and mocked them as they went.

It seemed as if ill luck were bound to follow them, for they had not bumped and strained over very many of the miles to Port Conway before a worn-out tire burst. Maurice got down and jacked up the car, dead silent. Gilda sat in her place, the night wind, cool and pleasant, rippling through her short sleeves and the neck of her dress. She leaned against the cushions and let go a sigh.

By and by she looked back. It certainly seemed as if the stars, in the direction of Bokolo hills, were amazingly low and bright. It was as if a constellation—Scorpio or Cassiopeia—had slid down out of the sky and massed itself on the horizon. It was as if—

"Maurice," she said quickly, half under her breath, "get up—look!"

He straightened himself, dusted his hands together, and looked in the direction of her pointing fin-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

The race is always to the FIT

The race is not always to the swift, perhaps, but *always* to the Fit. And as you swing along in the race of life it's by your face that your fitness will be largely judged.

Keep your Face Fit!

Let Williams help. Eighty-eight years of study to find what's best for beard and skin have taught them how.

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a different shaving cream for tender skins . . dull blades

THE moment INGRAM'S lather touches your face . . . you feel a *cool*, soothing comfort that's different. A lather so different . . . that even a tender skin or a dull blade does not spoil your shave.

After the shave you need no lotion. INGRAM'S . . . pioneer cool shaving cream . . . soothes the tiny nicks and scratches you can't see but *do* feel. It leaves your skin whole and wholesome for the next shave. Men like its clean, pleasant odor.

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7 COOL Shaves for you. Different from all others.
Use coupon below.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try INGRAM'S.

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COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

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Established 1885
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Also **Windsor, Canada**

The other fellows beat me to it. My druggist is all out of the 7 free ***Cool*** Shaves you offered me. Will you please see me through, as you promised.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

[THE PEOPLE OF NOBODY'S TOWN]
Continued from page twenty-four

ger. Then he whistled low and long.

"By the piper that played before Moses," he said, "they've come back!"

"How could they?" asked Gilda, breathing quick with excitement.

"Well, it's a queer way to do it," said Baird slowly, "but there they *are*, and a good many of them, to judge by the way the town's lit up. The company had its own steamer, you know—Sheba, built in the Solomons; queer little hooker. The directors down in Sydney might have made some sudden decision: thought they'd have another try; or thought they'd like to look as if they were having another. Queer things done in mining. Anyhow, it's a hundred to one that the Sheba's lying there in the bay right now; probably passed the Missimee about halfway between Bokolo and Port Conway."

"Oh, do you really think so?" she asked, half crying. "Do you think we won't have to go back to Port Conway, after all? I should hate it."

"NO," said Maurice, with decision. "I'll finish this tire in two twos, and we'll be no time at all getting back. If such a lot of them have returned all at once, there are sure to be fellows' wives among them, and you can put up there comfortably till I run down to Port Conway for the parson first thing in the morning. Cheer up, golden girl; we'll be as right as rain."

It was one of his names for her; oddly enough, it always made her smile.

"Though, all the same," he went on, unscrewing the jack and letting down the wheel, "I haven't been able to understand yet why you wouldn't let me go up to the rectory and arrange matters there at first. Decent people and all that. But anything you do is right."

"It's because of my awful past," jested Gilda—a little out of taste, as he would have thought, could he have borne to criticize her. "Clergymen know so much, and I wanted you to marry me before you heard my crimes."

Picture by Charles Sarka

"Sort of bogy men from the hills. Headhunters and worse."

Maurice Baird laid down the jack and threw the battered tire away. Then he came and stood beside her, his head level with hers as she sat in the high car.

"That's a joke," he said. "But if it wasn't a joke—if you'd killed your grandmother, and stolen a blind beggar's pennies, and cheated at cards, and—and—anything—I'd love you after I'd heard your crimes the same as before."

"I'll hold you to your word," she said a trifle gravely. "Crank her up and we'll be going."

"And if there is a parson among the crowd," shouted Maurice through the groanings and spittings of the ancient car, "we'll be married again on the spot."

They turned with difficulty and started back again. The journey was far longer than they had thought.

BOKOLO, which looked near, was in reality miles away. Its bright electric stars winked out at them across long spaces of dried-up marsh, of sago forests low and dusk in the moon, of eucalyptus spaced apart as for some stately dance. In that immense unpeopled solitude there seemed to be something almost sinister about the unheralded outburst of life in Nobody's Town. Gilda, as miles went by, began to feel afraid.

She forgot about it when the steering gear broke down, keeping Maurice so long over repairs that the night was far spent when he had finished. She forgot again, for a little, while they unpacked the food and made a belated meal, out beneath the stars. And after that she began to feel so sleepy that it was difficult to think of anything else.

But when, at long last, they reached the flats immediately under Bokolo, and saw the gaunt smelter chimneys barring the sky ahead, unreasonable fear seized her again.

"It's a blessing we didn't have to run this car to Port Conway," Maurice said. "The steering is punk, and getting worse every minute."

She said, with a sort of desperation: "I don't like it. The whole thing isn't—natural."

Maurice slowed the car. They were near Bokolo now, following the semi-obscured track that led directly to the town. Above them houses that in the morning had been silent, dead, now shone with extravagant lights and seemed alive with movement. One could see, against small, bright window and door openings, the stirring and passing by of busy figures.

Maurice, silent, let the car glide slowly and stared upward. There was something odd about Bokolo. Damned odd—and yet one couldn't put a name to it. Why were those people buzzing about so? And yet, why shouldn't people buzz about, having just arrived to open up a closed mining town? The "how" wasn't difficult; Maurice knew that an engineer, once in a way, had visited Bokolo to oil and turn the machinery over.

But houses inhabited by rational folk didn't usually burn all their lights at once.

Gliding forward in shadow, Maurice and Gilda, from their car below, could see the slopes of the town all vividly lit up; even the

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

The Medical Profession's latest theory

John Rivers, hard worker, but good player too, stepped into Bill Martin's office with his golf clubs.

"Come on, Bill, you need an afternoon in the country."

"Well, I suppose I do, John, but I just haven't the energy to play. I just can't seem to get going nowadays."

(From "Telling Fortunes with Foods" offered in coupon below.)

SCIENCE has reached a new conclusion regarding the cause of many common ills. It may mean new freedom from mental and physical restrictions that are interfering with the business and social success of thousands who are, otherwise, quite capable. Discuss it with your doctor.

[Every statement verified by high medical authority]

POSSIBLY you are always somewhat tired even when you get up in the morning.

You must force yourself to work or take part in social activities. You may even feel a slight inferiority.

You don't feel ill. But neither do you feel that you are quite as well as you should be.

You know that you have greater possibilities than you are utilizing to the best advantage.

Something's wrong, that's certain—but you don't know what.

* * * * *

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition.

"Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities, nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree.

It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.

It is one of the most frequent causes of headaches, "biliousness" and sour stomach.

Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold.

Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it.

ACIDOSIS Symptoms

The following are some of the common symtoms of Acidosis:

Headache	Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*)
Sour Stomach	Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*)
"Biliousness"	Acetone Urea (*with unpleasant breath odor*)
Nausea	Acid Urine
Children's "Upset Stomach"	
Nervousness	
Sleeplessness	
High Blood Pressure	

Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

"Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combated until Acidosis is controlled.

Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of "high blood pressure" than any other method known.

It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills.

"Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid-forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs).

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1305, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.
Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus*.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons, although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

* * * * *

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures, that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself*. See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail coupon below for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

"The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

Although referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to *correct* Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

* * * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons, are by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

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MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
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[THE PEOPLE OF NOBODY'S TOWN]
Continued from page twenty-six

stores and offices, the machine shops, the shed where Bokolo's sole locomotive engine had stood idle for a year, staring with its one red lamp eye out over the uninhabited plain. One could hear the raucous notes of phonographs, songs, fox trots, and selections, all set going together in hideous discord.

Some hardly defined instinct moved Maurice to run his car on to the dark side of the track, beneath a rocky wall. There were big holes there. Carefully he swung clear of one—and the "punk" steering gear, suddenly breaking, yawed and dropped them into it with a crack.

Maurice jumped out. He knew the axle was gone before he looked.

"That settles it," said Gilda, her breath coming rather quickly. "I suppose we'll have to throw ourselves on these people now, whether or no.. Maurice—do you think—they're—all right?"

There was a moment of silence before he replied; but his arm, tightening round her shoulders as she stood beside him, seemed to tell her that which he did not care to speak.

"I don't know, love," he said presently. "I don't believe there was any liquor left, but—Gilda, you get in among the mangroves for a bit till I go up and see what's what."

SHE drew a little closer to him; he could feel her heart beat.

"If you don't come back—" she said, and broke off.

"I'll come back as right as rain. But if I don't, you must promise me one thing. Not to come after me. Keep among the mangroves, and follow them along the coast till you come to somewhere or other. Don't go back."

"If you were killed or wounded, do you think I'd desert you?" she asked in a fierce whisper.

"Yes," he answered; "you would, rather than have me killed or wounded for nothing. You would do what you know I'd want you to do, dead or alive. But there's no need to talk like that. These people may be merely drunk —I'll slip up and see, without showing myself."

Gilda gave a rapid glance about her.

"I'll go through the mangroves as far as the engine shed," she said.

Maurice nodded silently, and took the path that led round the back of tennis grounds and gardens to the top of the hills. He seemed as cool and businesslike as if he had been directing boat drill on deck.

"He can even be brave for me," Gilda thought exultantly, slipping in among the high arched roots and wet arcades of the mangroves. "Well, I'll not be behind. Alive or dead, darling. I'll do what you say."

The lofty mood died out before long. Things were happening up there in Bokolo that seemed to demand attention. Peering through the trees, she could see no sign of Maurice, but that was comprehen-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tones up the Gums *in a special way*

PYROZIDE POWDER contains special ingredients that give needed stimulation to gums that are easily irritated or are losing their healthy firmness. It is medicated with Dentinol, which promotes healing.

The effectiveness of this remedial dentifrice in allaying irritated gums has been demonstrated for years in dental clinics. Regular brushing with Pyrozide Powder cleans the teeth thoroughly — removes mucoid acid deposits and the daily secretion of salivary deposits (tartar). It aids in keeping the gums hard and firm.

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Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

sible. What she could not understand was the nature and aims of the people who had taken possession of the town.

Wild screeches came down from time to time into the valley. They had opened every door, put on every light, set every piece of machinery in the place going.

The big engine room, a few hundred yards from where she crept along in the mangroves, was clacking and clanking; the electric-light plant was hard at work; the saw of the little sawmill was going foolishly, furiously round, with a wild, humming noise.

Nobody's Town, the silent Eden, was awake now with a vengeance. But awake to what? If the mine people had returned, they could not all be drunk, all be mad—

Out of one of the houses came, with shrieks, a band of creatures that, by their wild and extraordinary appearance, gave the lie to her late denial.

She understood now! The Kariva—that amazing head-hunter and cannibal tribe that was civilized, yet not civilized; that devoured cannibal feasts at stolen mahogany tables; slept with its harems of black wives in spring beds; used motor bikes (stolen always) to raid neighboring villages; and stuck the heads of conquered enemies on (looted) steel telegraph poles—this amazing, horrible folk had come down upon Bokolo in force.

They were showing one another all its wonders.

A roaring band of them—who plainly had found something more than tinned meats in the looted store—were prancing down the hills, black, naked, plumed with tossing feathers and harnessed with clanking beads, to the sheds where the humming machinery worked—a god, a wonder.

Three or four men who looked rather more savage than the rest, but who had evidently in former time been on the engine staff, were demonstrating, with leaps and yells. It was astonishing to see how they had got power going on everything—the pumping plant, the light engine, the great steam derricks, even the locomotive which stood hissing and grumbling in its shed, its one red eye looking out upon the wilderness of weeds and grasses that once had been the railway.

Picture by Charles Sarka

Gilda, who had seemed unable to run a Ford car, now handling the great locomotive like a London & Northwestern driver!

Gilda, among the trunks and roots of the mangroves, watched, licking dry lips of fear. Where was Maurice?

BAIRD had left her with a very definite plan in his mind, about which he thought it best to say nothing. He remembered that the telephone was in the office, next to the manager's house on the topmost hill. If he could get possession of that for three minutes, Port Conway might be warned; help sent. He was under no delusion as to the need of help: he knew his western Pacific too well. He had not really supposed, for more than a minute after the car broke down, that the mining folk were back again.

"That damned car will give us away," he thought. "They'll start combing out the bush for miles round."

He fingered the heavy holster that swung from his waist. "Good luck I brought it, if she did call me Buffalo Bill," he said. "Now, the next thing is to get to the manager's house before they see me."

IT was not so difficult as it seemed. Baird had got a suit of khaki for his trip into the bush, and it served him well now as camouflage among the rocks and dusty grasses that covered the hills of Bokolo. He started up the far side of the hill, behind the gardens, where as yet no one had come. There were few houses there, and those but small; the only big one was the manager's, at the top of everything.

Baird, taking cover as much as possible, crept up the hill. The moon was gone, but moon or no moon made no difference in that blaze of electric light. He hoped they were too drunk to pay much attention to anything save themselves.

The house at last. Now to get in quietly. That was it. Lord! What an age since he and Gilda had stood there looking at the dusty mirrors and the dimmed roses on the china; since the telephone—that was surely going to save them now—had acted the part of the angel with the sword and driven them forth. Lucky, damned lucky it had!

Before ringing up, he stepped to the window and looked down. There was nobody very near. In a house some way below, dozens of Kariva were enjoying themselves, dancing on the spring beds, mouthing and posturing before the looking-glasses, flinging themselves, all naked and greased with red earth as they were, into the cushioned chairs, in grotesque imitation of the white men who had been their masters.

"They are like a bad dream," Maurice thought. "All the same, they're real enough to do for us if they get the chance. Well, I think it's safe to phone."

He rang up, his finger on the button; it would not do to let that thrilling bell sound out. A sleepy voice, after some time, asked, "Number, please?"

"This is Bokolo," began Maurice. "I—"

"Number, please?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Just ONE easy SIMPLE MOTION!

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Ronson De-Light is so different from all other lighters—so practical! Nothing to lift up or spin—nothing to hurt your thumb or smudge your glove—it lights instantaneously—*every* time!

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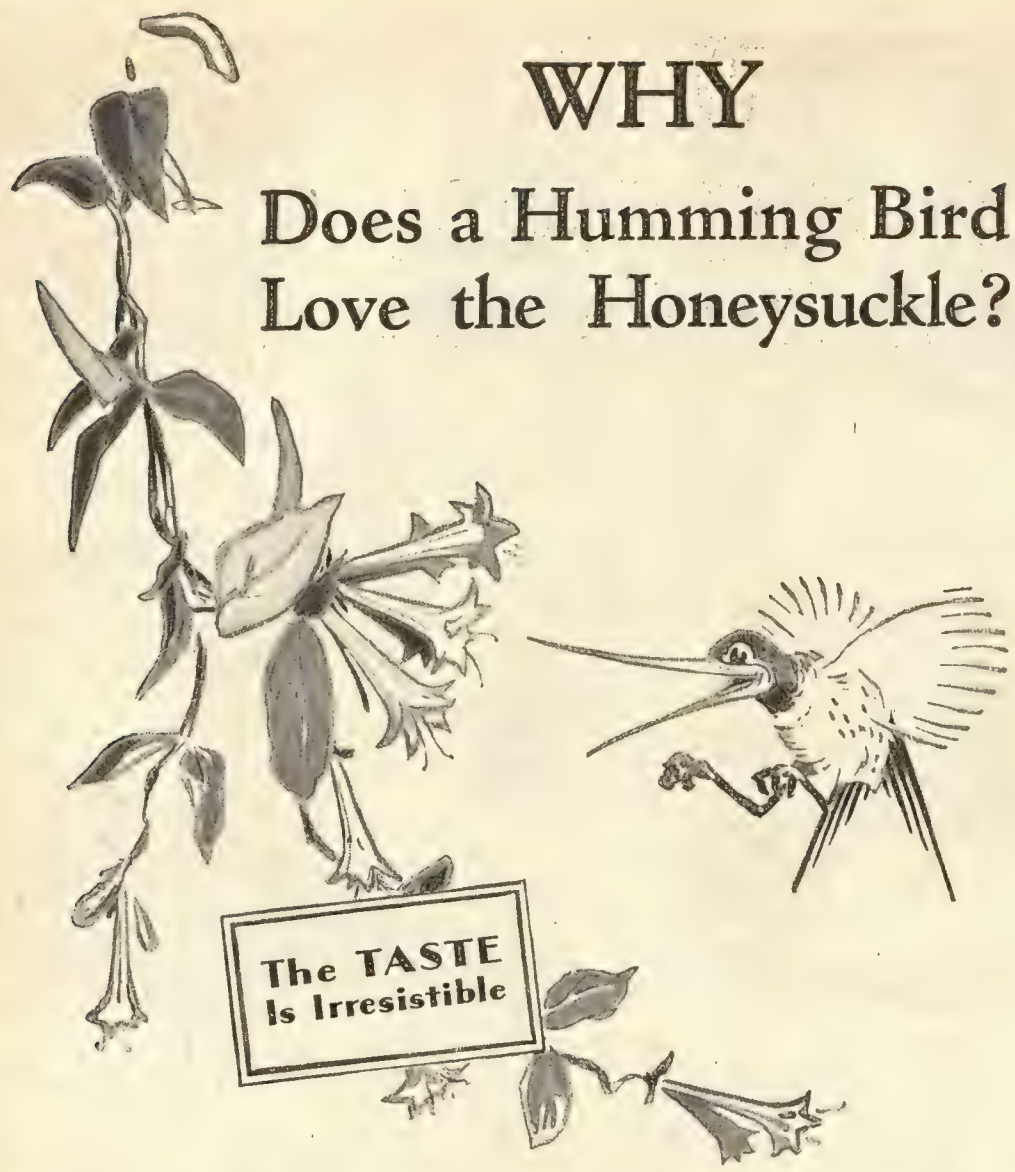

"Whoa-a-a! Sweet honeysuckles, you're a stop light to me. I sniffed your fragrance a mile away. . Oh glorious cups of honeyed nectar . . I'll banquet on your sweetness till the sun goes down."

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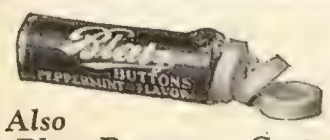

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[THE PEOPLE OF NOBODY'S TOWN]
Continued from page twenty-nine

Maurice exploded. "Blast you, listen!" he said.

The picture of Gilda crouching in the mangrove swamp, almost within touch of wandering Kariva, had gone with him up the hill, into the house, was even now flaming in his brain as the lights were flaming over Bokolo hills.

"Blast you, listen," he exploded, "or I'll smash the phone! This is Bokolo. Baird speaking. The Kariva are here. We want a fast car sent at once with help."

There was a pause. The wire, charged with life and death, hummed faintly in the dark. Then a native voice said dully, "Who I tell?"

"Tell your master. Quick!"

Baird wanted to shout, but noise was dangerous.

Silence followed, lasting so long that Baird began to tramp softly up and down the office. The beggar had gone to tell. One couldn't hurry him. Patience. . . . Now he would ring again. He—

"Damn!" burst out the young man, making one spring across the room.

The native clerk had rung him up, loudly.

He seized the earpiece and listened.

"Master say," came the native voice, "nobody stop along Bokolo; he think somebody gammon me."

Flat silence followed.

Baird rang furiously again, and yet again, his finger on the silencing button. There was no reply. He went to the window.

"That's torn it," he muttered.

CERTAIN dusky figures, gathered from various sides, were coming up the hill.

Baird thought rapidly. It was Saturday night. The magistrate's clerk who had earlier rung him up to tell the news of the suicide was probably out of town. He, and he only, knew where Baird had gone. Until Monday morning this double-dyed idiot who ran the telephone exchange would probably go on thinking that there was no one there.

Nothing to be done now but what Baird on the instant did—to make a dash down the hill, hard as he could fly toward the swamp and the engine house.

He had the big navy revolver, cocked, in his hand, but he did not fire.

"Six shots," he thought. "Not much chance of reloading if they rush. If it comes to the worst," he thought, bouncing from boulder to boulder, "the fifth for her and the last for me."

Some obscure part of his mind was conscious of a desire to kick himself for having brought Gilda into this mess, but it was not a thought, there wasn't time. . . .

Most of the Kariva were busy with their own peculiar diversions; he saw, as in a wild vision, while he fled down the hill, sights almost incredible—a round dining-table covered with a white cloth, and set by some ex-houseboy with china and silver; food and liquor upon it, and enormous woolly heads and painted faces,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This Ethan Allen figure identifies the genuine Ti-con-der-oga box.

Strong & firm for quick sharp starts. Smooth for long, steady writing. Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga has made itself America's favorite five-cent pencil.

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

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JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
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Ready-to-hang models which will serve you for years.

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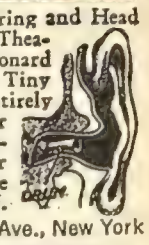
Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



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Cuticura
Soap and
Ointment
Keep the Scalp
Clean and Healthy
Promote Hair Growth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

nodding over it; a drawing-room, pink and dainty, wherein some dozen Kariva squatted on the fine mats on the floor were loudly cheering one who sat on the table and beat furiously on the keys of the piano with his black bare toes.

Not all of them were thus engaged, however; some—Baird didn't know how many—gave instant chase to him in deadly silence. He had the start of them, but he knew well that these naked creatures would catch him as easily as dogs outrun a rabbit.

He'd bolt into the swamp, get hold of Gilda, and try to keep the brutes away with the revolver until he could back off sufficiently to reload. They had no firearms, but no doubt they were pretty useful with their spears. If they didn't get him, or didn't get him at once, he might be able to retreat with Gilda.

What they were going to do in thirty miles of uninhabited country, the wretched car wrecked beyond hope, he didn't venture to think—yet. But he did find one corner of his mind, one fragment of time, wherein to curse the car.

"If we'd had it," he thought, straining wind and muscles, with the pat-pat of the chasing Kariva close behind, "if we'd— God, there's Gilda! Is she mad?"

SHE had bolted out of cover as he came near, and leaped—of all places—right into the cab of the grumbling, bubbling locomotive, which had been designed, no doubt, by one of the savage ex-engineers as the last and finest display of the festival.

Somebody flumped a spear at him. It went between his arm and his body. He turned half round as he ran, and fired the first of his six shots. There was a howl.

"That's right," he thought, and with a fierce spurt gained the engine cab.

Dawn had come; the engine's red eye glowed faint in the rising sun.

"Get out, Gilda," he said curtly. "I can't run an engine."

"I can! Get in," was her answer, equally cool, though seconds now were valuable as pearls.

Maurice had at his back the tradition of the sea, that asks no questions, "waits for no man." He made the cab in one jump, and stood out of Gilda's way. Two Kariva tried to get in, one of them—a greasy, naked fellow with filed teeth—shouting out in Karivan amazingly mingled with English words and curses.

"My engine!" he cried. "Take you bloody han's off! I cut you two damn heads; stick him on top a funnel."

Baird shot him, and he fell, as the engine, spitting and champing, began to move. Those of the Kariva who had run down to see the iron god come to life, and those who had merely been chasing Baird on general principles, stood back, dancing and yelling with amaze. But the ex-trained men of Bokolo, more savage a hundred times than those who had never left the bush, gave chase to the engine from all sides. They knew what the locomotive could do, and they were not going to let "her" get away, if it could be helped. Not for this had they toiled once more at the task of raising steam.

THE engine was getting into her stride, but the Kariva were fast runners. Two or three almost caught up from behind. One, as he ran, flung a barbed spear that rattled against the funnel. Baird interposed his sturdy back between Gilda and the crowd behind. They were drawing ahead. The engine bumped and rocked with increasing speed over the ill ballasted road.

"Can you do it?" asked Baird amazedly of Gilda.

Gilda, who had seemed unable to run a Ford car, or help change a tire—Gilda now handling the great locomotive like a London & Northwestern driver! Baird had the deck officer's contempt for and ignorance of steam engines. To worry a Ford car somehow along a road was the limit of his ability.

"Yes," she said, "if the permanent way holds. D'you know where this goes to?"

A bunch of Kariva cut across the track ahead. Gilda did something to one of the dulled handles and levers, something to another, and the engine gathered speed smoothly and steadily. The natives scattered, dropping a length of loose rail.

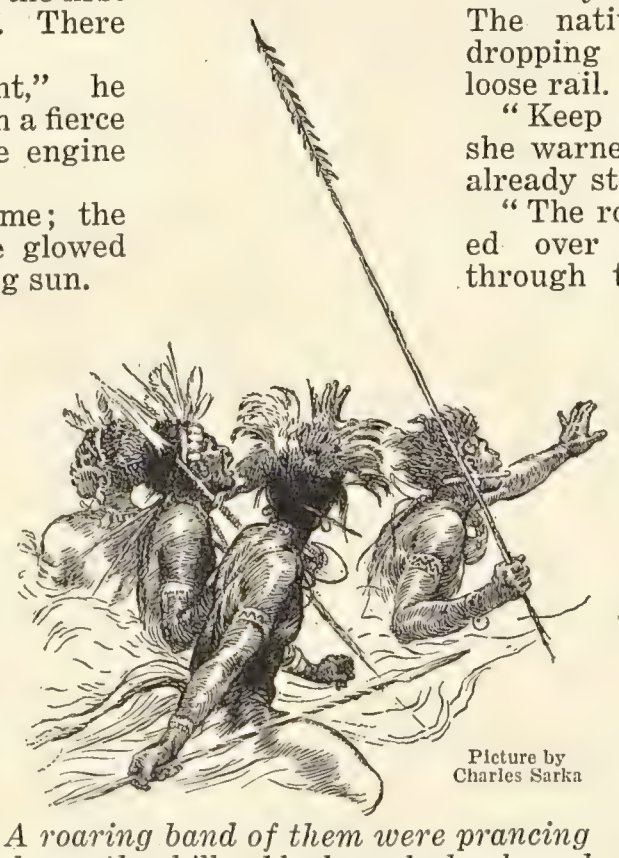
"Keep the fires up," she warned. Baird was already stoking.

"The road," he shouted over his shoulder through the increasing noise, "runs for eighteen miles, if it isn't broken up anywhere. Ends at the other mine."

She nodded. They were pounding along now at a good five and twenty; the Kariva were far behind. She stood with her small feet well apart, the wind ruffling her hair into golden feathers; her hands, miraculously small and pale, moving among the engine levers as if she had been born to the work. They got to thirty miles, thirty-five.

Baird, with amazement, saw her easing the locomotive over rough places, husbanding her steam much more competently than he had yes-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Picture by Charles Sarka

A roaring band of them were prancing down the hills, black, naked, plumed with tossing feathers.

. . . and all they did was *Mail this Coupon!*

This frankly written advertisement tells how thousands found a new quick way to shave with remarkable results

THE men pictured above could tell you a lot about shaving. They are men just like yourself . . . with stubborn beards . . . and tender skins.

Ask any one of them about razor-pull or face-smart and he would tell you honestly that he doesn't dread it now.

They've simply discovered a new, quick way to shave . . . found a lather that gets whiskers off without drag or scrape.

There's really no mystery to it. We've simply made a vastly better shaving cream . . . and men are changing to it by the thousands.

It's a totally different principle of beard-softening. Small bubbles . . . that's the theory of it.

You'll see the difference the minute you try it. See it in your mirror. Feel it in the velvet smoothness of your skin.

Won't you be guided by the experience of others and accept the test we offer?

Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done. It's a "small bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

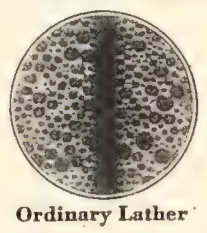
1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

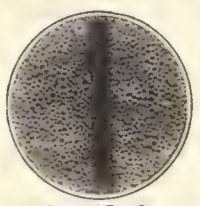
Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . Scientifically softened right down at the base.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.

Test it . . . compare it. We'll cheerfully abide by your decision.



Ordinary Lather
Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



Colgate Lather
Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

SEVEN WONDERFUL SHAVES..FREE..If you're willing to judge Colgate's on its merits..we'll cheerfully pay for the test. Mail coupon

FREE OFFER, MEN!
Colgate & Co., Dept. 503E, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After Shave."
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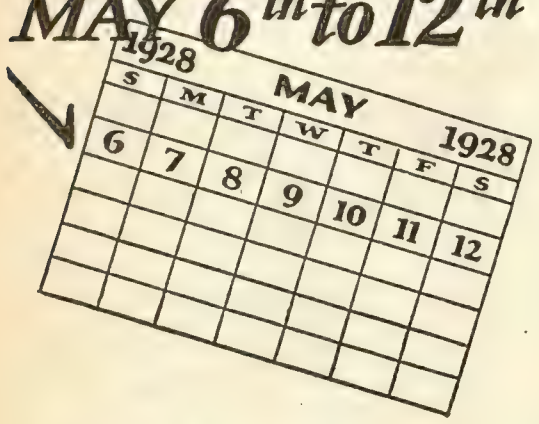
CHAMPION
National Change Week
MAY 6th to 12th



ONCE again Champion reminds you that to enjoy perfect engine performance during the next twelve months you should install a complete new set of spark plugs now.

You should renew even Champion Spark Plugs, which give much better service for a much longer period than any other spark plug.

If you have used your spark plugs more than 10,000 miles, a new set of dependable Champions will noticeably improve power and speed *and save their cost many times over in less gas and oil used.*

Make Champion National Change Week—May 6th to 12th—your yearly reminder to install a complete new set of Champions. Any one of more than 100,000 dealers will be glad to serve you.

Champion—for all cars other than Model T Ford—75c

Champion X for Model T Ford—60c

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO OHIO

[THE PEOPLE OF NOBODY'S TOWN]
Continued from page thirty-one

terday handled the Ford. There was need of all the speed that they could get; for the Kariva, not yet beaten, were cutting across country, climbing hills ahead, in the pious intention of ditching the engine, if they could catch up.

Gilda drove and coaxed; Baird silently kept stoking with the ancient, weathered coal. They touched forty—forty-five. At this the locomotive was almost jumping the rough track.

Gilda throttled down a little, and turned for a moment to send a radiant smile to Maurice.

"Didn't think I had it in me, did you?" she shouted. "It's my—" He could not quite catch the words, but they sounded, unbelievably, like "my dreadful past."

They had left all the Kariva behind—all but one, a thin, tall creature like a daddy longlegs, who ran faster than anything Baird had ever seen, and who seemed to know the country like a book, making so many short cuts over the hills that he succeeded at last in getting ahead of the engine, which had to follow a somewhat roundabout way.

IN a narrow cutting he made his stand, dancing and yelling. He stood directly in front of the advancing engine, confident, from past experience, that the white people would pull up rather than run him over.

Gilda turned white. Maurice, abandoning his stoker, came forward. "Here," he said hurriedly, "this is a man's job. Which of these gadgets sends her forward full speed? All right. Get behind me—and don't look."

She crouched on the floor of the cab, her hands over her eyes, silent. Maurice took her place. He could do nothing with the engine but let it rip, and it ripped. . . . There was no cry.

When the bump and the shudder were over, and the locomotive, running smoothly, not ditched after all, had left the cutting far behind, Gilda took her place again, silent. She had not looked back.

"In another few minutes," said Maurice, "we should be sighting the second mine. Safe, darling, at last!"

The mine was nothing like Bokolo—merely a huddle of iron sheds and a machine shop or two, beside red scars and cuttings in the ground. A desolate place, without beauty or interest, barren as only mining country can be; twelve miles from anywhere, uninhabited and uninhabitable.

But not empty—today. There was a motor car there—two motor cars—three! A motor lorry as well. All filled with people, and all, apparently, on the way to Bokolo, checked only by the amazing vision of the engine as it came roaring down the grass-grown track with gold-haired Gilda in charge.

They came to a creaking, grinding pause, and then everybody jumped out of everything and all began to talk at once.

It appeared, in the course of many questionings and repetitions, that the magistrate's clerk had unexpectedly returned to town from his week-end cottage; had heard about the call, and vainly tried to ring up Bokolo. He had then organized a rescue party, and proceeded to make new speed records over the twelve miles of decent road that led to the first of the mines. In spite of this, he had little doubt—and Baird had none at all—that, but for Gilda's astonishing and unusual accomplishment of driving railway engines, they would have been too late.

The party were well armed. "We'll put the fear of God and Port Conway into them," said the unclerklike clerk, who seemed to have charge of the expedition. "They'll scoot when they see us on the sky line, and leave Bokolo as clear as a dancing floor in ten minutes. We mean to chase them up home and give them a bit of a fright; burn their villages and kill their pigs, y'know. Bokolo will be the safest place in the islands this next week. Anybody want to go back?"

BAIRD, turning rather red, explained: "We have to look up the parson first."

"Parson my eye!" said the cheerful clerk. "You're as much married as I am—and I've five kids. It turns out that poor Walton hadn't opened his dismissal when he shot himself. He guessed it was coming; but guessing isn't knowing, and anything he did in his official capacity before receiving the documents stands."

"Are we safely married — couldn't be altered in any way?" asked Gilda, with sudden sharpness.

They had drawn away from the rest of the party; were standing half hidden by the grumbling engine, whose fires blazed palely under the staring sun, whose funnel breathed forth unaccustomed smoke upon the landscape.

"Quite safely, Mrs. Baird," replied the clerk. "And I hope, madam—considering that I've five children and not too good a job—that you'll just drop a recommendation somewhere or other for me. I—"

"Certainly," she interrupted. "You may consider that done."

"Would you like me," asked the clerk, savoring the situation as he seemed to savor everything in life —"would you like me, madam, to inform Mr. Baird of the state of the case?"

"It's my awful past," she said crisply. "Want to hear it, boy?"

"I'm not a fool," was Baird's unexpected comment. "Robinson's about the commonest name there is, but I can guess that the railway firm were your people."

HE seemed strangely depressed; almost sulky, if that were possible.

"Mrs. Baird," narrated the irrepressible clerk—"Mrs. Baird inherits from her father the practical ownership, under trustees, of the greater part of the Robinson-Clyde railway combination. Miss Robinson, as she was then, traveled the world with her father like a —no, princesses wouldn't have had such accommodation, special trains and private cars and luxury of every description. Miss Robinson was taught by her father to drive the most powerful engines; I read about it in—"

"That's enough," put in Gilda. "I wanted to please myself, and anyone can guess the rest. My aunt would have cheerfully cut off the head of anybody less than a marquis who dared to come near me. But I came of age last week, and I—didn't—marry—a marquis."

At this point something suggested to the magistrate's clerk the advisability of going to the other side of the engine.

Being the most curious of all created folk since Pepys, he did not go any farther, and so was enabled to hear what he certainly should not have heard:

". . . You forgive me?"

"Nothing to forgive. Only—want of trust—"

". . . lived as I've lived . . . know . . . everybody the same . . . sick . . . "

". . . care a damn, you're you."

And a sound that the magistrate's clerk, much married man, had no difficulty in recognizing.

The long glasses in the manager's house that night showed pictures fairer than any they had known before—they who had seen and painted so many scenes of love and happiness. And the dusty rose and gold of the china seemed to bloom.

THE END

In next week's Liberty

Companionate

By

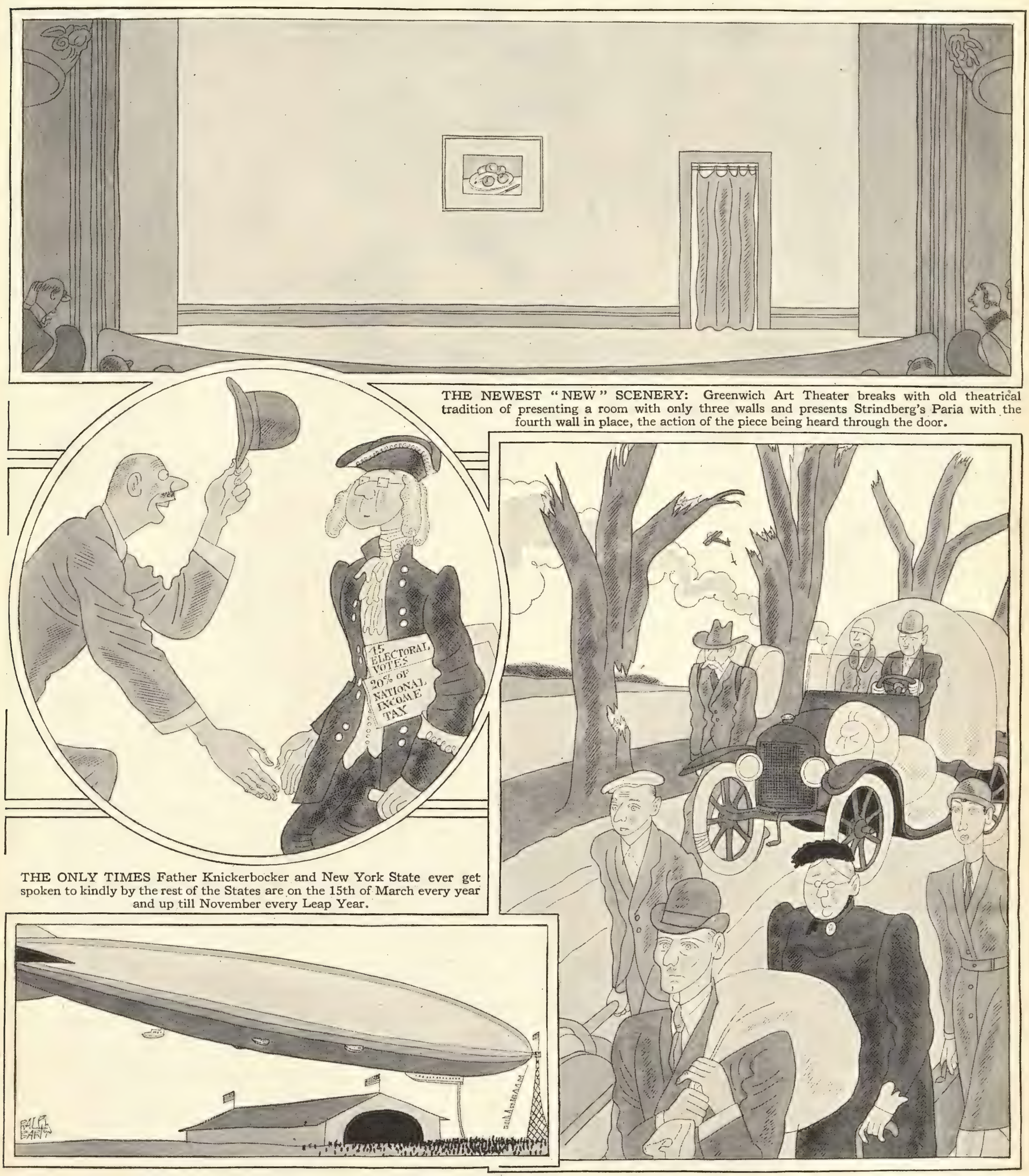
Viña Delmar

An unusual and arresting story by the author of "Bad Girl," with a new slant on one of the most discussed topics of the day.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



THE NEWEST "NEW" SCENERY: Greenwich Art Theater breaks with old theatrical tradition of presenting a room with only three walls and presents Strindberg's Paria with the fourth wall in place, the action of the piece being heard through the door.

THE ONLY TIMES Father Knickerbocker and New York State ever get spoken to kindly by the rest of the States are on the 15th of March every year and up till November every Leap Year.

ANOTHER STEP IN THE CONSERVATION OF HELIUM GAS: View of the crowd at Lakehurst during the inauguration of a pipe line leading from Senator Heflin to the government dirigible balloon base.

HEARTRENDING SIGHT ON THE ROADS LEADING FROM CHICAGO: Civilian refugees, carrying whatever personal belongings they have been able to salvage, fleeing from the shell-torn city.

Larry (Ralph Forbes) tends the freezing feet of Berna (Dolores Del Rio) in a scene from The Trail of '98.

On the trail near Sheep's Camp, another Trail of '98 scene.

A Million in Celluloid

Hollywood Brews an Expensive Dime Novel with Epic Aspirations

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 27 seconds.)

THE much heralded Metro-Goldwyn special, The Trail of '98, is a bitter disappointment as a celluloid historical document; but an interesting example of Hollywood bursting its galluses in an effort to make an epic.

The strain of transforming a bit of fiction by Robert W. Service into a milestone of the silent art is apparent all through. Everything known to get 'em in line at the box office is tossed in.

There was a big picture in the 1898 gold rush to the Yukon. However, the Hollywood studio supervisors and Clarence Brown, the director, became lost in a maze of love incidents, comedy relief, and so-called big moments.

Beneath all the hefty trappings is a story of a young girl who accompanies a blind grandfather and a couple of comedy relatives on the first rush out of Frisco. On the same boat are a penniless young prospector and an unscrupulous gambler. The two fight for the girl, and the hero tosses a lamp at the villain. The scoundrel bursts into flames, Dawson City is destroyed, and the hero acquires the heroine. Such are movie ethics.

Director Brown takes his characters by a dirty, jammed steamer to Alaska, over frozen swamps and Chilkoot Pass to the Yukon. Then through White Horse Rapids to Dawson, with death by cold, scurvy, and snow madness always hovering along the trail.

All this sounds like a remarkable panorama. At times Brown's direction lifts itself into interesting episodes. There are colorful scenes on the steamer. The shots of the tiny human line winding its way over Chilkoot Pass are graphic. Trick double printing is called in to show a snowslide and the trip through the boiling maelstrom of White Horse Rapids, but the effect is startling.

By this process scenes shot in safety are superimposed upon other shots. Thus an avalanche of snow may appear to blot out hundreds of terrified gold seekers. The shots of the river rapids had their perils, of course.

The Trail of '98 fails for a number of reasons. Its principal protagonists are badly played. Dolores Del Rio is exceedingly poor as *Berna*, while Ralph Forbes is very ham as the adventurer *Larry*. With a weak love story, the picture becomes a disjointed series of episodes. And the subtitles are almost hysterical in their effort to put over an epic.

The picture is jammed with errors of costuming and detail. It is badly motivated. The hero and heroine never do a single worthy thing to justify their subsequent good fortune. The best acting is contributed by minor players: George Cooper, the weakling, eaten by wolves, and Tully Marshall, the old prospector.

The Trail of '98 has accomplished one thing for Clarence Brown: it made him the highest paid director in Hollywood. Brown now gets $300,000 a year. Up to this pageant of the Yukon, Brown had the distinctive record of never having made a box-office failure. He made Flesh and the Devil, the smoking Gilbert-Garbo hit; Kiki, Norma Talmadge's last real money maker; and The Eagle, Rudolph Valentino's last film.

Brown was born in Clinton, Massachusetts, in 1890. He was graduated from the University of Tennessee, with two engineering degrees. His first film work was with Maurice Tourneur, whose assistant he became for six years. Tourneur was a pioneer with a singular sense of camera beauty, and Brown learned a lot from him. His first picture on his own to attract attention was a railroad yarn, The Signal Tower, made for Universal.

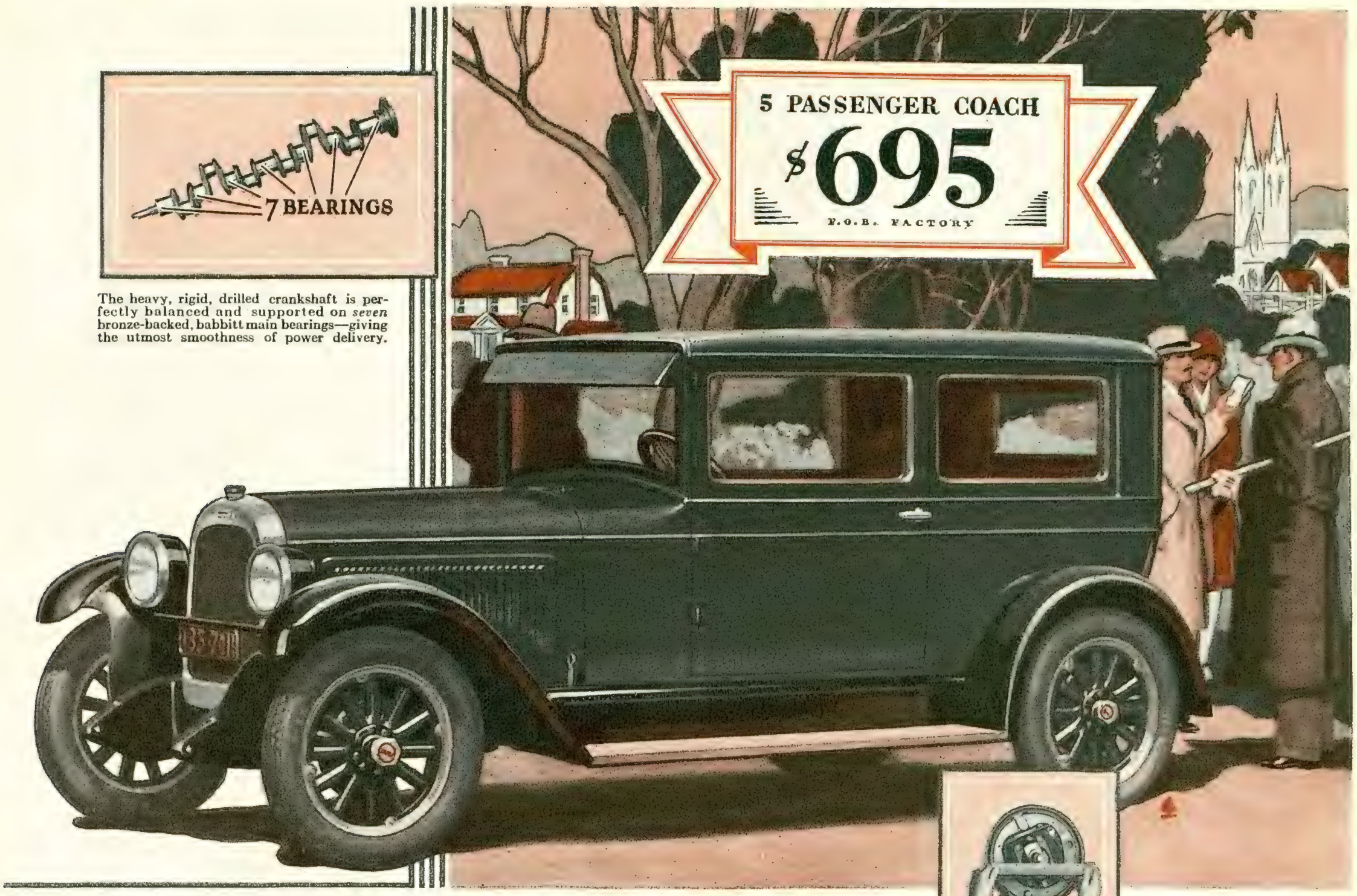
The Trail of '98 is being exploited as on a par with The Covered Wagon, The Iron Horse, and The Birth of a Nation. True, it strains and tugs with epic aspirations—but it is just an inferior melodrama overloaded to make a superfilm. If you are interested in watching Hollywood toss a million into celluloid, if you enjoy observing the Western center of the arts making colossal efforts at a film classic, you will want to see The Trail of '98.

It is just a dime novel with all the villains meeting a bitter fate. Hollywood believes in no halfway reward for its evil gentry. The Trail of '98 either burns 'em up or leaves 'em cold.

Do you know that—

Westerns and comedies with two comedians co-starred seem to have passed from public favor? . . . Among the distinct hits around the country right now are Sadie Thompson, Red Hair, and The Last Command? . . . Oddly enough, Love is getting an up and down reception? . . . The Crowd is flopping, as expected, but the surprise failure is Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?

The heavy, rigid, drilled crankshaft is perfectly balanced and supported on *seven* bronze-backed, babbitt main bearings—giving the utmost smoothness of power delivery.



ANNOUNCING

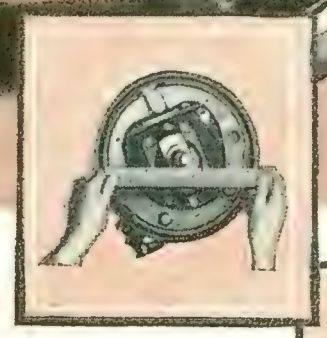
The World's Lowest Priced SIX with 7 Bearing Crankshaft

and These Quality Features:

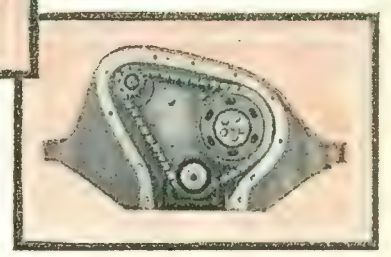
Full Force-Feed Lubrication
Silent Timing Chain
Invar-Strut Pistons
4-Wheel Brakes

REVOLUTIONIZING all standards of six-cylinder motor car value—establishing a trend of design as advanced as that created by the Whippet in the four-cylinder field—the new Whippet Six is, in many respects, the most amazing car of the year. It offers, at a hitherto unheard of price, an array of mechanical features worthy of a Six costing two to three times as much. The new Whippet Six is smooth and silent; it is exceptionally powerful; it is flexible; it is exhilaratingly lively. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

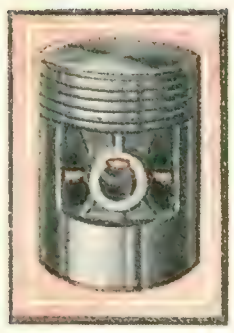
Whippet Six Touring $615; Roadster $685; Coupe $695; Sedan $745.
Prices (f.o.b. factory) and specifications subject to change without notice.



The new Whippet Six has officially approved 4-wheel brakes of the superior mechanical type.



A silent timing chain drives the camshaft, assuring quiet, smooth operation—a feature of the highest priced cars on the market.



Pistons of the new Whippet Six are of the Nelson type—made of a special aluminum alloy, with invar steel strut. This design prevents piston distortion and assures faster pickup, greater speed and power, and longer life.

The new Whippet Six

Jeweled gifts brighten the lives of those we love

VARYING in mode with the centuries, jewelry has been the magic medium with which to express the sparkling charm of personality.

For GIFTS *that* LAST

Consult your Jeweler

NATIONAL JEWELERS PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

Fox Hunting in Leicestershire

Keystone View photo

The Prince of Wales taking a hedge jump.

An American's Impressions of England's Smartest Sport

By Alicia Patterson

(Reading time: 15 minutes 18 seconds.)

TO hunt in England and be a success you must have two qualifications: optimism and love for horses. By a love for horses I don't mean the feeling of the one who exclaims rapturously on the "sweet expression" or the "cute ears" of the "dear horse."

In England this is just not done. The correct procedure when the animal is brought out for inspection is to look at it thoroughly on one side for several minutes, uttering only unintelligible sounds. To actually speak at this time is fatal. Then you walk around to the other side and repeat the process, still holding your peace.

By the time you have seen all four sides of the horse you walk slowly up to him, saying something like, "Steady there, old boy," and run your hands down his front legs, finally picking up the feet and examining them minutely.

After this rigorous examination has finally been finished (there are still a few minor rites which I won't go into) and you are at last allowed to venture your opinion, you stand with your hands behind your back and murmur, "Nice animal, that."

If the horse does not meet with your approval, you venture, "Nice horse, but a bit cow-hocked (goose-rumped, stifled, or whatever the fault may be)."

If the prospective hunter or huntress does not know these horse terms, a book on the subject can be bought at any bookstore. Be sure, however,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

"AT-TEN-TION!"
SAFETY FIRST SOUND SPARTON
The SPARTON

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

to master the names before springing them on a connoisseur, otherwise the result is humiliating.

Perhaps the most fashionable hunt in England is the famous Quorn in Melton Mowbray. The Lords and Ladies and the Prince of Wales come down to Melton every winter with their strings of hunters and devote themselves heart and soul to the business of catching Mr. Reynard the Fox.

Hunting in England is not a sport: it is an institution. For fox hunters it is the one thought, dream, and topic of conversation. It comes before their friends, spouses, and even children. One is judged in this country by one's horsemanship, not by one's character. If you are a good rider to hounds, almost any crime can be forgiven you. The real sin to a full-blooded Englishman is ignorance of horses and dogs.

ONCE in Melton you must find lodging for yourself and your horses. Craven Lodge, where the Prince of Wales and his two brothers, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, stay, is of course by far the smartest club, but ultra-exclusive. Your entire family pedigree is looked up and carefully scrutinized before you are allowed to put a step over the threshold. (An exclusive Englishman can be more exclusive than anyone else in the world.)

If you are not fortunate enough to get into Craven Lodge you will have to put yourself up wherever there is a spare room. But that is a small matter provided the horses are well stabled. The English do not mind discomfort. Their rooms are hideously cold—15 degrees Fahrenheit I should judge.

When they see you sitting miserably in the corner, trying vainly to keep up a brave front (and incidentally hoping your teeth won't be jarred out from knocking against each other), they glare at you with surprised disapproval. What could you possibly find wrong with England—their country?

You suggest timidly that the rooms might perhaps be a bit warmer, and that you are used to steam heat back in God's country. This is too much for any self-respecting Englishman. He immediately starts a bombardment on the horrors of warm houses: of the insidious effect it has on your character; of the pernicious diseases it carries in its wake; of its softening result on your body, etc., *ad infinitum*. Even the most resolute fail to stand up under this exhortation, and in the end you find yourself agreeing, but cursing yourself inwardly for ever having brought the "bally" subject up.

When you are finally installed somewhere in Melton you begin to think about the serious business at hand—hunting. Melton Mowbray is the Mecca of hunting people. It is surrounded by four well known hunts: the Quorn, the Belvoir (pronounced Beaver), the Cottesmore, and the Fernie. Thus it enables the enthusiast to get six good days a week of sport.

The map shows the Quorn hunt in Leicestershire, England, and some of the favorite meets. Melton Mowbray is the hunters' headquarters.

The town itself is a charming place, though its only excuse for existing is the hunt. You realize this almost immediately on entering the main street (there is only one street), which is devoted entirely to harness shops, grain shops, bootmakers, and saloons.

The saloons play a big part in the life there. Horses and liquor usually go hand in hand. On any Saturday night you will find them crowded by grooms, with an occasional gentleman who drops in for the latest tip on a race, discussing, arguing, and drinking over their favorite subject.

In the daytime the street is jammed with hunters coming and going to the meets: men in their pink coats, and lovely haughty ladies, sitting their mounts to perfection. They are grand riders, these English.

The meets (starting points of the hunt) are held at 11 A. M. in the outlying districts around Melton. Each hunt has its own particular land. It is considered the essence of bad form for one hunt to encroach on the property of another.

THERE is a story told of a hunt some ten years ago, when the Belvoir and the Quorn both chased the same fox. The harassed fox, not knowing the etiquette in these matters, ran from the Quorn country into the Belvoir country, thus upsetting all the time-honored traditions. The two masters of the hunt were purple with rage, and insults came thick and heavy. There was some talk of a duel, but this was averted at the eleventh hour, or at least so I am told—in any case, there still exists today a strong feeling between the two packs.

The night before your first hunt is usually rather bad. You are apt to have harrowing dreams of jumps as big as the Woolworth Building, ferocious steeds breathing fire, and of corpses abandoned in some far-away field. On awakening the next day you peer out the window, only to find it raining cats and dogs.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Find Out!

Learn for yourself whether you are giving your family *food from the* DANGER ZONE

IF you have served your family perishable foods stored in a temperature over 50°, you have taken a chance. That is what authorities say.

For above 50° there is a Danger Zone for all perishable foods. In this Zone, bacteria multiply by leaps and bounds. It was found (Bulletin No. 98 of United States Department of Agriculture) that in milk kept at 60°, from ten to fifteen times as many bacteria developed in one day as in milk kept at 50°.

Much the same is true of all perishable foods, and sometimes they become dangerous to eat before their taste will warn you. This fact accounts for many of those mysterious internal upsets, sometimes trivial, sometimes very grave.

It is Time You Knew

Is your food being kept safely? A simple test of your food cabinet temperature will give you the truth. If you haven't already made this test which others are making, do so at once. But be sure you use an accurate thermometer. If you are unable to secure one, we will send one at cost.

The importance of making this test cannot be overestimated. In a recent investigation of refrigerators in 300 homes, 59% were found to be over 50°.

These conditions have prevailed simply because people have not known the vital facts about refrigeration. You yourself may have had butter soften, milk sour prematurely. *These things do not happen unless food is well in the Danger Zone.*

To keep food always below 50°, the source of cold must be extreme and undiminishing. It must be capable of generating, *instantly*, intense, unlimited new cold as fast as outside warmth steals through the cabinet walls. For heat does penetrate the best insulation.

This is the secret of real refrigeration —the only way to keep foods always out of the Danger Zone. And it is the exact principle on which the new Allison Electric Refrigerator operates!

The Allison's source of cold is far, far lower in temperature than most people have ever believed necessary.

Safe Refrigeration—Always

So unremitting is this source, so extreme and never-failing, that the temperature in the Allison is always below 50°, with an average of 45°. An automatic control, ever vigilant, stands ready to relay the warning the instant outside heat begins to creep through the walls. Then *snap* goes the switch, the cooling unit starts and down goes the temperature inside the Allison. A smooth-running compressor—as simple in its rotary motion as an electric fan—furnishes this intense, limitless cold.

The Allison's beautiful cabinet is a marvel of insulation. It offers the greatest possible resistance to the invasion of heat. This combined efficiency of cabinet and compressor makes the Allison surprisingly economical to operate. For only a tiny motor is required, running but part of the time.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Considerably relieved, you climb back into bed for another hour's sleep.

Your peace of mind, however, is short-lived. Five minutes later you are again awakened by a knock, and a cheery-faced maid enters to tell you it is time to get dressed for hunting.

You point to the rain, still hoping against hope. The maid bursts into peals of laughter. "Why, m'lady, they 'unt 'ere rain or shine," she gurgles. You have by this time taken a violent dislike to the creature and wonder vaguely if killing her would be murder in the first or third degree.

When you are finally convinced she is not "kidding" you, you clamber half-heartedly out of bed and somehow or other throw yourself into hunting togs. The final effect is not all it should be. Your stock is generally mussed and crooked; your derby is cocked ridiculously over one eye. You look as though you had just come in from a very serious five-day binge.

The next question is getting to the meet. If you are really smart you will ride there in state (in an automobile) while your groom takes your horses. Otherwise you will have a long and lonely hack, the water trickling down your neck, and your horse generally acting kittenish. In the latter case it is better to grind your teeth and practice a little Coué, saying over and over to yourself, "It is for the sake of sport."

THE meet itself is worth all your discomfort. It is a tremendous sight. Long-limbed English ladies in close-fitting black or blue habits—perfect in every detail—soothing their thoroughbreds or talking to each other in terse, throaty voices. Red-faced, weatherbeaten Englishmen, superb in their complete indifference. Three hundred of the best stock in England—quite perfect specimens, all of them. The huntsman calling his hounds together, and finally the master, giving orders as to where the hounds shall draw cover.

"They are off!" And with that "the best stock in England" makes a dash for first place that is worthy of the Charge of the Light Brigade. Manners, consideration, gentleness, all is forgotten when the chase begins. The veneer of civilization that took centuries to acquire is forgotten when Reynard is on the run.

You yourself have probably not acquired the full spirit of the hunt (you will in time), and, following the maxim that one should be a gentleman under all circumstances, you give way before the mad onrush, only to find you have completely lost the hunt. "Learn to be a pusher" is a lesson every novice must learn.

The gates are the most difficult. For three hundred people to get through a four-foot gate at once is an impossibility. The English don't seem to realize this. "And those in back cried forward, and those before cried back." Football is a mild game in comparison.

They have no post and rail jumps in this country—only hedges. The main difficulty is that you can't see what is going to greet you on the other side. It may be a seven-foot ditch or a horseless horseman who has just been spilled. "It adds zest and uncertainty to hunting," as an old Englishman told me.

Some of the riders (those who are sensible) avoid jumping as much as possible and prefer the road or gates. They are looked on with scorn, however, by their braver companions who go careening over the country at breakneck speed, taking anything and everything that comes their way. They get spills and many of them. They don't care; they expect them; it is half the fun of hunting. If they break a leg or a collar bone, a bit of swearing ensues. Their sport is stopped for a couple of months. That is all they consider. These riders of the first flight take tumbles with the same equanimity that they take their tea.

Picture by George van Werveke

The Quorn huntsman, white with rage, opened up on the Prince with his fertile vocabulary.

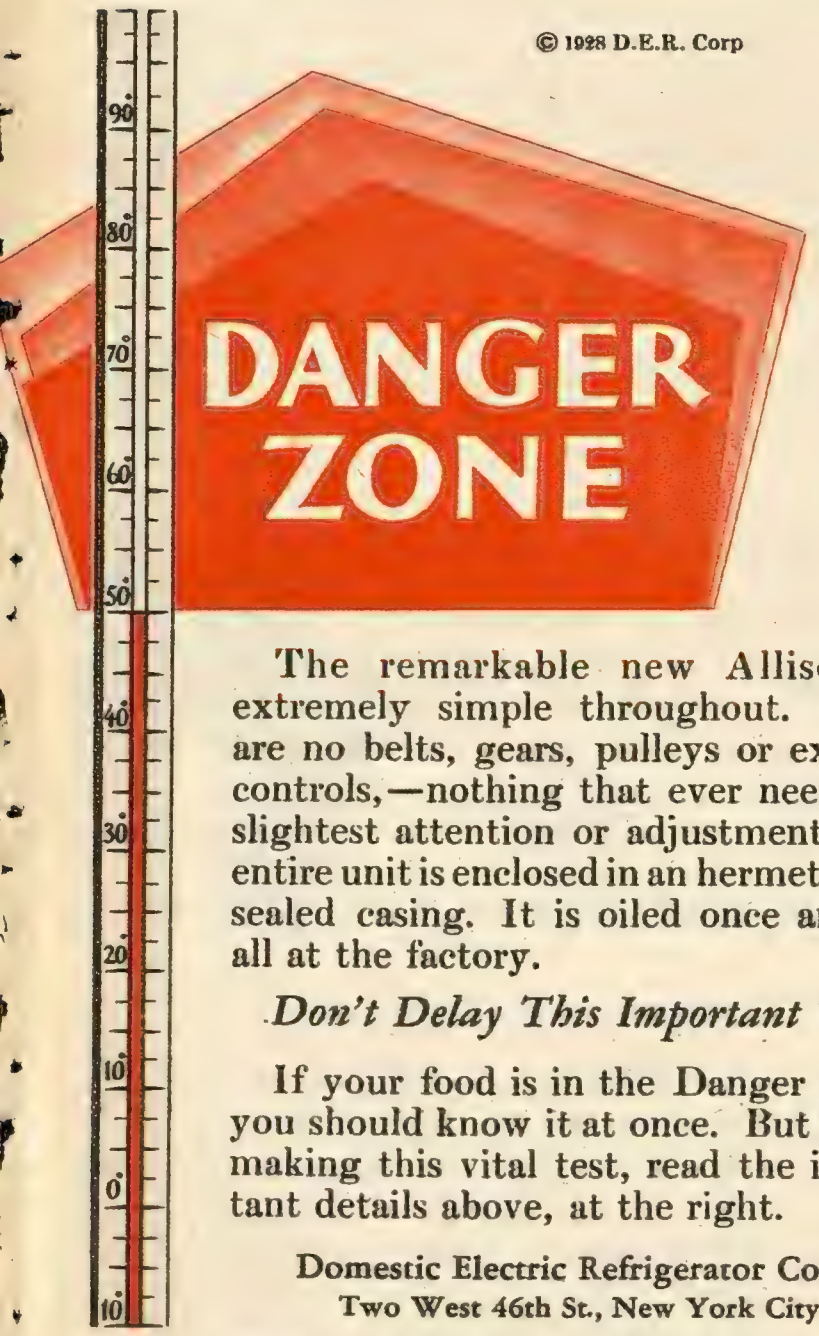
NOT a few casualties result from this abandoned courage. Thus far this year there have been two deaths from hunting — Lady Victoria Bullock and Major H. Hubbertsy — besides twoscore broken bones.* A good man to hounds rarely gets through the season with less than a dozen spills, and considers himself lucky if he does not have to be carried home on a gate at least once a year.

The horses come in for their share of acci-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*NOTE—Since this was written the following item appeared in the American newspapers:

MELTON MOWBRAY, ENGLAND, March 27 (A. P.)—William Edmund Paget, Lord of the Manor of Wymeswold and joint master of the Quorn Hunt, in which the Prince of Wales and his brothers frequently ride, fell from his horse near Loughborough during a chase today. He died soon afterward. The Prince of Wales was not hunting today.



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The remarkable new Allison is extremely simple throughout. There are no belts, gears, pulleys or exposed controls,—nothing that ever needs the slightest attention or adjustment. The entire unit is enclosed in an hermetically-sealed casing. It is oiled once and for all at the factory.

Don't Delay This Important Test

If your food is in the Danger Zone, you should know it at once. But before making this vital test, read the important details above, at the right.

Domestic Electric Refrigerator Corp.
Two West 46th St., New York City

Don't wait—it doesn't pay. A small initial payment will bring the Allison into your home NOW. Ask your local Allison dealer.

Make Sure!

It is important that in testing your food cabinet temperature you use a highly-accurate thermometer. Most people find the ordinary household thermometer unsatisfactory for this purpose. If unable to secure an accurate thermometer at your hardware dealer or optician, we will send one at cost. In that case just write us saying: "Send me the thermometer for the food compartment test", add your name and address and enclose one dollar. We will send the thermometer by return mail. *Don't delay!*

The small, highly-efficient Allison Rotary compressor and motor are delivered to you installed in the Allison cabinet, ready to plug in for instant use.

THE REMARKABLE NEW

ALLISON

[FOX HUNTING IN LEICESTERSHIRE]
Continued from page forty-one

dents too. One of my horses was killed this year—a broken back. He slipped at a fence, fell, and twisted his back. He died within five minutes. More often it is a broken leg. Then they have to be shot.

TO be a really expert follower to hounds one must know the country perfectly, besides being willing to take chances. I have in mind an old Englishman, Captain Dick Gooch, one of the best. You can see him any hunting day on one of his good looking thoroughbreds, waiting at a cover till the hounds scare out a fox.

He does not start pell-mell for the nearest gate, like the majority of the field. He waits, watches where the fox is headed, and chooses his own line. He rarely makes a mistake. I tried to follow him one day, and he darn near killed me. It was only by the grace of God and a lucky break I survived. When he is not following hounds he trains horses—and is, by the way, one of the best flat-race trainers in England today.

The young talent may run more foolhardy chances, but it takes an old hand at the game to be really good. The ideal man never takes unnecessary risks unless hounds are running. In this way he saves his horse until it is needed.

To scare up a fox the huntsman takes the hounds to a cover (an impenetrable wood) and starts casting. If it is a good scenting day a fox is usually brought into the open and the fun begins. If conditions are favorable there may be a ten-mile run till the fox is run to ground or is killed. When the fox goes to ground a terrier dog is sent after him, and if he is caught he is given to the hounds. This part of hunting is disagreeable and rather pitiful. It hardly seems sporting to drag poor Reynard out by the tail and feed him to twenty-four hungry mouths after his valiant attempt at freedom.

The fox is a cagy animal, however. When hounds are after him he often manages to run until tired, and then to give the high sign to one of his buddies. The other fox takes up the scent and the unsuspecting hounds follow the newcomer, never realizing the difference. This goes on until the exhausted and chagrined hounds are taken home.

The Prince of Wales mounting at Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray.

In warm weather, when the sun is out, hunting is generally bad. The sun does not hold the scent, and the foxes leave the cover to sun themselves in the open. The best season is in January or February, when it is cold and damp, with no wind to sweep away Reynard's trail.

After the first draw and run (if they have a good day) there is a general recess or check. People change horses, eat sandwiches, and take a much needed nip from their flasks. These are carried in a small case attached to the saddle. Mr. Volstead wouldn't stand much of a chance in this country. Whisky and water is almost a necessity after a long, cold morning racing over country. Anyhow, it gives you that extra bit of strength to carry on.

When your five minutes' grace is over the huntsman takes the hounds to another cover. This may be as far as ten miles away and is, I think, the most tiring part of the hunt, and the most boring. A slow trot over hard roads gives you a chance to remember all your aching bones. There are usually plenty of them too!

The afternoon is much the same as the morning. When you finally drag your tired body home—about 4 o'clock—you only want one thing—a hot bath. You throw yourself into it and proceed to pass out spiritually.

You forget everything—past, present, and future. You ask nothing of life except to be let alone. Your senses are dead—drugged. You feel yourself vaguely floating upward to pass the time of day with celestial beings. It's the grandest feeling in the world! Nirvana.

. . . . .

A HUNT is not wholly unlike a steeplechase, although such a comparison is heterodox and hunting people deplore it. Nevertheless, an object in both is to finish as near the front as possible after a run over many jumps. It takes horsemanship to stay in front in Leicestershire.

The Prince of Wales, who has such a misunderstood reputation for falling off, is one of the few who is a "stayer" in any run, however fast. He has unlimited courage and takes any jump that comes his way. He is always there or thereabouts with the first flight until, perhaps, he reaches a hedge too high or a ditch too wide for a tired nag to negotiate.

Then he goes down. But, unless his horse is badly damaged, he is usually up in time to finish with the first flight anyhow. By taking more chances than the average, he consequently has more accidents. Hence he has become the target for the witticisms of American paragraphers. Everyone who has ridden with him knows he's a "game un."

The Prince and his brothers are much beloved by everyone around Melton. It is the only

"Bottled – the magic power of t

DON'T start off in the morning with a face that is sound asleep—with eyes that are tired . . . skin, sallow, pasty, lined with fatigue! And feeling—as well as looking—all ready for the graveyard. Here's a simple way to pep right up—to look alive, bright, fresh as a daisy—all in a few seconds. All you have to do is dash a few drops of Fougére Royale Lotion on your face after you shave. It's just like a wonderful massage by an expert barber. First it cleanses the pores of every atom of irritating lather, soothes the skin and instantly heals any little nicks and scratches. (That's because it's styptic—stops bleeding.)

But—more than this—it freshens your face —wakes you up—like a breath of brisk outdoor air. Brings the healthy red blood to the surface. Stimulates, livens, gives you the kind of circulation that quickly carries away fatigue, smooths out tired lines, and gives you that keen, taut, outdoor look of the athlete and sportsman. Perfumed with the invigorating, woodland fragrance of Fougére Royale (Royal Fern).

place where they can "be themselves," and they take full advantage of this opportunity. In the evenings they often put on old sweaters and go to the movies like ordinary mortals.

Awhile ago the Prince gave a big dinner for all the neighboring farmers. At the end of the dinner an eighty-year-old patriarch stood up and gave a toast to the Prince, adding, "I'd like to see any man 'ere in Leicestershire, or anywhere else, show me four sons that kin compar' with the King's sons in sports, lessons, or manliness." This is pretty much the general feeling in England.

Hunting is the Prince's favorite sport. He goes out every chance he gets and stays till the bitter end—around 4 o'clock. That is a long, long day, as anyone can tell you who has tried it.

His keenness, however, has got him into a deal of trouble more than once. He falls, gets hurt, and people start complaining that the heir to the throne should have more regard for his safety. Then ensues a lot of soft-soaping till everyone is satisfied that His Royal Highness is as safe in the hunting field as in the King's palace.

PERHAPS the funniest fight the Prince ever had about hunting was with W. Wilson, the huntsman of the Quorn hounds. Now, Wilson is a grand character. He has been nursemaid to these hounds fifteen years, and you would think they were his own kids, the way he babies them. He is unbearably proud of them, and he has a right to be. He is the finest huntsman in England and they are the finest hounds. He is a fleabitten cuss of about forty-five, with the most fertile vocabulary I have yet heard (it leans toward profanity). When he starts on you he makes a cavalry trooper look sick.

Well, one fine day the Prince was riding along, hell bent for election, and, whether he couldn't hold his horse or whether he just didn't notice, he rode up on the hounds (an unpardonable sin).

Wilson took in the situation and, seeing possible harm to his hounds, he rode up to the Prince in a white rage.

"God damn ye!" he said. "Here I go tryin' to show people sport, and all ye do is ruin it. If I ever so much as catch ye ridin' over me 'ounds agin, 'Eaven habove won't be able to save ye."

The Prince apologized like the gentleman he is, and later sent Wilson a present for his remissness.

Perhaps the saddest sight of all is to see Melton when the hunting is called off. This happens when there is an unusual snowstorm or a case of foot-and-mouth disease. Most people go up to London to console themselves in night clubs. The handful of stay-behinds wander disconsolately about the country, trying to find something to do. They are completely lost.

W. Wilson, mounted, huntsman of the Quorn hounds.

Poker is their only amusement. They play the game for tremendous stakes, and think nothing of losing $2,000 at a sitting. They are good players, but lack the perfect art of bluff the American uses. I have seen an American take a supposedly crack English player over the ropes again and again.

Occasionally there is a Hunt Ball to liven things up. Men resplendent in their pink tail coats quite outshining their less fortunate wives. Stiff, haughty dowagers lining the walls and watching their protégées anxiously through diamond lorgnettes. Débutantes fingering their programs nervously, hoping for a successful evening. Lastly the young bloods, looking the girls over, very much as we would appraise a herd of cattle.

IT is not so much fun to be a woman in England. There are two women to every man since the war, and consequently they take a back seat. A man considers his wife is only good in the capacity of a housekeeper or a mother. He does not credit her with brains or ability. If she shows tendencies to make her own way in the world he quickly puts a stop to it.

It would be most unladylike for her to soil her hands in any way but to serve him.

The women put up with it. They have to if they want to get a husband for themselves. They will never admit, however, that they are not well treated. They are far too proud for that! They maintain we are spoiled and selfish; that our husbands are ridiculous and make footmats out of themselves. Perhaps. But I doubt it.

You can't get around it, however: there is a glamour to England, with its sodden green fields, gray skies, and its silent, long-limbed inhabitants.

Extraordinary—these English! They glory in physical discomfort. They love the rain and the cold and the wet. They despise our steam-heated luxury. They spend their days fighting the elements and their nights playing poker. They do not pretend to work unless it is absolutely necessary. They have not learned the thrill of chasing the almighty dollar. They prefer chasing the fox.

THE END

ie barber's fingers"

For a genuinely luxurious shave, try this after using Fougére Royale Shaving Cream. A scientifically balanced cream, non-caustic and non-irritating, that softens the beard to perfection and enables the razor to slide through like a breeze for the cleanest, sweetest shave you ever experienced.

You can get Fougére Royale products at good druggists. Or the coupon below brings generous trial containers of the After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

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The Fougère Royale Specialties for men are:
After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
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The Golden Moon

A Tale of Pirate Treasure and a Girl's Daring

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

Black-Beard stood and only yel

(Reading time: 20 minutes 15 seconds.)

ALTHOUGH both Mr. Ross and Colonel Rhett knew I was a girl and no boy, and that I was not a pirate, but had been pressed, I now found myself in a sorry pickle.

For I had been taken in piracy aboard that filthy snow-rigged brig and hagboat The Crazy Jade, Tom Cocklyn her master and known as an old pirate.

And it was Colonel Rhett who laid us aboard in his sloop Sea Nymph, Captain Farier-Hall, carrying eight guns and seventy men, and being then, together with her consort, in search of the pirate Stede Bonnet—that great fool who knew not the stem from the stern of a cockleshell.

Oh, Heaven, what a dish of fish! And so innocent was I that I did not even know we had been made prisoners near the mouth of the Cape Fear River; for I had been driven with the others, at the point of Rhett's pistols, below deck; and thus towed to Charles-Town under hatches, and there delivered aboard The Moth, sloop tender to the station ship, Lieutenant Ross commanding.

Had it not been for Colonel Rhett's knowledge of me in Edenton, and that Mr. Ross was my firm friend, I must have suffered on the gallows like any other sea-rogue. Both of these gentlemen waited upon Governor Johnson in my behalf.

Nevertheless, law is law in South Carolina, if not in North Carolina; Black-Beard, with three ships flying the black flag, had grossly insulted Charles-Town and laid it under tribute; and Vane and his company of sea-devils had behaved as impudently.

So I was obliged to face a court of justice with Tom Cocklyn and his officers and crew of The Crazy Jade.

Tom Cocklyn and his rogues were committed into custody of the provost marshall and his men at the watch-house; but I was delivered into the marshall's custody at his own residence, and wore no irons, but was used with civility.

On the 28th of October. Robert Johnson, Esq^re^, Governor of South Carolina, called a Court of Vice-Admiralty in Charles-Town.

That day came to see me the captains of His Majesty's station ships Pearl and Lime and Scarborough, to do me a service if possible by testimony concerning Governor Eden's knowledge of me.

But Mr. Ross feared that such testimony might injure me because of suspicions regarding the Honourable Mr. Eden and his suspected commerce with certain pirates to his own and shameful profit.

However, Mr. Robert Maynard, first lieutenant of The Pearl, was my evidence that I made a desperate voyage by canoe to carry an alarm into Virginia regarding the pirate Black-Beard.

The Hon^ble^ Nicholas Trott, Judge of the Vice-Admiralty and Chief Judge of Carolina, and several assistant judges presided.

First the King's Commission was read, and a grand jury sworn, which found the bills.

The petit jury was then sworn and the master and crew of The Crazy Jade were arraigned; being:

Myself.

Tom Cocklyn, master.

David Dane, mate.

Peter Shere, quartermaster.

Also the cockswain, who was the poor fool, black Herith; and nine foremast men—all who were left alive out of the officers and crew of that dirty hagboat The Crazy Jade.

Every rogue pleaded not guilty. So did I, who, being the first questioned among the accused, called upon Tom Cocklyn, black Herith, and Mr. Shere to be my evidences.

These, very sullen, surly, and unwilling, nevertheless admitted that I had been pressed at Hangman's Point; had signed no articles; had shared no plunder or had taken no arms into my hands.

I then asked for Colonel Rhett and Mr. Ross to testify concerning my character.

WHILE they were testifying, Judge Trott, perched aloft like a huge bird o' prey, fell to scratching his beak and a-ruffling of his vermillion and black plumage; and presently, fixing his large spectacles upon me:

"Topsfield," says he, "I think you are that same saucy tap boy at The Lost Ship who once I had occasion to question."

"Yes, your honour."

"Ah!" He turned and looked at one of the assistant judges, who grinned. "I think," said Judge Trott in a hollow voice, "you once predicted that this boy would make a very competent witness in a court of law. Your—ah—judgement is vindicated."

I took my seat again; and a mournful silence fell upon the court.

Presently, Tom Cocklyn being called and questioned, the trial proceeded very swiftly.

All were found guilty excepting only myself.

as each bullet hit him, and swung his heavy sword with the strength and ferocity of a devil out of hell.

After which Judge Trott, in a solemn and melancholy voice, pronounced sentence of death upon them.

We all were standing; and the provost and constables instantly closed around us. So we marched off with a tinkle and clank of manacles; Tom Cocklyn cursing the judge and jury.

At the courthouse door stood the sheriff of Berkley, who told me that a boat from The Moth awaited me; but first took me to his office, where I set my signature to several papers, but of what nature I know not.

From thence to the wharf, very sad because of Black Herith, poor fool; and sad even for Tom Cocklyn.

A canoe lay by the stairs, which carried me to The Moth, where Mr. Ross received me in his cabin very tenderly.

I was weeping from the joy and excitement of my acquittal; and he meant to kiss me on the mouth, I think. But he turned awkward, and seemed to alter his intention, though I would have suffered his kiss with much pleasure.

So, with our hands intertwined, we sat upon the cushioned settle in his cabin; and there he told me that he was under instant orders to sail in company of Colonel Rhett in search of Stede Bonnet, the foolish pirate. Also, he said, he hoped to discover John Rackham, called Calico Jack; and perhaps even Ned Drummond, alias Edward Thatch, alias Teach, and known terribly throughout Carolina as Black-Beard the Pirate.

"FRECKLES," said he, "I shall stand for the Virginia capes and there take further orders from His Majesty's station ships Lime and Pearl. Therefore, I cannot tell you where you and I are like to see each other again."

After a silence I asked him what I was to do.

"For one matter," said he, "I am firmly decided that you shall not sail aboard me where you are in constant danger of being killed."

He pressed my hand; and I pressed his, saying that I asked nothing better than to share his dangers, who was my dear and only friend in all the world.

Whereupon he put one arm around me, and I know not what he meant to do had not Mr. Rhett come aboard and down into our cabin; and Mr. Ross instantly got to his feet and made pretense of pacing the floor and whistling.

"Freckles," says Colonel Rhett, "Tom Cocklyn is to be turned off betwixt high tide and low; and he asks of you a last word; and His Excellency grants it."

So Mr. Ross, Mr. Rhett, and I got into our cockleshell, and so ashore and to the watch-house, where, by himself, Tom Cocklyn sat in chains, eating of a pigeon pie, and had a quart of beer for to wash it down.

When they left me alone with him— "Freckles," says he, eating all the while, "when I am dead tomorrow, the government of North Carolina is free to seize upon my only property, which is The Lost Ship Tavern at Topsail Inlet, where lately you were my indented servant and tap boy—"

He took a long pull at his beer.

"As for your articles of indenture," says he, "I know not, but think that government takes them over and you become indented to the Propriatary. Let that go.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GOLDEN MOON
Continued from page forty-five]

"But"—and he left off eating and his visage became darkly ferocious—"Charles Eden, who is Governor of North Carolina, is a great villain, and hath compounded with pirates to his own profit; and he has cheated me! I shall writhe in my chains where I hang a-sun-drying on Gallows Point if this same Charles Eden profit by my death!"

HE wiped his loose, greasy mouth.

"Freckles," says he, "when Israel Hornygold took The Fancy Nancy, Captain Topsfield, there was Arab gold aboard her to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds! And this treasure was taken by Captain Topsfield out of a Barbary ship which hoisted black colours and attacked him; but he carried eighteen guns, and he laid her aboard; and the gold was his. Then Hornygold and I took The Fancy Nancy; and Captain Topsfield's booty became ours."

I was so startled at hearing this villain speak my father's name and the name of his ship The Fancy Nancy, aboard which he and my mother had been barbarously murdered by Israel Hornygold, that I sat as one turned into stone.

Said he, fixing his pale greenish eye on me—the other being yellow and nearly blind: "In this hour of death I cannot endure that Carolina, which hangs me, shall profit a penny by my turning off.

"Therefore," says he, "get you to Topsail Inlet before government seizes my Lost Ship Tavern; and this is how you shall discover the Arab gold which Captain Topsfield took out of the Barbary ship—and you shall take it for your own"—he began to laugh horribly—"while government licks its empty fingers!"

He got up in his chains from the straw where he had been sitting:

"Hornygold and I hid it," said he, "but never dared move it while Charles Eden remained Governor."

He thrust his bald, dreadful head, with its mutilated ears, close to mine.

"The map," he whispered, "is scratched and writ upon a great sea shell; and the shell is sunk in a cask of rum in my cellar at The Lost Ship. Count five casks from the east cellar wall westward. The sea shell is in the fifth cask—"

There came a rattle of the door behind me. It opened and the provost marshall came in with Mr. Ross.

"There is a clergyman come to pray with you," said the marshall. But Tom Cocklyn turned his back on him, with a growl, and sat down on his straw, saying that he'd find his own way to God, or miss it. In silence I went away with Mr. Ross, my small head awhirl.

"Well, Nancy," he whispered in my ear, "I have arranged your affair for you."

I looked at him absently. "How so, sir?"

"His Excellency Governor Johnson very kindly consents to take you into his family until I return to make for you a proper provision. Are you content?"

"Yes, sir; only first I have to go to The Lost Ship at Topsail Inlet."

He looked curiously at me. "What had Tom Cocklyn to say to you, Freckles?"

"When you return," said I, "you shall hear."

"You seem very secret," said he, smiling and taking my hands in his.

"I only seem so," said I, "but in my heart desire always to reveal to you my inmost thoughts."

At that his wind-tanned cheeks flushed and he pressed my hands, and I ventured to press his a little. But he said nothing; only looked down at the water stairs' foot where his shallop waited.

"Have you money?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Shall I find you at Topsail Inlet when I return? Or here?"

"Here, I hope."

At that he turned and hailed the sloop bound for Cape Fear, which lay very near the stairs, and asked them to take me to Topsail.

She was The Wind-Flower, Giles Vyning her master, who called across the water to us, bidding me hasten, for he meant to make sail at once.

So I looked at Mr. Ross, and he at me; and God knows how I found courage, for I put up my face to his. But he only kissed my cheeks; and I his.

Then we went down to his shallop and he set me aboard The Wind-Flower.

MR. VYNING, master of The Wind-Flower, made me useful aboard his sloop, and was a kind, mild man.

So I was well found and well fed; happy in my thoughts of Mr. Ross, whom I had come to love very dearly and innocently—not then knowing anything of that deeper feeling which turns tenderness to passion and heats mind and body with divine fire.

Well, it was afternoon of a fair day when The Wind-Flower hove to off Topsail Inlet and I bade Mr. Vyning farewell and went ashore.

Nothing seemed changed as I approached The Lost Ship Tavern by the kitchen door, and saw Moll Fair, our lazy wench, sitting on the sill, a-shelling corn for the hens.

When Moll noticed me she jumped up and ran and kissed me, and seemed very glad to see me, saying that she feared I never was coming back and that she had not laid eyes on Tom Cocklyn, either.

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"No, nor are like to," said I, "unless his ghost comes here."

"What! Is he dead?" says she, taking hold of my arm in a fright.

"On Gallows Point twixt ebb and flood."

She wept. "What is to become of us, Freckles?"

"I know not, Molly. The tavern now belongs to government."

"Then we have no longer either roof or bed or bread," she snivelled. "Oh, Freckles, why don't you marry me and let us go seek service in Virginia?"

"You little fat-skinned fool," said I, "if ever I marry a wife it shall be you, and that's all I promise. . . . Have done a-mauling me—I shall not abandon you—so cease your sniffling and care for your hens."

I gave her a gentle shove which made her sit down suddenly upon the doorsill, and there left her.

So to the taproom, where I took a bung starter, and thence descended to the cellar.

Counting the rum casks, I fixed upon the fifth one, which was on skids. Under this I set a five-gallon jug; then drove the bung so that instantly the cask began to vomit Windward rum.

When the jug was full I corked it and set another there; and so until the cask ran empty.

NOW, with mallet and hatchet, I drove in the head of the cask and turned it upside down. A great flat sea shell fell out. I picked it up and carried it to the light; and there upon the nacre were graven writings where all the tiny letters had been stained red and some Arabic numerals tinted blue. I managed to open my shirt and hide the shell against my body; then went to the kitchen, where Moll squatted on the hearth a-baking of ash cakes.

"Here," says she, "is a buttered ash cake and a slice o' bacon. Which proves that I love you, Freckles!"

I took the food and ate it, swinging my legs where I sat upon the pine table. She drew two quarts of malt brew for us.

"Such is life," she sighed, her mouth full. "Here today and God knows where tomorrow. . . . Let me tell you that a fleet o' pirates hove to off Topsail bar while you have been away."

"Who?"

"One Thatch, with a monstrous frightful beard which was tied up with ribbons in a score of pigtails—"

"What! That monster here!"

"Monster?" says she, with a simper. "He did me no harm more than to toy and trifle and swear to marry me when he had time."

"Oh," said I, "did he also toy and trifle with the money in the till?"

"No," says she; "all he desired, said he, was to discover a certain tap boy, servant to Tom Cocklyn. But I told him you had shipped aboard The Crazy Jade to take all nations; and at that he roared with laughter and swore he'd find Tom Cocklyn and also have a word or two with you, Freckles."

I sat motionless while the chill of horror and of fear possessed and sickened me. These passed in the growing heat of anger.

Moll Fair, a-savouring of her bacon, licked her plump fingers with reminiscent gaze.

"What a company!" said she. "Three ships and a tender to careen and clean—or so said Captain Richards, who was one o' them, and Captain Hands.

"So they left and went aboard their ships. And Captain Thatch, in his great ship called The Man-o'-War, made sail to come into Topsail Inlet; and instantly ran aground!"

"Ran aground!" I repeated, astounded.

"Hard aground on the bar, Freckles. Then Captain Hands' sloop, The Adventure, stood in to help Mr. Thatch, but ran aground herself, and there lay heeled over and a-pounding in the boiling surf—" She fell to mixing another ash cake for herself, talking all the while.

"Then," says she, "I think they quarrelled among those four ships, for I heard shots and screaming, and through Tom Cocklyn's spare glass, from my garret window, I watched them—every day while they stayed there off Hangman's Point I watched them—"

SHE set her cake to bake and fell to slicing bacon.

"Two dead men were washed ashore. A boat came and buried them. For three days they stripped the grounded ships. Then, on the fourth day, I saw Mr. Thatch's black ensign hoisted aboard the sloop tender; and he sailed, leaving the two wrecked ships to pound to fragments.

"When he sailed, Mr. Richards, in The Revenge, made after him; and the last I saw of them they were firing upon each other far out at sea and standing to the northward under every sail."

I got off the table and ran out to see what I might spy beyond the pine woods. When, at length, I came to the seaward dunes near Hangman's Point, there on the bar I discovered the wrecks of two ships buried in foam.

Now, all alone twixt sky and sea and sand, I sat me down and drew the sea shell from my bosom, and there read the graven words stained with red and blue:

Follow the shadows. The November sun is the key. Reckon by that during other months. At 3 o'clock afternoon follow the shadow of the dead pine from which a green lantern

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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" Well, damn my lights and liver! " says Mr. Teach. " If here is not Tom Cocklyn's tap boy and Tom Cocklyn's treasure! "

[THE GOLDEN MOON
Continued from page forty-seven]

sometimes hangs. Where the tree's shadow ends, set a peg.

At 4 o'clock follow the shadow cast by the peg forty paces; and set another peg.

At sunset measure ten paces along the direction of the shadow cast by the last peg; and set here a common or gravedigger's spade to the depth of the blade.

The next day, at sunrise, follow the shadow cast by the spade, and continue 106 paces, and there set a peg.

That was all, excepting a small map traced in blue, which seemed to show Topsail Inlet and the sound as far as Hangman's Point.

I looked up at the sun. It was not far from 3 o'clock.

Springing to my feet, I ran across the bayberry and sea-grape scrub till I came to the dead pine where Tom Cocklyn's green lantern sometimes was set to signal our station ship.

The tree's shadow lay dark across the sand. Where it ended I set a stick which I broke from a fallen branch.

NOW, seated by this stick, I waited until I concluded that it was close to 4 o'clock; then followed the direction of the peg's shadow and set another peg at forty paces.

Here again I waited; and at sunset took the direction of the peg's shadow and set another peg at ten paces.

Now, there being nothing more to do until tomorrow's sunrise, I hastened back to The Lost Ship.

By candlelight I ate supper with Moll; but I was too weary to gossip and she too full fed to remain awake.

So, barred the door, and each to her trundle in the attic.

Now, when I set my mind to waking I can awaken at any hour I choose. It was not yet sunrise when I was in the pantry for a draught of milk and some ash cake and cheese.

Then I took a spade from the stable and ran across the dunes until I came to the last peg. Here I drove the spade to the blade's depth and left it upright.

VERY soon over the ocean's inky rim the sun glimmered, gleamed, and shot a white blaze across the world.

From the end of the shadow cast by the spade I measured 106 paces, which led me to a most horrid spot in the woods, where was slime and some of those gray, bloated snakes which stink and deal death without a sound. Whilst I pushed a peg into the soft muck, one of these rose up, towering high out of his coil, and began to sway and display the white lining inside his gaping jaws.

So I ran back for the spade. Having severed his venomous head, I made a flame with flint and tinder, set fire to a pine twig, and burned a circle in the underbrush, out of which a dozen snakes writhed, fleeing the fire.

Now I fell to digging; and at the depth of three feet in the soft black muck came to a sunken cask.

With my spade I stove in the head of this cask, threw out the fragments, and drew from it, with both hands, using all my strength, six bags woven out of fibre and lashed with rope. These fibre sacks I managed to open.

All were full of Arab gold, in bars, in grains like coarse dust, and in shapeless lumps.

And now, as I was a-kneeling there a-thinking what to do, I noticed upon the ground in front of me a shadow which seemed strangely shaped like a man. To look up carelessly over my shoulder to see what cast such a shadow was an involuntary and unalarmed movement.

Then—oh, God!—I was near swooning; for Mr. Teach stood there on the soft sand behind me, with his small wild eyes blazing at me.

" Well, damn my lights and liver! " says he. " If here is not Tom Cocklyn's tap boy and Tom Cocklyn's treasure! A bride, by God, and her dowry—"

He jerked me to my feet.

I had in my hand a bar of gold, and I struck him with it on the jaw, so that two teeth broke off and blood gushed, wetting his beard.

Instantly he fetched me a buffet which dashed the senses clean out of me.

When I came again to consciousness I lay on a ship's deck, sore, bruised, and weak.

Men were moving about the deck on naked feet; spray came aboard and sails flapped and filled with a soft, thunderous sound; and all around me rose the clashing, slapping, foaming noises of watery waves; and the wind in stay

and shroud whistled and whined aloft.

So terrified was I that I dared not move, but opened one eye a little. I was looking aft, and there saw a man steering.

All about me padded the sea-wolves, strangely and gaudily clothed. Many wore jewels and fathoms of gold chains.

PRESENTLY a man passed whose eye caught mine as he stepped over me. He came around to the starboard side and squatted down beside me.

"Well, my lass," says he, "you are mending. Three days since, you vomited blood and I thought you were going."

At that I opened both eyes and stared at him.

"The captain gave you a beating fit only for a grown man," he growled. "I'm Jack Husk, ship's doctor, and I swear I thought you dead when they fetched you aboard The Golden Moon!"

"How long have I been here?" I managed to ask.

"It's ten days since you came. Can you stand? Move your legs and arms."

I was sore, but I knew well enough I could stand; but did not dare.

I looked at Jack Husk. He was not an ill looking young man; only his features seemed sottish. He had a kind voice.

"What is this ship?" I whispered.

"The Golden Moon, sloop tender. We are off Ocracoke and standing for the inlet to lie up and careen."

"What will Mr. Teach do to me?" My lips scarcely formed the words.

The ship's doctor scowled. "You lie snug, you poor little devil," said he, "and I'll tell him you've three ribs broken. Damnation!" said he, "I'm no child-killer, if I do live a free and hardy life. I'll do my best for you."

He walked aft.

Later he fetched me bread and broth and a cup of water flavoured with gin.

All day I lay there on deck, my head on a coil of rope, a ragged sail to cover me from the shrewd November wind; and ever I was fighting down fear and striving to consider how I might get free of these frightful men.

When we hove to and anchored close inshore, Jack Husk came and took me in his arms to the forecastle, which, he said, was a device of Mr. Teach, with two swivels pointing aft in case of mutiny.

He told me that, except for the watch, all had gone ashore to camp there and carouse before giving The Golden Moon her boot tops.

Also, Jack Husk told me that Mr. Teach was in his cabin, very drunk, and a-firing of pistols out the cabin ports; and so not likely to annoy me.

As I was all alone in the forecastle, I tested my strength by standing up and walking; and found that I could move about, though sore.

Now, being very weak, I went to sleep, my bed a spare sail; and so slept until an explosion awoke me; and I heard Mr. Teach bellowing and cursing and many voices yelling on deck.

I GOT to my feet and peered out fearfully from the forecastle gun ports; and saw the pirates running hither and thither to make sail and to train the few guns that The Golden Moon carried.

Then, seeing Captain Black-Beard coming forward, I shrank into a corner and cowered there when he came a-bawling and storming in.

"Get up, you yellow-haired jade," says he, "and give me a kiss."

But, before he could take hold of me, Mr. Morton, his gunner, and Garrat Gibbens, his boatswain, ran in and took hold of him, crying out that the sloops he saw bearing down on us were two King's war sloops and meant to lay us aboard.

At that, Mr. Teach howled and stamped, and took from the *bandoulière* two pistols, which he cocked; and so rushed aft. And I, on my feet instantly, ran out to the gun deck to see. At that instant

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"This is how you shall discover the Arab gold," said Tom Cocklyn.

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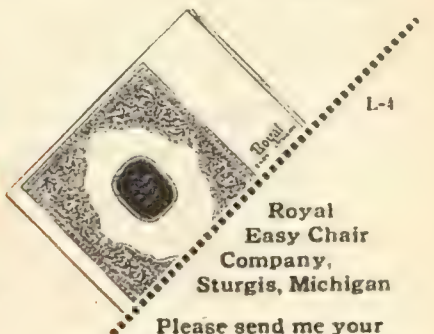

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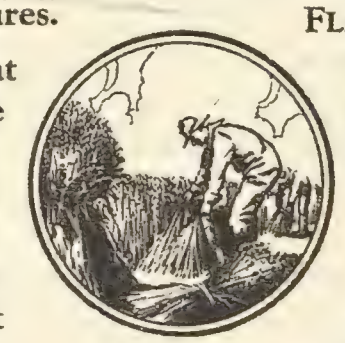

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[THE GOLDEN MOON
Continued from page forty-nine]

The Golden Moon ran aground and listed broadside to the shore, her sails and her black flag flapping drearily.

And now, close astern, I saw a sloop flying the King's colours bearing down on us.

Now I saw Black-Beard get up upon our taffrail to hail the King's sloop; and, to his fury, discovered another sloop coming up behind her.

"Damn you!" he yelled. "Who are you?"

Then I saw an officer on the King's sloop, and knew him to be Lieutenant Robert Maynard of The Pearl, station ship.

He laughed and called out to Mr. Teach: "You should know the King's colours, I think!"

"Send your boat aboard me!" bawled Teach, "or I blow you out of the water!"

"I'll come aboard you in my sloop," replied Mr. Maynard as his vessel drew nearer.

"God rot your heart!" yelled Teach, "and damnation seize my soul if I give you any quarter, or take any!"

"I want none," replied Mr. Maynard coolly, coming to an anchor—doubtless because of shallow water.

AT that The Golden Moon let go all her guns at the King's sloop; and, when the smoke cleared, not a soul was seen on her deck excepting Mr. Maynard who had the helm.

Another broadside from The Golden Moon crippled the second King's sloop, which was The Ranger, and drove her ashore.

Mr. Teach's quartermaster, Tom Miller, and Owen Roberts, his carpenter, came a-running with glass bottles full of powder to serve as bombs. Into these were stuck matches.

"Blow 'em to hell!" roared Black-Beard, hurling a bottle aboard Maynard, which burst with a loud report. Then bottles flew thick and fast, amid a roar and fury of flame and smoke, as the two vessels drifted together.

"Lay 'em aboard!" shouted Black-Beard.

I saw him jump down on Mr. Maynard's deck, followed by a dozen of his ruffians. Suddenly, as the smoke of the bombs cleared away, Mr. Maynard's men sprang upon his deck and fired a volley.

Then, beneath me where I clung to the larboard rail, I witnessed the most bloody and frantic scene my eyes ever had beheld. Everywhere men were at throat grip. The water around the two sloops was stained scarlet.

I saw Mr. Maynard shoot Black-Beard through the body. I saw Black-Beard shot by Mr. Maynard's men five times with as many pistols. And still he stood and only yelped as each bullet hit him, and swung his heavy sword with the strength and ferocity of a devil out of hell.

MR. MAYNARD gave him a cut with his hanger that made a horrible wound between neck and shoulder; and Black-Beard howled and slashed out at him.

But now the sword cuts rained on Black-Beard so that he spouted blood; yet his great body endured.

He had six pistols hanging to his *bandoulière*. Streaming and squirting blood, he unhooked the last one to fire upon Mr. Maynard.

Then, as he cocked it, he let out a bull's bellow and fell down in his blood; and a man-o'-war's man struck off his head with a poleaxe.

"Tie it to our bowsprit," said Mr. Maynard, calmly looking around his deck, where now every pirate lay dead or wounded.

Then Mr. Maynard looked up at The Golden Moon, and saw me.

"In God's name," said he, "are you gone a-pirating again, Master Topsfield?"

He came aboard as he spoke, and some of his men followed, and struck the black ensign.

I stood leaning wearily against the mast when Mr. Maynard noticed me again. Something about me—for I was less thin and boyish now—engaged his attention.

He came to me, took my shoulder, and made me face him. I looked into his astonished eyes—and knew he knew I was a girl. And, at that, reddened to the roots of my hair.

Said he: "Perhaps you and Mr. Ross can explain this business."

"Yes, sir, we can," said I. "Only for pity's sake get me to him; for I never wish to leave him again as long as I shall live upon this earth!"

There upon the nacre of a great flat sea shell were graven writings.

One of the strangest of all the buccaneers was Anne Bonny, the notorious "female pirate." Read, in next week's Liberty, about Nancy's desperate adventure with her.

Pig Boats

How the Submarine Looks to the Man Inside

By

NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 16 minutes.)

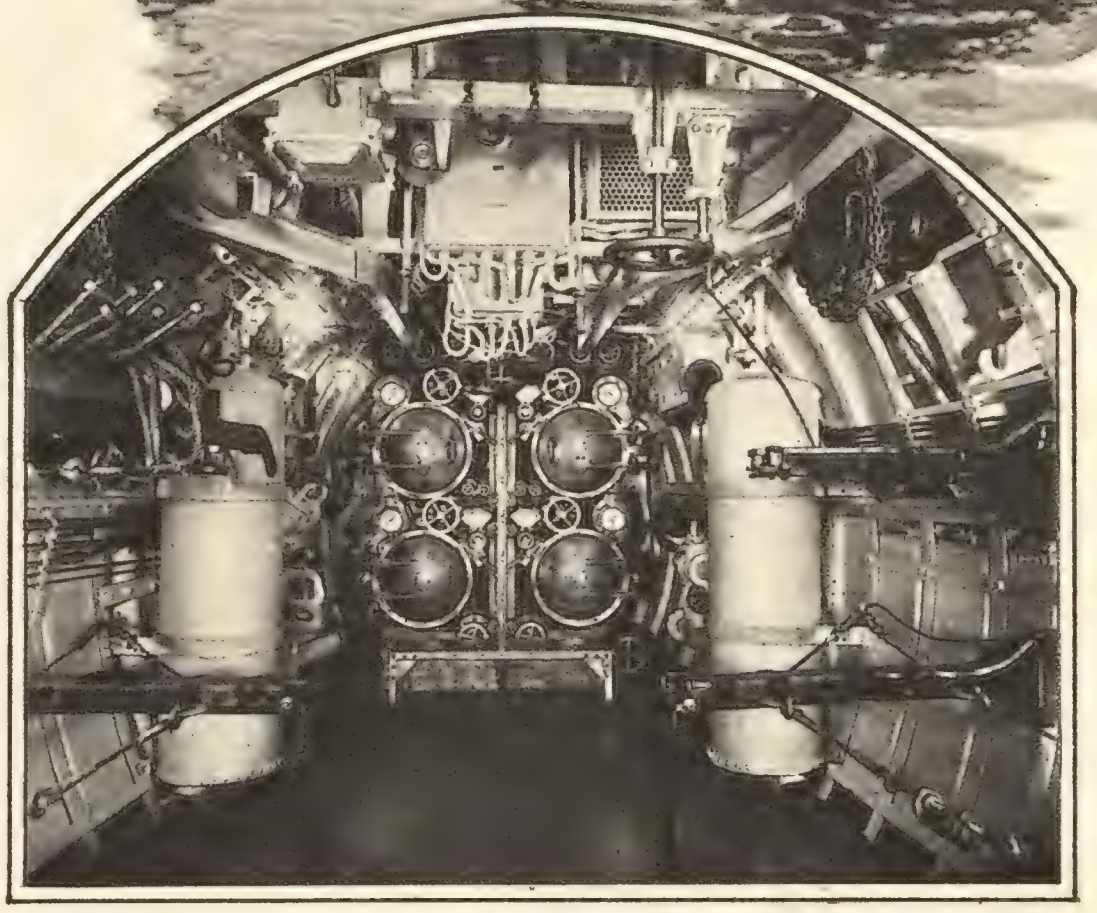
IN official correspondence, in press dispatches, and to the layman they are known as submarines. But to the picked crews who go down in the sea to serve them they are "pig boats."

If you feel that the term is a bit rough, take a cruise in one. If you do you'll coin some names of your own for them.

The name, invariably spoken with an odd mingling of disgust and pride, came into being with the first undersea boats adopted by the United States navy in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It applies to neither the noise generated by nor the size and shape of the torpedo boats, but is fully justified by the odor which assails a man's nostrils once he drops below a hatch aboard one of them.

I write of it first because it was the first thing I noticed as peculiarly a part of submarine life when I lurched down the conning-tower ladder into the control room.

As an olfactory experience it was unique. A banana boat smells like a banana boat. If you've ever had a whiff of a cattle steamer you'll never identify another as anything but a cattle steamer; and a lumber schooner smells as a lumber schooner should. But a submarine!



Aft end of the torpedo room aboard the S-4, where many of the trapped crew huddled and lived for hours after the fatal dive.

It might be an abandoned smokehouse or a back street in Port Said—or both!

This odor which has brought the submarine its unlovely name finds its being in fuel oil, lubricating greases, nameless smells that seep through ventilating equipment in the storage-battery holds, bilge water, metal sweat, rubber

UP for an airing—aboard the B-5 in Manila Bay.

footgear, oilskins, food, and too many human bodies too closely confined.

It is as much a part of a submarine as the conning tower, the diving rudders, and the big Kingstons that control the ballast tanks. I am informed that no visitor aboard an undersea boat ever has failed to comment on it—and I ran true to form.

We had just reached the surface after a dive, an interval during which the crew carefully secured and locked the diving gear. When the conning-tower hatch was thrown back, a gust of raw January air swept down into the control room, its biting freshness coming as a relief after the flat odor I had been breathing.

"What is that odor?" I asked the commanding officer.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PIG BOATS
Continued from page fifty-one]

"That's submarine," he grinned.

"Can't it be done away with?" I inquired.

He regarded me a little wearily. "Yes," he responded. "We can put attar of roses through the ventilating system and burn perfumed oil in the surface engines. We can put windows in the hull and have a leather-cushioned seat every six feet. We can make them so damned comfortable that every officer in Washington will demand a ten-year tour of submarine duty. But God help us if we ever have to fight in 'em!"

You will find that to be fairly typical of the submarine officer's attitude. Much can be done to increase the habitability of submarines. There are contrivances which will make them safer at sea. But the men who live in them declare that the undersea boat's fighting efficiency is decreased proportionately as its facilities for comfort and safety are increased.

SINCE 1624, when Cornelius van Drebbel invented the earliest successful submarine, this type of vessel has been a naval problem. Submarine experts regard it as a problem today and expect so to regard it many years from now. Entirely lacking in commercial value, it is an engine of war, to be classed with the disappearing gun, the bayonet, and the hand grenade. It has but one purpose—to approach enemy craft unseen and sink them!

To this end every convenience, every nonessential has been sacrificed. They smell, they roll to disconcerting angles, they are as cold and cheerless as a cemetery vault and as cramped as a stock-company actor's dressing room. But they do sink enemy boats.

Too frequently these eel boats carry a stowaway—the dread figure of Tragedy—an unwanted guest who strikes in the open sea!

These are sad occurrences. However, it is equally sad when some inconspicuous gob falls down a hatchway on a man-o'-war and dies of his injuries. We blow out gun turrets and kill men. We run ships ashore and kill others. We rattle volleys over the bones of men killed on rifle ranges, at equitation drill, and in landing practice. These are items in the bill we foot for an army, a navy, and a marine corps.

Sad? The saddest notes in any nation's life. But, if the nation is to live and grow and prosper, these notes must be struck.

A good plowman earns that distinction among his fellow men by following the plow. The surgeon who cuts you a little longer away from death is enabled to do so because he practices surgery. A "pig-boat man" becomes efficient only by sticking to his post in the smelly vitals of the submarine he is expected to fight upon in battle.

An S-4 sinks in collision. Inside the riven hull a hammer taps out imploring messages 100 feet below the rolling surface of the sea. You shudder, and demand: "Why the hell don't they do something for those poor devils?"

The next day sister ships of the sunken vessel put to sea, submerge, heave themselves to the surface, and submerge again.

Callousness? The disregard for life that comes from familiarity with death? Nothing of the sort. There are enough names for it. *Esprit de corps.* Pride of service. Loyalty. Guts.

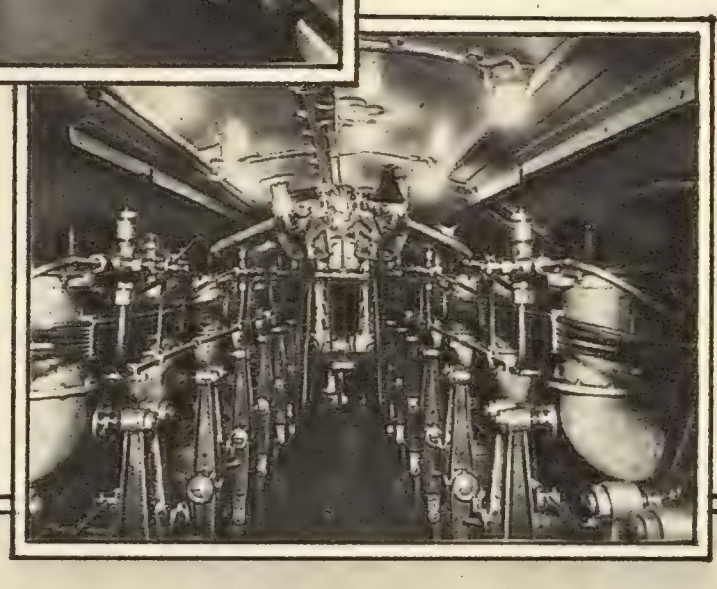
When the fleet steams to sea under secret orders again, when the big gray boats and the little gray boats lay their courses on the battle track once more, you'll have submarine divisions manned by men who will bring you home victories because of just such instances.

To be sure, the sinking of the S-4 was a calamity. The S-51 was another, and the F-4. But there is another column on the submarine balance sheet. During the year in which the S-4 was sunk, seventy-seven submarines operated by the United States navy cruised a total of 644,899.6 miles with but that one major accident.

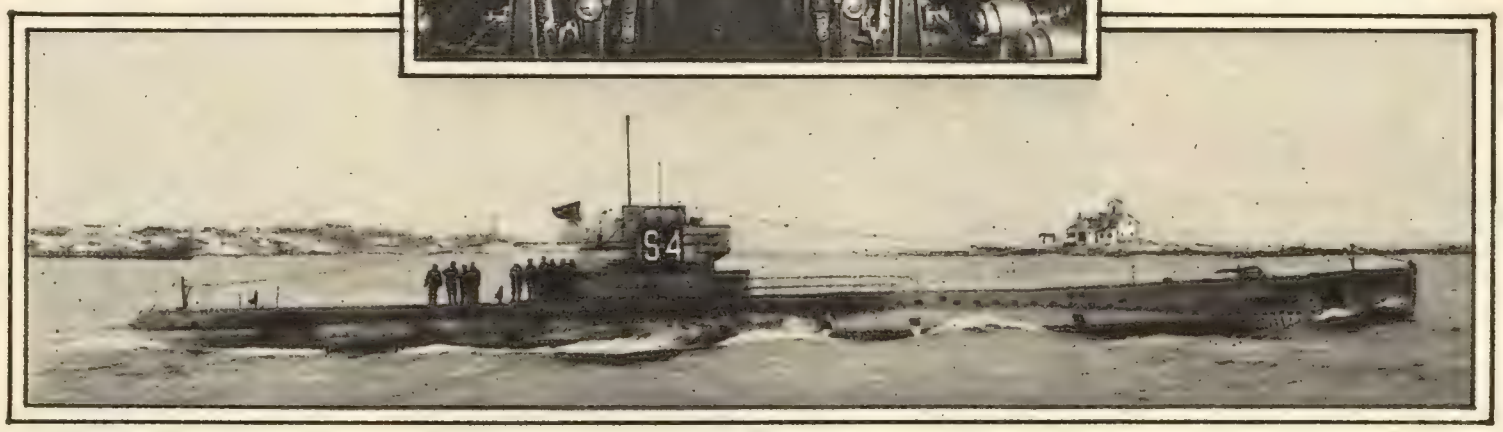
These seventy-seven submersibles, comprising our entire submarine fleet, may be roughly divided into four classes known as the O boats, the R boats, the S boats, and the V boats.

The O boats, our smallest undersea craft, are 172 feet in length; the R boats 186 feet. Both types are eighteen feet in diameter.

Boats of the S type are divided into three classifications: the S-20 class, measuring 219 feet in length; the S-4 class, 231 feet long; and the S-48 class, 240 feet over all. All of the S boats are twenty-one feet in diameter and of 1,100 tons displacement, approximately 500 tons larger than the O and R boats.



At top, the crew's quarters on the S-4; center, the forward end of S-4's engine room, where many trapped men died; below, the 231-foot submarine cruising along the surface.



The V type, our largest submersibles, are 340 feet long, twenty-seven and one-half feet in diameter, and of 2,600 tons displacement.

The interiors are, in the main, identical, as far as the location and division of compartments are concerned.

THE first habitable compartment forward is, of course, the torpedo room. Here are located the torpedo tubes, usually four in number, and here the torpedoes are carried. The firing mechanism, operated by signal from the commanding officer's station at the periscope, is also housed in this compartment. It was in this room that six of the S-4's crew were trapped.

Immediately behind this chamber is the forward battery room. Beneath this chamber is a compartment housing sixty storage-battery cells—half of the ship's equipment. These cells contribute the power which operates the boat while it is submerged. Some idea of the tremendous weight of a submarine may be realized when one considers that each of these cells weighs approximately 2,000 pounds and each boat carries 120 of them.

Next comes the control room—the heart of the submarine. This compartment is amidships, immediately under the conning tower and the surface operating bridge. Here the ship's commander and the diving officer, usually the second in command, have their stations in immediate control of the vessel's movements. Here the periscopes are located.

Aft of the control room is the after battery room, beneath the deck of which is housed the other half of the boat's storage batteries. The galley and officers' quarters usually will be found on each side of the narrow passageway leading to the after battery room.

Still farther astern is the engine room, housing Diesel oil-burning engines used for surface locomotion. Behind the engine room is the motor room, where electric motors used for power when submerged are located.

BETWEEN these compartments are watertight bulkheads pierced by narrow watertight doors about four feet high. These doors are never closed, except in emergencies, because of the burden on the ventilating system. Most boats are equipped with a deck hatch in each compartment, except the motor room, although some older boats have fewer exits. Except in heavy weather, these hatches remain open while surface cruising, although it frequently is necessary to batten all hatches and navigate from the conning tower.

The principle involved in submerging the boat is simple. Through Kingston valves, about eighteen inches in diameter, sea water is permitted to flow into ballast tanks located amidships under the after battery room, the control room, and the forward battery room.

In addition, there is a forward trimming tank located well up in the bow, and an after trimming tank situated well astern. The purpose of these tanks is to keep the submerging boat on an even keel and to control the diving angle so that the vessel does not fall out of line at bow or stern.

When the tanks are sufficiently full to carry the boat to its maximum depth they contain about 200 tons of sea water. To rise again the tanks are "blown" with compressed air, which forces the sea water out through the valves, giving the submarine "positive buoyancy."

Every submarine in service has been tested to a depth of 200 feet. In addition, our submarines are said to have a "50 per cent factor of safety." That is, a submarine tested to 200 feet is technically supposed to be able to withstand pressure at 300 feet without crushing or buckling.

One or two submarines have been down to this depth and a few feet over and survived the test, but it was at about this distance beneath the surface that the F-4 collapsed in Honolulu Harbor in 1915, killing twenty-six men.

At a depth of 300 feet the water pressure against the hull is 132 pounds per square inch (I quote Navy Department figures), and it is somewhere in this region that the pressure against the hull is greater than any possible air pressure that can be brought to bear inside the boat—which, of course, makes it impossible for the boat to purge its ballast tanks of the 200-ton water load.

For depth measurement the boats are said

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

WHAT WE DEMAND OF OIL AND GASOLENE

Such standards give Cities Service customers supreme quality.

You get from Cities Service the identical quality of pre-tested oils and gasolene we use ourselves—our own production.

We're large users and large producers of gasolene and oil. For years our Board of Research has been perfecting products worthy of our strict specifications, which exceed government requirements.

Our public utility properties serve scores of communities. We've hundreds of millions of dollars invested in fine machinery and properties in twenty states.

In serving millions of people, our giant generators and turbines must be furnished with the finest oils that long experience can produce, else whole cities and sections might be plunged in darkness and factories stopped.

The superiority of Cities Service oils and gasolene is assured by the complete quality control exercised by this organization from its wells to its service stations.

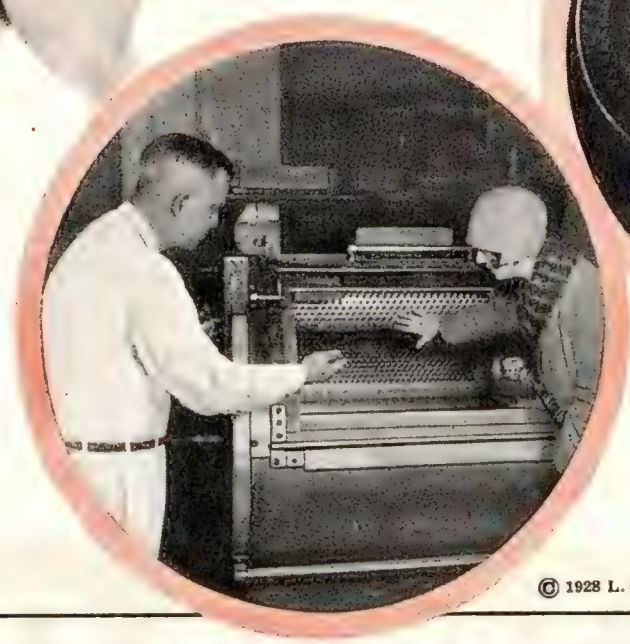
Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers on Fridays at 8 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WEBH, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, KOA, WOW.

Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

Laundry-washed clothes are not rubbed

YOU KNOW how you gently douse your dainty lingerie up and down in a bowl of sudsy water . . . . that's the way your clothes are washed in a modern laundry ⚜ They are not rubbed nor scrubbed, but are gently swished back and forth in warm filtered rainsoft water until the pure soap actually foams ⚜ Every particle of dirt is loosened without unduly lessening the tensile strength of the fabric ⚜ Then come many rinses of rainsoft water so that your laundry-washed clothes not only look and feel clean but *are* scientifically clean ⚜ *Visit a modern laundry* ⚜ See for yourself why millions of home managers depend on the sterilizing process of the modern laundry for relief from irksome washday toil and drudgery.

The LAUNDRY *does it best*



ABOVE—*The modern laundry water extractor; removes water by whirling; cannot injure or displace fibre or thread.* LEFT—*One reason laundry-washed clothing lasts longer . . . the inside walls of this washer are smooth as glass.*

Keeping Faith with American Women

THE modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.

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Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

to be calibrated from the keel. In other words, when the depth gauges read 100 feet the keel of the boat is 100 feet from the surface.

At such depths the periscopes are useless. Periscope depth is about forty-five or fifty feet. At this depth a boat can cruise with comparative safety, for it still has a 360-degree field of view through the periscope.

SUBMARINES are not particularly fast. The specifications for most of them call for a surface speed of fourteen knots an hour, but actually this dwindles to eleven or eleven and one-half knots. The average surface-cruising radius is 5,000 miles.

Maximum submerged speed is about nine knots. Only in cases of extreme emergency, however, would a submarine commander drive his boat at this pace submerged, because in so doing he would completely exhaust his storage batteries in one hour. Normal speed below the surface is between one and two knots.

Lurid fiction to the contrary, there is no sensation in submerging—provided, of course, the boat is not taken under at an extreme angle. Even the layman, were he not watching a depth gauge, would have to be informed that the boat had dropped below the surface. Submergence is in no way responsible for the odor referred to. That the submarine has with it always.

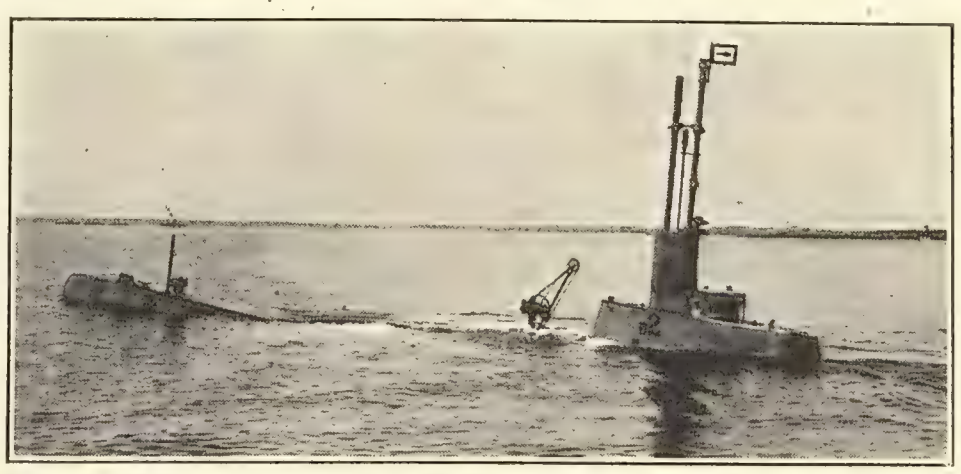
Air equalizers, ventilating systems, including purifiers and reserve stores of compressed air, maintain an even pressure, and, except in prolonged dives, insure a reasonably pure product for the lungs. The greatest discomfort when submerged is the peculiar vibration set up within the boat. This, in time, weakens the eardrums and brings about a semi-permanent condition known as "submarine deafness." In addition, many officers suffer from "periscope eye," a soreness of the lid and inflammation of the ball of the eye used in squinting through the periscope.

While I am listing disabilities incident to submarine service, it might be informative to state that a submersible offers more opportunities to bash your skull and bark your shins than any other place on earth. Where there are no gadgets to reach out and sock you in the head or trip you up, there is always a convenient ladder down which you may fall—and the average lubber invariably does.

The best place for head bashing is in the battery rooms where the crew's bunks are located. These bunks, constructed of iron piping, are hinged to pipe stanchions running laterally through the compartment. They are lowered at night and swung up amidships during the day. A similarly hinged arrangement serves as galley table.

What does the crew do for room? It has none. One member of an O-boat informed me that they had to take turns stretching in the morning.

Because of these living conditions, or rather the lack of them, submarine men receive extra remuneration. Qualified men—men who have passed the tests of the Submarine School at New London, Connecticut—receive a dollar a dive, not to exceed fifteen dollars a month. There is the added stipulation that but one dive in twenty-four hours will be used in computation of this extra pay.



Close-up view of American submarine emerging on an almost even keel after an undersea dip.

It is entirely possible for a crew to make six submergences in one day, work like galley slaves at their levers and wheels, and receive one extra dollar. The crew of another sub may make six leisurely dives in a thirty-day period, and receive six extra dollars.

All of which is one reason why government pay tables ever will be a source of profound mystery to this chronicler.

Submarine officers receive no extra allowances, yet it is doubtful if there is a class of naval duty wherein a commissioned officer will ruin more clothes. They believe they are entitled to some sort of compensation for this material blow at their wallets.

But ask one of them if he wants to be paid because of the hazards, and he will laugh at you. These men are not afraid of the sea and boats, whether the boats go down *to* the sea or *in* the sea.

GREAT BRITAIN, France, Italy, and Japan have submarines vastly superior to ours in equipment, safety devices, and maneuverability. Within ten miles of the navy's submarine base at New London, a private shipbuilding concern now has on its ways two boats for a South American government. These boats will contain many improvements and recent inventions in submersible equipment that our boats lack.

Our penurious naval policy during the years following the World War is the reason for this deplorable situation.

But if our submarine equipment is not what it should be, quite the opposite is true of the personnel. Every officer and man is trained in the Submarine School at the New London base before being permanently assigned to an undersea boat. The enlisted men are given a six weeks' course, while the officers' instruction continues for six months. Both courses include many actual submergences on boats manned by qualified officers and men.

From this school the graduates are assigned to boats manned by men older in the submarine service. Despite this care to select men of known ability for the command of subs, you will find the average underwater craft commander to be a man unusually young. Most of the O and R type boats are captained by what the navy knows as senior lieutenants. These are men, Annapolis graduates for the most part, who hold a rank corresponding to that of captain in the army, but who are well up on the seniority list for promotion. The S and V type boats are commanded by lieutenant commanders.

An O or an R type submarine will carry a crew of about thirty-six men and three officers, while the larger types require a crew of forty men and four officers.

Each battle fleet is required to provide its quota of officers and men for submarine duty. An officer or an enlisted man may volunteer for submarine service, but the number of volunteers never has been sufficient to meet submarine fleet requirements. To meet this shortage, officers and men are detailed—a system which makes it entirely possible that any officer or man of the battle fleets may see submarine service. The usual tour of duty is five years, although I have talked with men who have been twenty years in submarines.

It is not a popular service with either commissioned or enlisted personnel, but, like most unpopular departments of military life, it engenders in men a peculiar sort of pride, a pride geared just a bit higher than the esteem of others for their branch of the service.

They will grouse among themselves, wail loudly and profanely of their trials and tribulations, but let an outsider speak slightingly of their lot and their bark is immediately turned on him.

Nevertheless, there are thrills to be had in submarines, and there are three army fliers somewhere who will bear me out.

IT happened in Panama. There was a dinner given to American army and navy officers. During the evening the trio of aviators referred to spoke of the thrills and excitements in their branch of the military service.

At their table was a young submarine commander who had just completed a perilous run through a South Atlantic hurricane, an experience which left him with his own idea of what constitutes a thrill. Tiring of the birdmen's chatter, he deprecatingly declared that, while undersea navigation could not possibly be as nerve-tingling as aviation, still, he would be very happy to take the aviators for a short cruise the next day.

Early next morning the aviators

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Haven't you heard about KOZAK?

Man? It's the greatest little saver of time, money and muscle YOU ever saw! Take my advice: stop splashing around in water or paying $2 to have your car washed. Spend a dollar now for—

KOZAK
Auto Dry Wash

KOZAK, the auto dry-wash—is the modern way to keep fine cars clean, smart and new-looking, as tens of thousands of motorists already know. Not a drop of water is needed. KOZAK is a specially treated fabric. Its cleansing properties are almost unbelievable—until you try it. Then you'll see how a minute a day, with KOZAK, will keep the dirt away—cleaning and polishing finish, windshield, headlights and all the bright work.

Look for this convenient orange and blue Silent Salesman at your dealer's. Every KOZAK is trade-marked on the fabric for your protection.

KOZAK eliminates 80 percent of the water washing. It prevents the body squeaks that come from rusted water-washed joints. It makes car cleaning an *incident*, instead of an *event*. Kept in the pocket of your car you're always prepared—winter and summer.

Whether you drive your own car or employ a chauffeur, you need KOZAK. It costs $1—neatly packaged. It lasts—indefinitely! It works—a miracle! And you buy it on a guaranteed money-back basis.

In the East, buy KOZAK from usual accessory stores. Elsewhere preliminary distribution is being extended rapidly through Ford dealers. Or attach a dollar, check or cash, to this coupon and mail it—now!

To Dealers: You can buy KOZAK from any T. I. E. D. member or any A.E.A. jobber.

KOZAK, Batavia, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON

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Gentlemen: I'd like to try KOZAK—the new dry-wash—on my car. If it doesn't do all you say it will, I reserve the right to have my money refunded without question or argument. I enclose $..... for ..... KOZAKS at $1 each, postpaid, U. S. or Canada.

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(*Please Print Name Plainly*)

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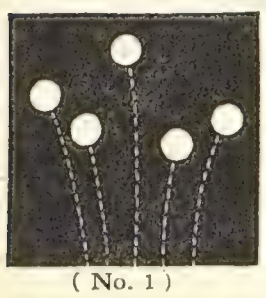
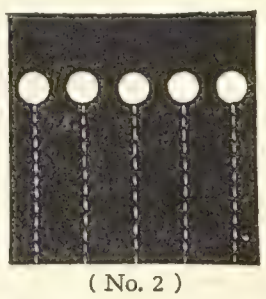
Wright & Ditson have created a tennis ball that can't play jokes on you!

TWO tennis balls may look as much alike as two peas and yet be so different in playing action that they will throw you completely off your game. Why this difference? Here is the reason—


(No. 1)

Look at illustration number one. It shows what happens when ordinary tennis balls are given the official drop test. Some have too much bound, others too little. They aren't *uniform* in rebound because they vary in compression—one ball may have 20 pounds greater compression than another. Consequently one ball will feel light off the racket, another heavy. They will fly and act in an entirely different manner when stroked in the same way. Obviously you cannot play uniformly good tennis with them.

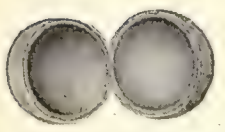
Now look at illustration number two. This shows what happens when Wright & Ditson tennis balls are given the drop test. Every ball bounds exactly alike—because every ball gets *exactly* the same compression put into it by an *automatic* process. That compression can't vary a hair's weight. Every Wright & Ditson ball bounds alike, flies alike, acts alike, feels alike off the racket. No other tennis ball has such absolute uniformity!


(No. 2)

• • •

For 37 years the Wright & Ditson Championship ball has been adopted for National Championships—and for all Davis Cup matches played in this country since 1900. It is the most uniform tennis ball ever created—yet it costs no more than tennis balls that *aren't* uniform. 50 cents each—at your favorite sporting goods or department store.

HERE'S ANOTHER *great feature!*



Every Wright & Ditson ball reaches you as fresh and as lively as when it left the factory. And it is *kept fresh* by an *air-retaining* inner-lining. Air can't seep out of it—the ball *holds* its liveliness for an entire season's play! And every Wright & Ditson ball *bounds the maximum legal limit* allowed a legal ball—58 inches.

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[PIG BOATS Continued from page fifty-five]

were taken below. Followed a brief tour of the vessel. The sub commander was careful to emphasize that 300 feet was the theoretical maximum submergence, and gave a terse description of what unquestionably would happen if a boat sank to that depth and could not blow its tanks.

The crew took its stations, the diving siren blew, and the hatches clanged shut. The motors turned over and that disturbing vibration so peculiar to underwater boats began gently to stir the ship.

"Watch the depth gauge," the sub captain commanded, and the three aviators turned anxious eyes toward the dial. Slowly the pointer mounted: 70 feet—80 feet—85—90—95—

"Hold your depth at one hundred feet," the commander ordered in crisp tones and turned to his periscope.

But the depth gauge continued to climb. It paused at 120 feet, then 145. The diving officer whirled on his captain.

"Depth gauge out of order, sir!" he barked. "Ship sinking rapidly out of control!"

AGAIN the siren sounded—the signal to rise—and there was a great throwing of levers and turning of handles in the control room. For just a fraction of a second the depth-gauge pointer paused, began to slide backward, then jumped to 200 feet—230—260—275—

"Good God, man! Blow those tanks!" almost screamed the sub commander, and ran, choking with emotion, from the control room.

But the tank valves refused to answer the frantic efforts of the men at the Kingstons, and a moment later the diving officer cried out:

"Three hundred feet on the gauge and there's two hundred fathoms beneath us!"

Followed immediately a hoarse cry from the conning tower:

"Conning-tower hatch carried away, sir!"

There was a rending crash of metal and a great splash of green water hit the deck of the control room at the very feet of the aviators. At the feet of only two of them. One had quietly collapsed at the announcement that there no longer was a top on the conning tower.

They carried him and led the other two fliers up the steep conning-tower ladder to greet the welcome day.

The sub hadn't left the dock!

The submarine commander had promised his guests a thrill. It was easily arranged.

The depth gauge had been connected to a compressed-air line which the diving officer controlled with a small valve near the leveling gauges. Two members of the crew stationed in the conning tower, one with a pail of salt water, the other with a two-foot Stillson wrench with which he was to clout the metal deck at the proper time, contributed the carrying away of the conning-tower hatch.

Thrill? Yes, sir-ee!

THE END

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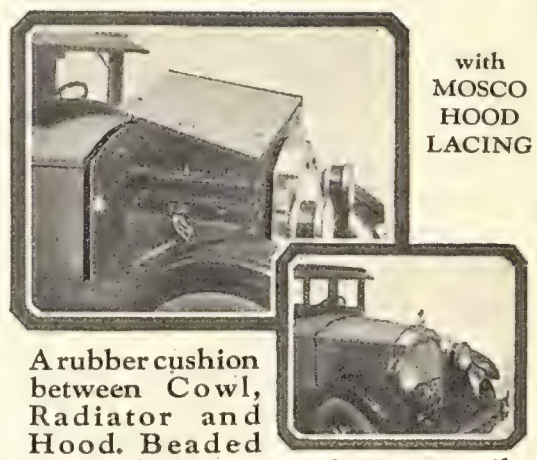
Blaisdell
FINEST COLORED PENCILS
THICK OR THIN LEADS
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Stop Hood Squeaks *Stop* Cowl Leaks *Stop* Radiator Rattles



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A rubber cushion between Cowl, Radiator and Hood. Beaded edge seals the seam against water, oil or grease. Stops rattles and hood end play. Easy to attach with split rivets—greatly improves appearance of car.

Order Now — direct from manufacturers

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Use Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound. Originated by Dr. J. H. Guild, specialist in respiratory affections. Quickly relieves the distressing torments that cause suffering and loss of sleep. Two sizes, $1 and 25c. Also cigarettes (box of 24, 50c.) at your druggists or sent direct postpaid for cash. FREE TRIAL box (6 cigarettes) with authoritative treatise on causes and treatment sent on request.

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Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Kidney Pills (a Diuretic Stimulant) 60c for package of 72 pills.

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The $200 Catch

One of the Most Famous Plays in Baseball

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

(Reading time: 3 minutes 55 seconds.)

WHENEVER three or four men are gathered together in the name of baseball, it is certain that sooner or later someone will turn the conversation to the greatest plays and the greatest catches ever made.

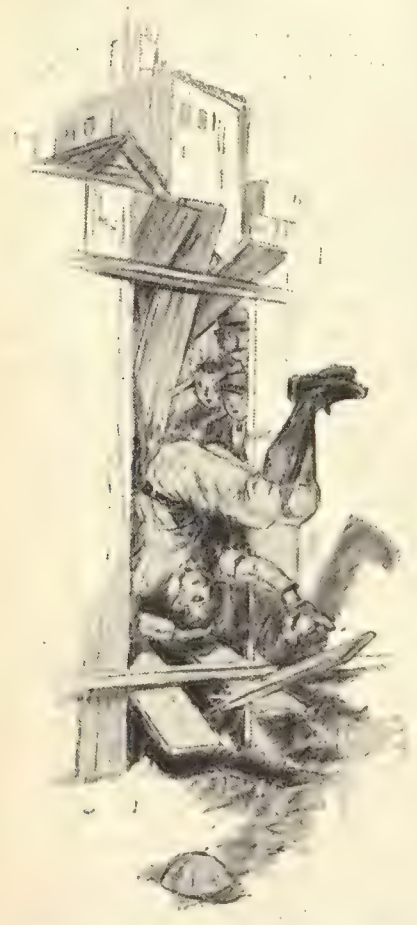
They will tell of Hughey Jennings' catch of a foul fly while diving over the heads of a crowd; of Eddie Hahn's leap into the field seats in Comiskey Park to catch a ball and save a World's Series; of the time when Willie Keeler ran up the slanting fence at Baltimore and caught a batted ball while running along the top; of Chick Stahl hurdling into the right-field seats at Boston and running up the seats to catch a fly; of Tris Speaker's jump over the barrier at the Red Sox park to catch a home-run hit and save a game. They will tell of scores of great feats, and then finally someone will say:

"But did any of you see Bill Lange's two-hundred-dollar catch?"

Then everyone who remembers will say:

"Oh, *that*—that was in a class by itself!"

It happened I was a sort of accessory before the fact in that catch, and it saved me a round scolding as well as saving Lange $200.



Anson's old White Stockings, of which team Lange was center fielder, had finished a series in New York and were going to Washington that evening at 8 o'clock. Lange then was the most famous figure in baseball. He was six feet two inches tall, weighed 230 pounds, possessed terrific speed, was one of the leading hitters of the country, and the best base runner of the period.

He could run 100 yards in 10.5 seconds in baseball uniform, and, if given a flying start, could run even faster. Good natured, jolly, always grinning, he had more friends than anyone else in the game, and was the most popular man in the league.

The evening was beautiful, and we started to walk from the old Fifth Avenue Hotel down Twenty-third Street to the ferry. Lange, as usual, met some friends. We stopped to talk, were introduced to some more people, and naturally missed the train. There was another train an hour later, but by then the party was so good we decided to miss that one.

Bill Lange, who crashed through a fence to fame.

In fact, we missed a train every hour until there were no more trains that night and we decided to catch the 9 o'clock one the next morning. Naturally we overslept, and then managed to miss the 10 o'clock one. We caught one half an hour later.

The train should have put us in Washington in time to reach the grounds by 4 o'clock, when play started; but it was late. We knew Anson would be raging, so Lange got a stateroom, donned his uniform on the train, raced through the station, jumped into a cab, and we ran into the park just as the first half inning ended.

Without stopping at the bench, Lange sprinted out to center field, shooed his understudy off the field, and played. When that half inning ended he came to the bench, smiling sweetly and trying to look innocent. Anson was mad and gave Lange no chance to use the various excuses we had concocted on the train.

"That will cost you one hundred dollars," he said severely.

"All right, captain," said Lange, smiling in his most provoking manner and using his most irritating tones.

"It'll cost you two hundred!" roared Anson, angered by Lange's tone.

"Very well, captain," said Lange, more sweetly than ever.

Anson was too mad to talk, or probably he would have increased the fine again.

The game had started tamely enough; but it tightened up and developed into a pitchers' battle, and, with the score tied, the teams went into extra innings, fighting hard. Griffith, now owner of the Washington club, was pitching for Chicago against Winnie Mercer, Washington's star.

In the first half of the eleventh inning Chicago scored a run and, with Griffith pitching, that one run seemed to insure victory. Then, with two out, Washington rallied and had men on second and third bases, with Al (Kip) Selbach, a hard hitter, coming to bat.

With two strikes and two balls, according to my old score book, called, Selbach hit the ball with terrific force. It went straight to center field.

LANGE, who had been playing a rather deep field, turned almost as the ball was hit.

He gave one glance over his shoulder, then sprinted desperately. The ball, hit on a high line, looked as if it would clear the center-field fence, and the other outfielders stopped.

The ball seemed to be past Lange, over his head, when, without slackening his speed, he leaped, hurled his great body upward and sideways toward the ball, and stuck his hands, palms inward, high over his head. The ball struck his hands as his body started to turn in the air.

His head was downward, his feet high in the air, and, while somersaulting sideways, his huge body struck the boards of the center-field fence with a crash that could be heard in the stands. A big panel of the fence shattered, and Lange, upside down, the ball still clutched in his hands, disappeared out of the park.

For an instant the crowd stood as if paralyzed. The umpire, who had run far out beyond second base to watch the catch, waved his arm, allowing the out, as Lange, grinning, stuck his head and arms through the hole in the fence and held up the ball.

As the big Chicago fielder, grinning gleefully, came limping up the field, the usually hostile Washington crowd stood and cheered and cheered, forgetting the loss of the game in admiration for the catch. Lange doffed his cap sheepishly, accented his limp more and more as he came near the Chicago bench, and, stopping in front of Anson, said:

"Fines go, cap?"

"No!" roared Anson.

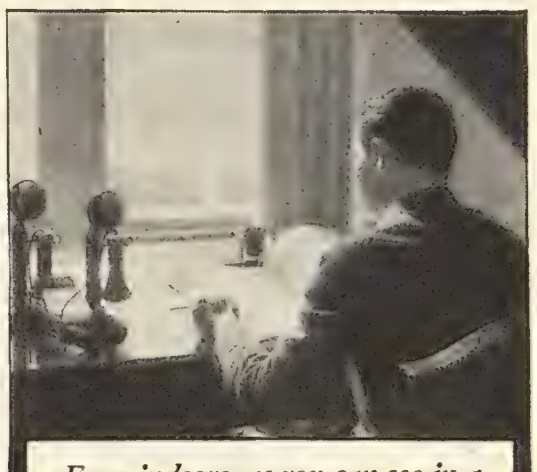
The most outstanding World's Series game, in the author's opinion, will be described in Liberty next week.

"Good-bye" now --- to Half-Clean Faces

There's pore-dirt deep in EVERY face—
but watch this pink cream roll it free!

• • • •

Every inch of air, says the U. S. Weather Bureau, is alive with millions of tiny specks of soot. Motor puffs, chimney smoke, dusty streets—no one escapes!



Even indoors, as you can see in a ray of sunlight, this rain of dust goes on. It falls onto your face. Works into the pores. Gets jammed down deep UNDER the skin.

Washing can't budge pore-dirt. But scoop a little Pompeian Massage Cream from the jar. Notice the color as you rub it into the skin . . . clean pink!

A two-minute massage. Out rolls the dried cream, gray with pore-dirt that hid in your face! Boy, how fine that massage feels!

Electric lights, the close-up of a woman's searching eyes . . . yet he need not worry. You step out tonight with a face really CLEAN! Pompeian is 60 cents at any drug counter—but you're welcome to test it FREE! Send the coupon now!

Photograph taken under lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Note dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt it has rolled free.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

FREE TRIAL OFFER

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 904-Ea
595 Fifth Avenue, New York

In Canada: 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

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Mother Knows Best

Mrs. Morse Dips Her Cheerful Oar

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

MRS. MORSE, as a grandmother to be, was very excited. She'd told all the neighbors the big news, and each one in turn had told her the same flattering thing:

"You a grandmother? How time flies! And, my dear, you look just as young and girlish as ever!"

Then each neighbor had added a little society cackle, saying to herself: "That is, you didn't show your age until you gave up using hair dyes."

Mrs. Morse had gone as far as to arrange with her seamstress about her future grandchild's christening dress. She was waiting to see if it would be a boy or a girl before ordering the color of the ribbony doodads.

Mr. Morse had his moments of doubt. He felt rather touchy about being called "Grandpa." And what was to prevent fond grandchild being parked at his house several nights a week while its parents went off to parties? He was still young enough to remember sleepless nights due to his own howling, colicky offspring! Especially Lil. Her infant yells took the grand prize.

Lil's kid brother, Junior, exploded when Ma said: "Dear, Lil's going to have a baby."

"What?" he yelled. "Then I'll be an *uncle!*" He squawked this hateful word in the manner of an irate ancient elephant being ostracized by his herd. "I betcha two 1883 nickels it'll turn out to be twin girls—probably triplets. Well, I'm tellin' you now, I won't sit home shuttin' 'em up with milkin' bottles!"

Ma tactfully slipped her son a quarter and told him to "Go get a soda."

Mother's Day week-end!

Sandy was off on a short business trip. He'd embarked with a new valise and highest hopes that this brief detour from his domestic rut would prove prosperous. Having recently priced baby carriages, parental intuition told him to bring home the bacon as speedily as possible. The only carriage suitable for his son was a luxurious ninety-five-dollar affair—hand-painted and richly upholstered.

Lil was suitably spending the week-end with her mother. They'd shopped most of Saturday: tiny dresses, bootees, diminutive socks, two rose-colored quilts, shirt stretchers, a rattle shaped like a blowfish, and a book of lullabies.

Sandy's mother had donated a box of infantile necessities: a baby bunting, three teething rings, flannel leggings, a set of floating tub toys, and a photograph of Sandy when five days old. With eyes nothing but two slits, a nose like a wad of chewing gum, and no neck—he'd resembled any other incubator specimen. But his admiring wife considered him a handsome crib sheik, and hoped her own son would resemble him!

It was nearly teatime when Lil and Mrs. Morse sank down on the sitting-room couch—to sort of talk things over.

"I get so worried thinking about it," Lil said wearily. Even an enthusiastic letter from Sandy on the road hadn't bucked her up at all. "It's all right to read about the stork's visits to Africa, Siberia, and—and Guam; but his visit to your own house—that's something sort of—"

"Now, now," Ma said cheerfully, although a tear actually trickled down her cheek, "you mustn't look at things that way. Stop worrying. Mother knows best!" And, somehow, hearing this little homely phrase she had heard all her life, Lil felt ever so much better!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Youthful Innocence

Three-year-old Eleanor, nicknamed "Nuggie," was playing her first game of hide and seek with her big sister Lena. Pretending great difficulty in finding Eleanor, Lena called:

"Oh, Nuggie, Nuggie, I wonder where Nuggie is?"

Promptly, from behind a door, came a gleeful little voice:

"Here me are, Nena."—H. R. Zimmerman, 308 East Ninth St., Topeka, Kan.

The Best the City Could Do

Edward lived in a small town, and his parents took him to a large city to spend the winter. In the city they lived in an apartment instead of a private house. When Edward returned home the next spring one of his neighbors asked him how he liked living in the city.

He replied, "We weren't living; we were just flatting."—Aquilla Barrow, 1209 Sycamore St., Connellsville, Pa.

P. & A. photo

The HORSE Still Runs in Old Kentucky

How the Sport of Kings Has Triumphed Over Politics in a Twenty-seven Year Battle

An Article by
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 18 minutes 21 seconds.)

A SINISTER thread of coincidence stretches tortuously through the years between the sensational assassination in 1900 of Governor William Goebel of Kentucky and the election to that office last November of Flem D. Sampson. And, entangled as it is in the strange political skein of nearly thirty years, its silken strength still binds the two events in an unbreakable and significant conjunction.

This is the curious way in which the hand of retribution reached out of the grave of Goebel, a Democrat, to encompass the electoral triumph of Sampson, a Republican.

In a commonwealth celebrated for bitterness in the matter of political issues and personalities, it may be doubted if any campaign in its history was as riotously conducted as the red-hot race for Governor of Kentucky in 1899.

The Republican party, always savage in its pre-election hostilities, but astutely united on the day the ballots are cast, had nominated William S. Taylor of Butler County.

The Democrats, quarrelsome as ever among themselves and, as usual, equally divided on Election Day, were behind two candidates.

The finest political mind in Kentucky at that time, and one of the most honest men ever to hold office there, was William Goebel of Covington, candidate for Governor. He it was who during his long tenure in the State Senate had warred on the railroad lobbies and other forms of legislative iniquity peculiar to the final brazen decade of the last century.

His running mate for the office of Lieutenant Governor was J. C. W. Beckham, a twenty-nine-year-old lawyer, member of a distinguished old Kentucky family, and a brilliant and faithful servant of his State all his honorable life. Goebel and Beckham had been nominated in a theater and they became known as the "Music Hall Convention candidates."

Another group of Democrats bolted and nominated a former Governor, John Young Brown.

With this triple line-up the politicians unlimbered their most asbestos-proof vocabularies of invective and went out to ring the welkin. Men died during the campaign, died violently; families were sundered as they were when the guns at Fort Sumter tore the nation apart; and the electorate turned out in force.

Clinedinst photo

International photo

LOVERS of horse racing in Kentucky, who in 1906 were given an organized sport by Governor J. C. W. Beckham (below), turned thumbs down on him when he ran on an anti-racing platform in 1927, and elected Flem D. Sampson (above).

After the ballots were counted Taylor claimed the governorship on a majority of 2,300 votes. The citizenry, however, had returned a Legislature Democratic in both houses, and Goebel immediately contested the election. While this action was being pushed Taylor was inaugurated.

With the whole country watching the recount and the deliberations of the Legislature —so excoriating were the words and so ominous the actions of the men in both political camps —Goebel appeared to be gaining slowly in the contest.

Just before noon of January 30, 1900, he left

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

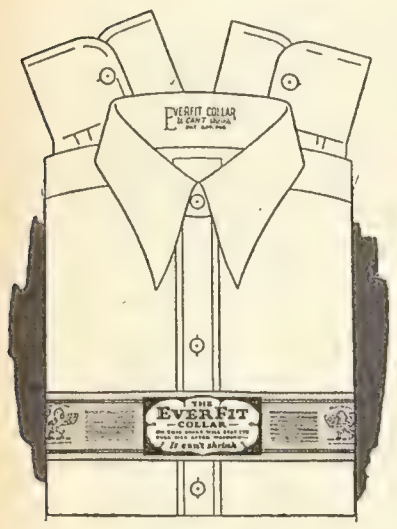
TIGHTER..each week tighter.. tighter..

MOST shirts shrink, *shrink*—a bit at every laundering. The collar tightens up around the neck. Creases creep along the collar stitching. Much of the crisp, fresh style you bought has passed away forever.

But now you can wear shirts whose collars will not, *cannot* shrink. The new EVERFIT collar, exclusively on Shirtcraft Shirts, can never shrink, never pinch your neck, never crinkle, never lose its crisp, neck-fitting freshness. A secret process prevents it.

Shirtcraft Shirts with the neck - emancipating EVERFIT Collar are available in a wide variety of fabrics, in white; solid colors and stylish patterns. Broadcloths, Oxfords, and Madras, with collars attached or separate collars to match. For example, Neuglo Broadcloth shirts at $1.95. Hy-glo Broadcloth, $2.45. Mel-o-glo Broadcloth, $2.95. Scores of others in the same buy-urging price ranges.

Sold by good merchants everywhere. To learn the name of a store near you, mail a post card to The Shirtcraft Co., Inc., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Look for the distinctive paper band around the shirt. It carries an unconditional guarantee.

SHIRTCRAFT
tailored SHIRTS *with*

[THE HORSE STILL RUNS IN OLD KENTUCKY
Continued from page fifty-nine]

a conference of his partisans and crossed the street to the square around the State House. When he was halfway across the lawn a rifle spoke and Goebel fell, mortally wounded.

The location of the wound and an immediate investigation disclosed that the muzzle of the weapon had been thrust out of a second-story window in the offices of Caleb Powers, the Republican Secretary of State who had gone into office with Taylor. The first police dragnet contained Powers, Jim Howard and Henry Youtsy, and one or two others who are not important.

Goebel was carried to a hospital, and that night in secret session the Legislature declared he had been elected Governor and Beckham Lieutenant Governor. Troops were sent to Frankfort from all parts of the State to take charge of the excited capital city.

Goebel died on February 2, and Beckham at once succeeded him as chief executive. His title to the office, however, was not altogether clear until the contest had gone through all the courts to the United States Supreme Bench. This latter sustained the Legislature in seating Goebel.

Taylor, meanwhile, had been indicted as accessory to Goebel's murder, and when the nation's highest tribunal ruled against his incumbency he fled from Kentucky in a horse and buggy and has since been a resident of Indianapolis. Caleb Powers was thrice convicted of the assassination, once being sentenced to death and twice to imprisonment for life.

Howard, identified as the one who fired the shot, was given a life term; and Youtsy, who turned State's evidence and exposed the plot, also was sent to prison.

NEARLY a dozen years later a Republican named Augustus E. Willson was elected Governor, and he promptly pardoned Powers and Howard. The Democrats, who had sought to have Taylor extradited from Indiana and were foiled by a Republican Governor in that State, pardoned Youtsy as soon as they displaced the Republicans. The mountaineers, from whose region Caleb Powers came, rewarded him by sending him to Congress for twelve years.

When Tom Marshall, later Vice President under Woodrow Wilson, was elected Governor of Indiana, it happened that Kentucky had a Republican Governor, so the effort to get Taylor back gradually died out and was forgotten.

And here is where the law of poetic justice takes a hand in the game of Kentucky politics: The State has a law that no Governor can succeed himself; but, under a convenient interpretation of the statute, the voters re-elected Beckham to the governorship on the ground that since Goebel had served three days, while he lay dying, Beckham really had not served one full term.

Thus, since he was an excellent executive, he was chosen again in 1903 for another four-year period. When he was Governor the second time, the Legislature acted on the State's gambling bill and created the Chinn State Racing Commission, which has absolute power over horse racing. And Beckham, as Governor, signed that bill—making of himself a political *Frankenstein* who created the monster which more than twenty-one years later was to destroy him in the gubernatorial race of 1927!

ANOTHER needle now draws the thread of coincidence through the colorful tapestry of Kentucky politics. Present at the conference which Goebel attended just before he sallied forth into the State House square where he was shot to death was one of his most promising lieutenants, a young man not thirty years of age, whose name was Percy Haly. Haly's father was a Frankfort stonemason and saloon man, and Percy had long been a follower of Goebel.

Cusick photo

THE statue erected in Frankfort, Kentucky, in honor of Governor William Goebel (above), who was assassinated in 1900.

With Goebel buried and young Beckham plucking from his lifeless hand the torch of party leadership, Haly attached himself to the new Governor, and there began a friendship, personal and political, that has endured to this hour. Strange bedmates, these twain!

One a polished, sensitive, scholarly scion of one of Dixie's oldest and finest strains, and a Presbyterian; the other an Irish Catholic with scanty schooling and a red neck. But what a prize-winning team it has been!

Haly speedily became the Democratic boss of Kentucky, and he steered the aristocratic young attorney through the sordid shoals and reeking rapids of practical politics into the second term as Governor and later into a term in the United States Senate.

In the gubernatorial race of 1911, Beckham declining to participate, Haly threw his machine behind the former Governor and Senator, James B. McCreary, and won. Beckham, who prefers the more passive career of a highly successful barrister, had retired to his practice and, despite Haly's frequent laments during the intervening years that only with Beckham could he continue in control of the party, it was not until 1927 that Beckham could be persuaded to try his luck at the polls once more.

P. & A. photo

© Clinedinst photo

CALEB POWERS, convicted of assassinating Goebel, but later pardoned, and (above) the State Capitol at Frankfort, Kentucky.

Now, since race-track gambling was the only issue of import during the 1927 campaign, the history of racing in Kentucky must be summarized for the purpose of background clarification.

PRIOR to 1884 there was in the State, as there is in all the other States, a strict anti-gambling statute. And in Kentucky, as in all the other States, it was obeyed only to the extent that it suited the politicians to have it obeyed and the people to obey it.

I mean, there always had been racing in Kentucky, even then world famous as the home of thoroughbred horses, lovely women, and glorious whisky. And without betting there can be no racing; ergo, the law was being breached on the tracks.

In 1884 an amendment to the anti-gambling bill was adopted which emasculated it so far as "inclosures within which horses are raced" was concerned. The bookmakers thus came into their own. In 1904 the several racing associations began to use pari-mutuel machines, probably the squarest form of mass gambling yet devised, if properly supervised.

And in 1906 the Chinn racing bill was passed forming a racing commission and legalizing the mutuel system of betting. This measure, signed by Governor Beckham, bestowed extraordinary powers on the new board, which was to consist of five members named by the Governor. There is nothing that takes place in Kentucky in connection with racing which this quintet doesn't control.

It has unappealable jurisdiction over the number of tracks, their size, the amount of the stakes, the number of races, the employment of jockeys and trainers, the number of horses in each race, the distances and the weights, the price of admissions, admission to or exclusion from the tracks of any person, the number of racing dates and their sites. In short, everything except the weather is within the commission's scope.

IN 1916, and for several years thereafter, there was a reorganization of racing in the State. There were too many tracks and they were in conflict as to dates and purses and bids for stables. Another evil, inevitable in such conditions, was the intrusion of professional gamblers and venal politicians who threatened to wreck the ancient sport with their natural practices.

The business and social leaders of the State decided to take charge. The Kentucky Jockey Club was definitely organized in 1919, and the leading spirit in this move was James B. Brown, president of the National Bank of Kentucky, the State's largest banking institution.

Mr. Brown also is one of the biggest directors and stockholders in the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, the Standard Oil Company of Kentucky, which he was principally responsible for organizing, and the commonwealth's largest public utilities. And he is owner of the *Herald-Post*, an afternoon paper in Louisville, and czar of the Democratic State Committee.

Others among the eight original founders of the Jockey Club were A. T. Hert, Republican national committeeman, and Robert Worth Bingham, owner of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the Louisville *Times*.

Each of the eight put up $100,000 in cash, and the Kentucky Jockey Club acquired control over all racing in the State. It was decided to lay aside 8 per cent of the track's earnings to reimburse the eight charter members for their original investment.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BOURJOIS

PARIS · · · FRANCE

Be as extravagant as you like about your silk stockings and your undies...

but 50¢ will buy a Face Powder used by Society Favorites

Don't sacrifice quality in your choice of face powder any more than you would in silk stockings or undies. You can see the difference between good stockings and cheap ones. You can feel the difference between quality and inferior undies. The people you meet, as well as you yourself, can sense the quality of your face powder.

Stage stars, whose success depends upon captivating, glamorous complexions, recognize this. That is why so many of them use Java Face Powder. They love its delicious odor. They know that its smooth softness blends unobtrusively with the skin. Experience has proven that it adheres.

Women who know quality—and must have quality regardless of price in the face powder they use, prefer Java Face Powder at this low price, to more expensive powders.

A Tint for Every Type

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Peaches* Powder and Peaches-and-Cream* Powder, so extremely popular with the vital outdoor girl of today, are also priced at 50c

JAVA* FACE POWDER

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FOR YOUNG AND OLD

—as digestible as milk!

JUST as there are great improvements in so many other lines—so Pabst-ett is an improvement in dairy products.

Pabst-ett is *more than cheese.* It contains all the elements of milk—the milk sugar, milk proteins, milk minerals, vitamins, and *calcium*—valuable food elements lost in cheese making.

Any way you've enjoyed cheese, you will find Pabst-ett most delightful. Its flavor is new and distinctive—it spreads as easily as butter for dainty sandwiches — it does not become lumpy or stringy in rarebit, macaroni, potatoes—it blends wonderfully in salads. And, it is the cheese product that young children, elderly persons, even invalids may enjoy—favorite of the nation, and not successfully imitated.

Order from your grocer.

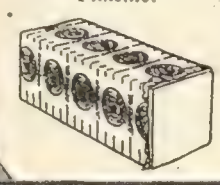
PABST CORPORATION
(Cheese Division) Milwaukee, Wis.

Pabst-ett
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
More than Cheese

Six foil-wrapped, individual portions.

PABST WONDER CHEESE
BETTER BECAUSE IT'S AGED

5 lb. loaf—American, Brick, Picnic Swiss, Pimento.



Six foil-wrapped portions —American, Swiss.

½ lb. airtight, foil-wrapped package—American, Brick, Picnic Swiss, Pimento.

[THE HORSE STILL RUNS IN OLD KENTUCKY
Continued from page sixty-one]

Since personalities form so crucial and lively a part in any political conflict in Kentucky, the tenor of this story must be interrupted a moment while I portray the person and repute of Mr. Bingham. Hert is dead.

BINGHAM'S father ran a military school in North Carolina, and about the beginning of this century young Bingham hung out his lawyer's shingle in Louisville. His career was like that of any other aspiring attorney—ups and downs.

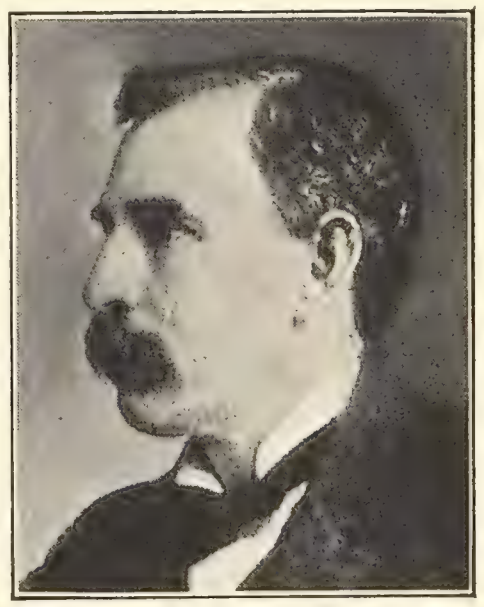
When the Court of Appeals declared the Republican victory in the 1905 Louisville municipal election fraudulent, Governor Beckham, the Democrat, appointed Bingham as mayor of the metropolis.

Bingham's independence in politics also permitted him to accept a judgeship on the circuit bench at the hands of Governor Willson, a Republican. And that constitutes the publisher's personal participation in office hunting.

Henry M. Flagler, Standard Oil colossus and railroad builder, prevailed on the Florida Legislature to pass a law under whose terms he was able to divorce his insane wife. Flagler then married an old sweetheart, and when he died Bingham married his widow. Mrs. Bingham, the young lawyer's second wife, his first having died, lived a year or so, and when she expired she left her widower $5,000,000.

With this fortune Bingham bought the *Courier-Journal* and the *Times* from General W. B. Haldeman and Bruce Haldeman and Marse Henry Watterson. Bingham also became a financial figure in Kentucky; and he was no less successful in expanding his social range, his suave, debonair, cultured personality maintaining in Louisville's higher circles the entrée his new wealth had created.

But what good is a newspaper if its owner cannot influence the politics and politicians within its circulation area? Bingham quite naturally exerted the power of his press—first behind the Republicans and then the Democrats, and e'en on occasion the Independents.



William S. Taylor, Goebel's opponent, who fled the State when the latter was shot.

This alternately enraged the party he had just deserted and gained for him criticisms which were vitriolic enough, but, of course, in no wise disinterested.

Now, the Kentucky Jockey Club, because of its directorate, represented the opulence and prestige of the State, and it was not long before two such strong men as Brown and Bingham clashed.

What they clashed over is a matter of dispute, Brown's friends asserting that Bingham simply was jealous of the dominant banker; and Bingham assuring me earnestly and in person that it was merely because the Jockey Club interests represented then and still do represent the lupine element in Kentucky politics and the ophidian element in Kentucky racing.

Bingham papers at first were strenuously in favor of the pari-mutuel system of betting on the horses. Indeed, when the 1922 Legislature was the arena of a determined reform assault on the "immorality" of this betting, Bingham appeared in person before the Assembly and spoke as follows:

"Will any man be so childish as to believe that the repeal of the pari-mutuel law will drive the bookmakers out of business? Where they now appear in scores, they will arrive in multitudes. The *Courier-Journal* holds to the belief that the Legislature could deal public morals no greater blow than to repeal the pari-mutuel law. I stand with the thousands of men and women who live by this [the horse] industry. I stand with all of them when I say that we, and not the advocates of this repeal bill, are on the real moral side of this question."

THIS stout advocacy was later to arise and plague Mr. Bingham most provokingly.

Bingham's foes descended to a personality barrage in the fight last November. They were vociferously scornful because Bingham owns an estate in Scotland, because he chooses to reside on it at certain seasons, because at a recent flower show over there he attended as "lord of the manor," and also because at this exhibit he made a speech in which he seemed to apologize for America's refusal to yield to Great Britain at the disarmament conference at Geneva.

He intimated then, his foes charged, that America doesn't understand England's needs in the matter of naval supremacy, but that as soon as these needs were made clear America undoubtedly would surrender parity on the ocean.

That Mr. Bingham prefers to dress in excellent taste and wear spats and carry a walking stick and speak with precise and admirable enunciation in the matter of broadening his a's and spacing his syllables—all this seems to have incurred the wrath and risibilities of the stout yeomanry of Louisville which happens at the moment to disagree with *Courier-Journal* policies.

The 1927 battle of the ballots began as a result of certain strategies employed in the gubernatorial primary of 1923. In that year the Democratic nomination lay between Alden W. Barclay and Congressman J. Campbell Cantrill; and Bingham opposed both when neither opposed the Jockey Club

which Bingham had deserted by resigning and reversing his journalistic batteries on his quondam playmates.

Cantrill won, but died within a month or so; and Brown, as prime power in the Democratic State Committee, selected Congressman William Jason Fields to run against Judge Charles Dawson, Republican and friend of the pari-mutuel law. Thus Brown astutely had his own candidate at the head of each party.

International photo

Robert W. Bingham, Louisville publisher and Beckham's supporter.

A cartoon from the Louisville Herald-Post caricaturing Bingham's alleged British sympathy.

Fields won by 40,000 votes, and Percy Haly, who had sponsored Barclay after he and Bingham persuaded him to oppose the Jockey Club, again faded out of the picture.

Meantime, so remorseless had been the attacks in Bingham's papers on Brown, that he bought two Louisville newspapers, the *Herald* and the *Post*, which had previously been merciless foes of the Jockey Club, consolidated them, altered their policy to include support of pari-mutuel betting, and launched a fierce counterattack on Bingham and all his works.

By this time party loyalty had succumbed under the no-quarter warfare of personalities, and Democrats were supporting Republicans and Republicans were abetting Democrats, and each was fighting within his own camp, and newspapers were switching overnight and indorsing men and issues which yesterday had been most execrable, and the whole State was in a turmoil.

Then the dogs of Mars began to gnaw and growl over this bone: Shall the Kentucky Jockey Club continue to exist in Kentucky?

WHEN both sides on this 1927 issue began to hunt for candidates who could win, the Jockey Club leaders decided to get Barclay out of the way. They backed him, whom they had fought so bitterly in 1923, for the United States Senate and sent him there.

Then the club picked a colorless individual named Robert T. Crowe for its 1927 primary candidate in the Democratic camp, Governor Fields and his backers, the club, erroneously thinking they had the State sewed up and could win with anybody.

Wise and foreseeing in many ways, the club had picked a Republican entry, Judge Flem B. Sampson, who easily defeated Robert M. Lucas, collector of internal revenue at Louisville, his rival for the nomination.

The Democratic enemies of the club rallied under the disinterred Haly, joined forces with Bingham, and prevailed on Beckham to come out of his pleasant retirement and run against Crowe in the primary.

Beckham reluctantly consented, and so popular is he, and so wily is Haly, and so influential is Bingham, that they gave Crowe and his sponsors the surprise of their busy lives and won the nomination by 30,000 votes.

AND the fight was on—Beckham and repeal of the pari-mutuel law versus Sampson and a friend of the Jockey Club in the executive residence. The fight was not only on, but it was a beauty. If either side overlooked anything in the way of caustic accusations, personal and political, I was unable to discover what it was when I went to Kentucky for the election on November 8 last.

The Republicans spread large-headed roofing nails all over the streets around Democratic headquarters. A Jeffersonian sharpshooter concealed himself in a secluded spot and shot bullets through a huge balloon which a woman adherent of the Republicans repaired and sent aloft daily.

The Klan rode among the smaller communities, variously indorsing its candidates, irrespective of party and previous alignment. Preachers took violent sides with or against editors wielding equally scathing pens. The Democrats—

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Her Pretty Teeth

a social asset

Read how Miss Marjorie Sidney has kept her teeth sound and lovely for 14 years . . . simply with the daily use of this one cleansing dental cream

A smile that men admire! That's the kind Miss Sidney has, and it wins loyal friends.

Miss Sidney when she started using Colgate's

NO wonder men pay tribute to a smile like this. Brilliant . . . flashing . . . glorified by lovely teeth since childhood days.

For 14 years Miss Marjorie Sidney has used but one dental cream . . . and today her teeth are more beautiful than ever.

They flash a clear message to you and every one else anxious to keep teeth healthy and attractive for years to come.

She gives much of the credit to Colgate's. "A daily cleansing with this famous dental cream . . . and a trip to the dentist every six months"—that's her secret.

Not an unusual record

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us — unsolicited, sincere reports because they are proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results.

The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily and quickly do yourself.

They visited their dentists for periodical inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years.

Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

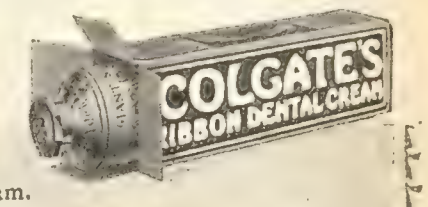
Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist for Colgate's.

Or, if you prefer, just jot your name and address on the coupon, and we will gladly mail you a sample to try in your own home.

CLEAN

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.



Colgate & Co., Dept. 203 E, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

Tip-Top

the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial

$3.50

Radium Dial $4

Inspect Tip-Top for yourself And be critical

ALL you have to do to like Tip-Top is to see it! And the more critically you inspect it the better you'll like it. Compare its features with any other wrist-watch at $3.50—octagon case, silver or radium dial, sunken second dial, artistic hands and numerals, Krack-proof Krystal and detachable strap of genuine pig-skin. Notice, too, the angle at which its dial is set—an exclusive feature that makes Tip-Top easy to read when worn on either side of the wrist.

Tip-Top is just as sturdy as it is good-looking. Its dependable movement doesn't get finicky. Its Krack-proof Krystal won't break. And its dust-proof case and pig-skin strap are made to give long service. But see Tip-Top for yourself. Your dealer will be glad to show you both dials—silver for $3.50 or radium for $4.

There is also a Tip-Top Pocket Watch for $1.50—$2.25 with radium dial. It has many refinements such as octagon design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal, yet costs only 50 cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

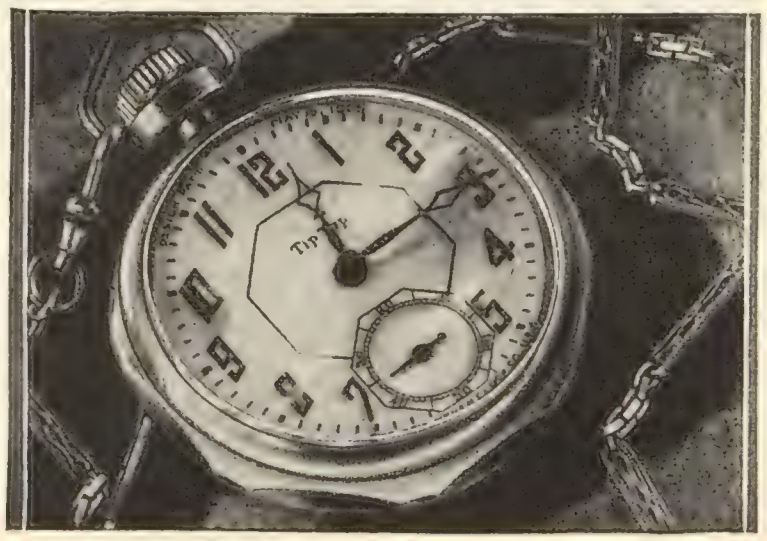
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

$1.50

Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

Radium Dial $2.25



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[THE HORSE STILL RUNS IN OLD KENTUCKY
Continued from page sixty-three]

that is, Democrats for this particular election—piously lifted clenched fists when they scanned the Republican registration lists.

IN Louisville, for example, this weird electoral arithmetic came to light: 69,000 whites and 200 Negroes registered as Democrats, and 34,000 whites and 34,000 colored citizens signed up as Republican voters. This in spite of the fact that the 1925 census showed there were about 36,000 Negro citizens in Louisville, including adults and pickaninnies!

The Eleventh Ward, for another example, claimed 1,300 Negro residents of all ages in 1925, while the 1927 Republican registration showed 2,400 qualified colored voters there!

Bingham-Beckham-Haly artillery thundered daily, nay, hourly, the iniquity of the Jockey Club. This iniquity seemed to consist, according to that triumvirate, of the bribing of legislators with money and political favors; of seizing control of the highway commission and the penal and eleemosynary institutions for graft and jobs; of taking off 10 per cent and the *breaks* of all money bet through the pari-mutuel machines; of building three tracks in Illinois and steering a racing bill through the Illinois Legislature; of corrupting all elective offices and numerous officers.

Also, of dominating the State racing commission through the appointment as its chairman of former United States Senator Johnson N. Camden, the president of the Jockey Club, which of course would be tantamount to packing a government railway board with railway officials; and the enjoyment of an annual rake-off from the race tracks of more than $4,000,000, no mean war chest with which to oppose all efforts to repeal the pari-mutuel law and break the club's hold on Kentucky's governmental machinery.

James B. Brown, leader in organizing the Kentucky Jockey Club in 1919.

The Democratic charges against the Jockey Club "octopus," to use a favorite word, include the prophecy that the course pursued by the club in Illinois is illustrative of its tentacled habits in Kentucky. Let us see what the Kentucky Jockey Club is doing in Illinois.

Colonel Matt J. Winn, director general of the club, acting for his employers, bought property in Will County, just outside the Cook County line and near enough to Chicago, and invited Chicago sportsmen to join in the construction of a pretentious racing plant. The capitalization is $1,750,000, but more than $2,000,000 was spent. Chicagoans are in to the extent of about 40 per cent.

This all took place before parimutuel betting was legalized by the Illinois Legislature, and the backers of Lincoln Fields, as the new track was called, were confident that the certificate form of wagering would be *tolerated* in Will County.

When Washington Park, inside Cook County, ran on financial rocks, the Lincoln Fields interests bought plenty of its common stock, though not, perhaps, enough to control through stock ownership.

This control, nevertheless, is assured the Kentucky crowd by reason of a sort of mortgage and certain loans.

The Hawthorne course insists, through its sponsors, that the Kentuckians have no share in that melon, but there is a community of interest which insures harmony in the many intricate affairs that today surround racing.

The new Arlington Heights race track is expected to enter a working agreement with the Lincoln Fields people soon, and some of its stock is expected to find its way into the Kentucky Jockey Club strong box.

The track at Aurora strings along smoothly with the Kentucky group. And the Louisville sportsmen control the track near East St. Louis.

THUS the Kentucky Jockey Club unquestionably dominates racing in Illinois as well as in Kentucky. No prestige was lost to the club when Colonel Winn, to all intents and purposes, drafted the new Illinois racing bill and escorted it through the Legislature.

However, what the nation was particularly interested in was the threat, on one hand, of Beckham to kill racing in Kentucky either by having his Legislature repeal the pari-mutuel statute, or by naming a new racing commission which would have the power, and more than likely the disposition, to limit racing in Kentucky to a one-day meet! And, on the other hand, by the threat of the Jockey Club candidates to transfer to Chicago the historic Kentucky Derby and the probable removal from the State of many of its mammoth breeding farms.

Well, Kentucky showed two things when the Burley smoke cleared and the ballot casualties were totaled:

That it loved thoroughbred racing, by electing Judge Sampson with a 30,000 majority to be its Governor for the next four years; and—

That it despised the Republicans who ran for the other eight State jobs alongside of him, by electing to every other office a Democrat!

Which is all typically American and very interesting.

THE END

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

Mike Sees Himself Through the Girl Friend's Eyes

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 41 seconds.)

Reno, Nev.

DEER MARG,

You wood have heard from me sooner but I lost my cork screw. Gee, its like loosin one of the family these days. You know how *youd* feel if somebody copped your lip stick.

Say, listen Kid. Whats the idea of writing such a letter as this to your girl friend with the crockery eye? You know shes a pal of mine and she writes me all the time. I wasnt goin to tell you but she sent me your letter and just to prove it, read it.

Mootch Chunk.

DEAR MINNIE,

Im goin to ask you to help me out on somethin. I want to take you into my conference because youre my best girl friend and I know you will give me the low down on just what you think. You know me Minnie. I dont trust most wimin, but you and me has been pals for a long time. Listen, its about my boy friend, Mike Shea what Im engaged to. I dont know weather to break the thing off or not. Im all outer order. Please help me and dont breathe it to a sole.

When me and Mike was first engaged, he got a job in the Aberdabba Hotel as night clerk. Well, everythin was goin Hotsy Totsy until I suspected he was sellin that awful Liquor on the side and makin dough. Now you know Minnie, that a guy whats a nite clerk cant afford to give his girl a twelve hundred dollar sparkler the first month hes workin. I aint no dumbell and if you think so, youre goofy.

I hate to have him handlin that terrible stuff, after lookin at my father all these years. But Minnie, I can't help but think hes doin a bit of bootleggin.

They think theyre lookin at Mars, but they aint. Hes got a lightnin bug pasted on the glass on top.

Not long ago he went over to London and he was writin me that he was shippin back boat loads of Giggle Soup, Mule Sweat, Tonsil Syrup, Nose Paint, and stuff like that. And for the life of me Minnie, I dont know half the time what he means. Yes, and another thing, he was over to Paris among them awful wild wimin and Heaven knows what happened. Gosh, I shudder to think.

Of course Minnie, he told me that he didnt have nothin to do with em. But men are such liars, they tell girls anythin. Yeh, and while he was over there he shot back some of the most awful french post cards to my old man you ever hung an eye over. Of course, I didnt really mean to see em Minnie, but I couldnt help it. Gee, they was turrible. My father had em all up to the fire house to a smoker and he nearly got mobbed.

Well, after Mikes over there for about six weeks he makes up his mind to come back. I suppose he got tired of Gay Paree. So, on the boat he meets some Wise Punk by the name of Throckmorton and the big egg fills him full of a lot of baloney and tells him that for $2,500 hes goin to give him Barrymores job or star him in fillums, and the big sap goes for the works. Laugh that off.

Now you know yourself, Minnie, that a good actor dont buy his way into the fillums. They pay HIM. And PLENTY.—Well, to make a short story longer, Mike gives him the dough, and Throckmorton gives Mike a letter to some herring punisher out in Hollywood and the big sap gets on a train and starts for the coast.

And that aint ALL Minnie, wait till I tell you.—Who does he meet on the train but that thing, Edna Maloney. You know her. She used to be the cashier in the ice cream parlor on Main Street. You remember, she married Bill Hennesy the contractor up in Mootch Chunk. Well she gets stuck on another guy whats an automobile salesman and goes off and leaves her husband and them two nice kids and beats it off to Reno for a divorce. And of course, who does she run into but MY Mike.

Then she pulls a lot of sob stuff to him and begins tellin him how she was abused, and shes just scared stiff travelling alone and a bunch of bunk like that, and what does he do but STAY ON THE TRAIN AND TAKE HER TO RENO. I wouldnt trust that woman out of my sight. She'd just love to grab MY Mike and stick somethin over me. I know how she works. Aint some wimin the cats, Minnie?

Rosie is a colored gal what delivers the stuff. Shes a two legged express company.

LISTEN dear, I seen her the day she was leavin. But of course I didnt know she was goin to Reno. Gee she looked gorgous, on the level. I mean the clothes. She had on a black velvet dress what must a cost $200. It was trimmed with aplakay of flowers with black beads all over the front and it fit like the skin on a plum. IT WOULD. And Minnie was it low in the front and high on the bottom. Honestly, it was two inches above her knees. Now you know Minnie, that her husband cant afford a dress like that, hes had the same car for the last three years. And the make up and hair shes got. I'll give you my word dear, she had enough rouge on her lips to drive you insane. You could see her for miles.

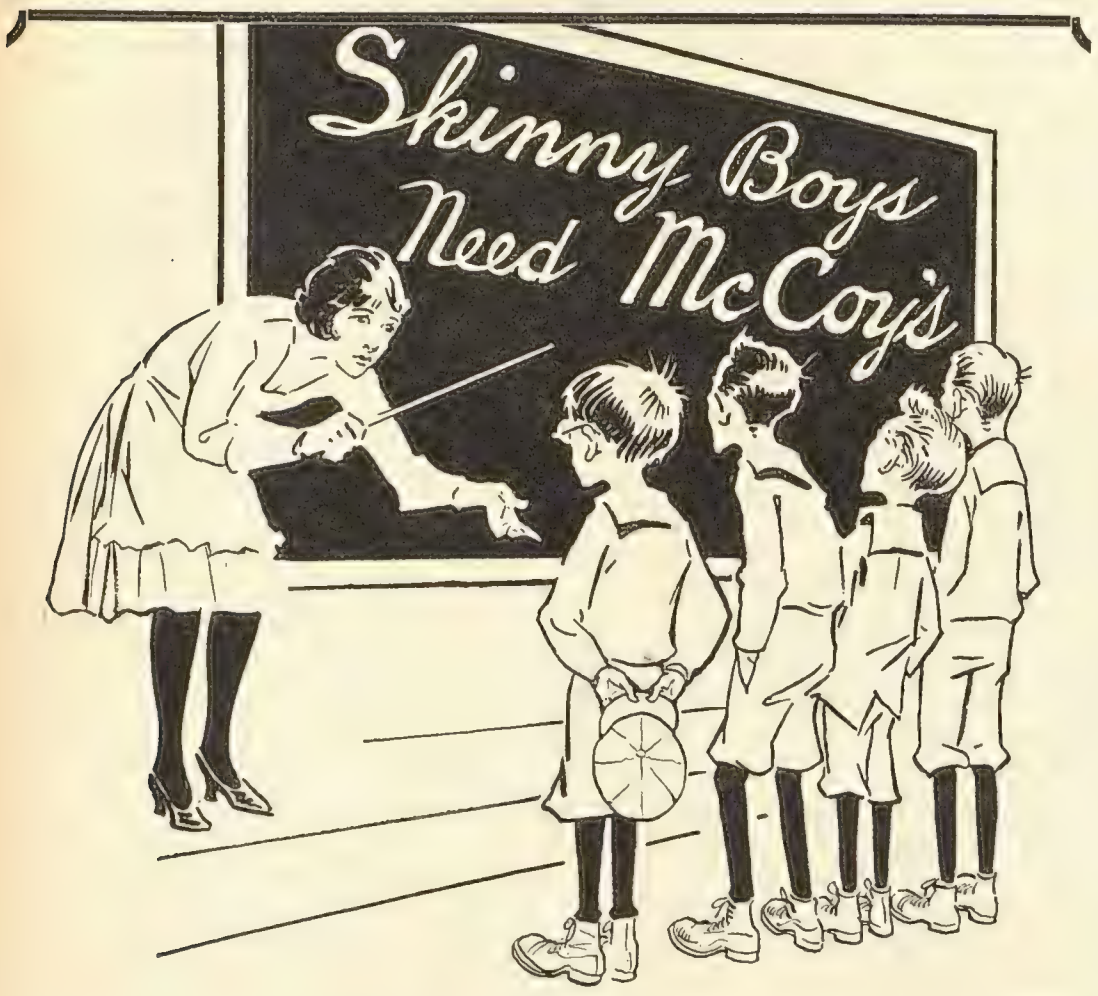
Yes, and shes got a boyish bob and my dear, shes a blond now. Youd never know her, she'd cross her own mother. My God shes affected that baby voice stuff too. You know them kind Minnie, and how they act around men. Oh theyre so sweet,—but around wimin they swear

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

You can't help liking the man who has a winning smile. And somehow he gets things done! Teeth count a lot in a real smile—keep them sparkling white with delicious Dentyne. It's a quality gum. Chew Dentyne . . . and smile!

·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·



They're full of wonderful body-builders—these little sugar-coated tablets known the world over as McCoy's Tablets—and what's more there isn't a kid that doesn't like them.

What a blessing to Mothers of frail, spindly-legged youngsters who need help but who put up such a howl at vile tasting tonic medicines and oils.

McCoy's Tablets give an appetite to children who don't eat enough and they help increase the nourishing power of what they do eat so that the "pick up" in weight and strength is really astonishing.

McCoy takes all the risk—If after using 4 sixty cent boxes or 2 One Dollar Boxes of McCoy's Tablets you do not feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your money will be refunded.

[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from page sixty-five]

like a truck driver. Yep, she lays on the sex appeal plenty and that bend stuff.

You know what she said about me in the beauty parlor to Dorothy Merrit. She said if she couldnt marry somebody better than an ordinary bootlegger she'd shoot herself.—The cat!

Gee, I dont know what to do. Of course Mike didnt tell me that she was the woman he met on the train. He just said it was a friend of his what was in a bad way and was lonesome and he was just helping her out.

What would you do, Minnie? Gosh, it has me so upset I could scream. You know I love Mike even if he is a bit rough. When he takes me in his great big arms and squeezes me and purrs in my ear Minnie, the potatoes look different. Hes a wonderful lover and I dont want to loose him.

Oh Minnie dear, what shall I do? Please advise me. I know you wont say a thing to him or any one else what Im telling you. You are my best girl friend and I can trust you. I dont want to send the ring back and call it all off but please tell me what you think?

Well, I got to go now and wash out some stockings and iron some underware, write real soon.

Your affectionate friend
MARG.

P. S. You know the Ryans what live next door? Well, they bought a house from one of the mail order houses and they sent em the wrong porch. I wish you could see it. Its the talk of the neighbors. M.

SO thats what you think Marg, eh? Im nice and rough and a bum actor and a bootlegger. Well, I dont care if I am a bootlegger. Its a good honest business and I make more money in a month than your old man did in his life. As far as bein an actor is concerned, when you see my name in lights down at the Main Street Colossal Theater youll take it all back and that goes for your hole family.

What are you tryin to do,—pull a panic between us? The first thing you know *I'll* be putting up a squark, bust the engagement an be sending for the twelve hundred dollar rock I gave you. Come on now, be your drink and quit pullin such stuff. Gee, Marg, Im goofy about you, no kiddin.

Just because you found out that it was Mrs. Hennesy I met on the train is no reason for you to think theres anythin between us. Shes no mystery to me. She dont mean any more to me than OIL does to the Republican Party. Shes signed off as far as I go.

Shes a chisseler. All she did was build me up and TAKE me PROPER. Youd have to have a job in the U. S. Mint to keep her in underware. Thats what I get for beein a fall guy and lcttin sediment get the better of me. Shes gunpowder—TNT. Thats her. Im through,—and I dont mean perhaps. So lets forget it. New paragraph.

Now listen Gorgous, Im still in Reno but Im leaving for Hollywood

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Saving money is not my idea

THAT is, saving money at the expense of dependability. No doubt, I could buy cheaper flashlight batteries than Eveready, but I'm taking no chances. When I press the switch, I want LIGHT.

I use Eveready Batteries on my radio set and Eveready Batteries in my flashlight. They are made by the same people in the same shops. And how! It's sometimes a matter of light or death. What's a penny or two then?

Get the flashlight habit. A good flashlight is always a convenience — often a life-saver. And the battery is terribly important!

The big difference is this

$3

BIG CUP for drinking
LITTLE STOPPER for easy pouring
BIG CAP for easy cleaning and filling

If your dealer can't supply you, send us $3.00 and we will send Therm-a-Jug to you prepaid.

A. S. KNAPP CO., Exclusive Distributors
1433 PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Monarch Co., Webster City, Ia., Manufacturers

Therm-a-Jug

Stenographer Earned $1000.00 During Lunch Hours

Showing New Style Christmas Cards That Sell on Sight!

Clerk earned $800 evenings. Esther McCall, Ark., earned $59 first day; Mary Kline, Pa., $64 in 4 days; W. C. Allen, Ohio, $1000 in spare time showing our **Personal Greeting Cards.**

No Selling Experience Necessary

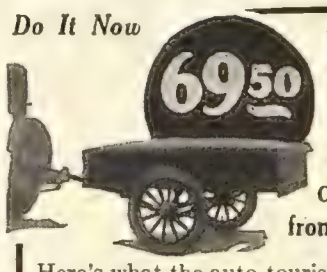
Think of your many friends and neighbors that sent Christmas Cards last year. They would rather order from you this year than from a stranger. Now is the time to start.

Weekly pay checks. Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything.

$10 Outfit FREE For limited time only. Write quick! Start at once turning your spare hours into dollars.

John A. Hertel Co. 318 W. Washington St. Dept. 500, Chicago, Ill.

Do It Now



DEAN *Service Trailer*

Other Outdoor Models from $39.50 to $390.00

Here's what the auto-tourist and outdoor lover has been waiting for—a real trailer, light, sturdy, easy to draw, and easy to buy. Ideal for short trips. Trailer will carry tent, cots and all necessary camping equipment, baggage and provisions. Complete with steel chassis, body, tarpaulin top, tires and hitch. A real outfit. Other Auto-Kamp Models from the Dean Steel Chassis to the complete touring home. Write for full details to **Auto-Kamp Trailer Co., 7431 Sheridan Ave., Saginaw, Mich.**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

tonight to go into the movies. I didnt mean to stay here so long but I met up with some heavy sugar divorcees what was in need of some real old giggle soup, so I managed to clean up. Oh Boy, and do the lads and lassies love the merry water in this town. Oh No. When they cant drink any more they pour it in their bath.

Its some place. Its Americas transfer corner. For ninty days they frolic in the eather and go to pieces. Its a great sight to see them staggering out of the Divorce Mill, marchin down the street, shouting the Battle cry of Freedom. The only time theyre happily married is the last three months in Reno. A divorce in Reno is worth a marriage in New York. Its a ninty day souse. And how they glorify the gin is nobodys never mind. Asperin breakfasts the world. Every little girlie has her story and if you dont believe me, ask any hash juggler in the town. They get em all.

If guys come in what he knows, they give him the wink and out pops a cup full of rye or gin or whatever.

ONE sweet little frail in the room next to me is airing her hubbie because she says hes gone Nuts. Hes an explorer, a sientist or a bugologist or somethin like that. She says hes got the old home all clutered up with mikroscopes and telescopes and stuff.

She says hes tryin to seperate mollycules or atoms or things like that. He was tryin to seperate a male and female atom and after he succeeded in doing it he substituted a breadcrumb for the male and the female blew up and died. She says it nearly broke her husbands heart, and hes been impossible to live with ever since.

Speakin of telescopes, get this one. Theres an old guy what comes out at night and sets up a telescope in front of one of the big speakeasys here. It aint really a telescope hes got, it just looks like one. Its a good imitashon. Its a big mailin tube all fixed up with gadgets and foney wheels and stuff like that. Its about eight feet long and mounted on swell legs.

When the drunks come rollin out of the speakeasy he grabs em and asks them if they want to have a peak at the stars. For four bits they think theyre lookin at Mars, but they aint. Hes got a lightnin bug pasted on the glass door knob on top and thats what they see twinklin.

Oh say Good Lookin, who did I see comin out of the court house the other day but our old pal Eddie Woods from Chicago. Gee, I hadnt seen him for three years. Yeh, he says to me, he says,—I havent had a drink in seventeen months, what do you think of that? And the big stiff had a hangover nine feet long.

Theres a bootlegger in the hotel here Marg, what runs a soda fountain. Hes got a great gag. He has two coffee urns what is supposed to be full of coffee. But one aint. If guys come in what he knows, they give him the wink and out pops a cup full of rye or gin or whatever. Then he has another stunt. If one of the customers call up and say,—Shoot around a half a case of Army Mule, he right away gets hold of Rosie.

ROSIE is a colored gal what delivers the stuff. You should see how she carries the bottles Marg. Youd never suspect her. She acts like her feet hurt. She shuffles the puppies along as though shes got chill blanes. But she aint. She ties the bottles around her legs. Shes about as big around as a gas tank so you cant see nothin. Shes a two legged express company. Fallin arches would put the bootlegger in the hammock.

You know in different towns Marg, the speakeasys and bootleggers have different ways of deliverin their stuff. For instance, in Frisco theyre scared to death if they dont know you. They wont deliver a drop until the bootlegger brings the friend along to introduce you to him. Then he takes out a big package of envelopes what are all sealed. He makes you sign your name on one of them then he tears it open and takes out a little metal seal what you hang on your key ring. It has a cerial number. On one side it says,—TWENTY FOUR HOUR SERVICE, and on the other side it gives his telephone number and YOUR cerial number. Good eh? When you call up you say, This is Mr. Lush, Number 6860, send me up a couple of bottles of Giggle Soup and a bottle of Gin and he knows right away who it is because he refers to his sistem.

Then in Reno they have a very Ritzy club whats hard to get into unless youre a hard drinker. You got to be passed by the board of directors. They make you a gift of a bottle of Leopard Sweat and they stick around till you finish it. Its all yours. If you can take it and hold it and dont walk backwards, and dont use wisp brooms, youre a member. Then they make you a present of the key to the door. You just stagger in any time you like if you have the key.

Oh, I forgot to tell you Gorgous, that I just got a POCKET CHEMICAL SET for testing booze. Gee, its the bugs instep. They should call it the TONSIL PROTECTOR. When they start puttin that thing in the drug stores the bootleggers are goin to get an awful punch in the eye. It makes liquor safe for the children.

Heres how it works—First you

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Heed this Warning

. . . . dead tired, listless, nervous

You may need this delicious "Chocolated" laxative

WHEN YOU are constipated, take this modern "Chocolated" laxative that tastes like candy. Then see how quickly zest and vitality return!

Made of pure chocolate, Ex-Lax is treated with a harmless, tasteless laxative agent that is prescribed by physicians. Gently and naturally, it helps to restore normal elimination and so protect precious health.

Keep Ex-Lax handy, always. And take it at the first warning sign of trouble. Take it unhesitatingly, for it helps to bring relief without griping or upsetting the stomach, without forming a harmful habit. It is safe. And doctors recommend it both for children and grown-ups.

Your druggist sells Ex-Lax, "Chocolated," 10c, 25c, and 50c. Also for more obstinate cases he sells Ex-Lax, "Fig Flavor," made from the choicest fresh Smyrna figs, 15c and 35c.

Try Ex-Lax at our expense

We are so sure that you will like Ex-Lax, that we want you to try it at our expense. Just fill in and mail the coupon. We'll send you a free trial size of this safe, delicious laxative—free!

NOW MAIL COUPON FOR FREE EX-LAX

for constipation

EX-LAX

"it's the candy"

Ex-Lax Manufacturing Co., P. O. Box 170 Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dept. L-528

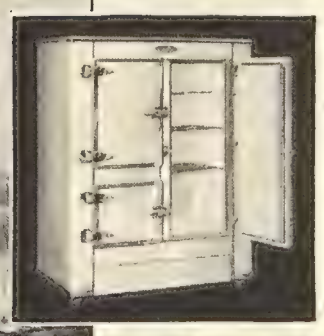
Please send me, without obligation on my part, a free trial box of Ex-Lax, the safe, sure laxative that tastes like candy.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

"Say Bud- ask your mother where we'll put this ice"..



Of course, you couldn't receive your annual supply of ice at one time. It amounts to over three tons. But have you considered whether your daily supply preserves food as you have a right to expect? It can't in a leaky refrigerator.

Put your ice in a Gibson refrigerator and it will keep food fresher and safer. For the Gibson has pure corkboard insulation, the kind that makers of electrical refrigeration units approve.

The Gibson automatic locks keep the doors closed — airtight. The one-piece cast-aluminum trap never rusts or clogs. Flat, non-rusting metal shelves, found only in the Gibson, permit dishes to slide across them without tipping. The inside walls are easy to clean because they are seamless porcelain with rounded corners.

You can put an ice-making unit in a Gibson any time. Snow-white, all-porcelain exteriors. Handsome wood finishes. New all-metal Gibson in white enamel. A wide range of prices. Send for free copy of "Food and Ice for 365 Tomorrows." Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Michigan.

Gibson REFRIGERATOR

[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from page sixty-seven]

get a nice bottle of poison from your favorite bootlegger. Then you take six drops of the GOOD OLD STUFF and put it in one of the little vials. Then you hold a lighted match under it and it sort of cooks the stuff and shoots it into another little vial. After this is done you add a few drops of bug juice from bottle number one, 2, and 3 and let it stand for a little while. Then you take a peak at it. If it is clear you can drink the hole works without waking up in a tunnel. But IF IT TURNS RED OR BLUE the giggle soup contains wood alcohol, acitone, formaldehide, paint remover, shoe polish, bird gravel and anythin else that will put you in the creamatory.

Well, I got to go now and buy my ticket for Hollywood and pack my trunks—with booze.

Remember me to your mother and father, the big fathead, but dont let on. And another thing. LAY OFF WRITIN TO YOUR GIRL FRIEND with the Porcelean eye because I'll find it out.

Your Own Lover,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Next letter from Hollywood. Cheerio.

He can act up, but can he act? Well, the letter from Hollywood'll probably give us the lowdown.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Answers will be found on page seventy-three

1—On what island was the ancient city of Syracuse situated?

2—What is entomology?

3—In what wars did soldiers wear certain flowers to indicate their allegiance?

4—What have the following persons in common: de Pachmann, Leginska, Grainger?

5—How were Moses and Aaron related?

6—What is pemmican?

7—What animal lays eggs and has a bill and webbed feet similar to a duck's?

8—Who is the United States Ambassador to England?

9—With what sport are the names Milburn, Waterbury, and Whitney associated?

10—Who said: "If this be treason make the most of it"?

11—What are incunabula?

12—What city is called Queen of the Adriatic?

13—What is paté de foie gras?

14—What is the usual nickname for Florida?

15—What is the name of the railway system generally called the Santa Fe?

16—William Tell is associated with the history of what country?

17—Who is the supreme deity in Greek mythology?

18—Who were the last three Democratic Presidents of the United States?

19—What are trade winds?

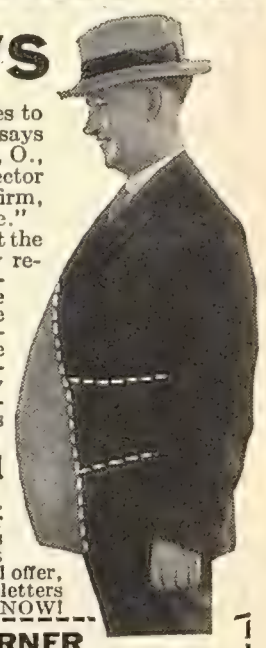
20—What is the capital of Czecho-Slovakia?

VENUS
THE PERFECT HAIR DRYER
(Patents Pending)

Can be quickly snapped on the handle of ANY VACUUM CLEANER—the handle serving as a stand—leaving your hands free to manipulate your hair. The Venus supplies you a steady volume of clean air—WARM OR COLD—as you prefer. Sent Post Paid in U. S. A., $3.50. Send P. O. Money Order or check—no stamps. Try it 5 days in your home—if not entirely satisfied, return it to us and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY.

Made and guaranteed by
The Venus Appliance Co.,
5324 St. Clair Avenue
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the *cause* of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

LANDON & WARNER
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 5-N

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

The War on Fat

Look about you—Note its results

For 20 years medical men have been conducting a scientific war on fat. They have been using a factor which science discovered. A certain gland food which greatly affects nutrition. They found in this gland deficiency a great cause of obesity.

A great American laboratory, years ago, embodied this factor in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Now anyone can see, in any circle, how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

Users have told friends about it, and the use has grown. People are now using some 5,000,000 tablets monthly. And the joys they bring in new beauty and health are enormous.

Now fat reduction does not require abnormal exercise or diet, though moderation helps. People combat the cause. They take four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal, then desist.

Users know the reasons for results. A book in each box gives the complete Marmola formula. And fully explains how the fat loss comes in a normal and helpful way.

Don't wait longer, when so many have for 20 years enjoyed the results of Marmola. It may mean more to you than anything else you know. Go start today and let the results tell you how long to continue. You will be amazed and delighted.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

We start you in business and help you succeed

New plan. No experience or capital needed. We furnish everything. Spare or full time. You can easily make

$50-$100 weekly

Write at once
Madison Shirt Mfrs., 560 Broadway, New York

SKIN IRRITATIONS

ZEMO Liquid quickly relieves irritating, itching skin and scalp troubles. The safe, sure way to keep skin clear and free from Blemishes and Skin Troubles. Excellent for after shaving. Druggists, 35c, 60c, $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

It's Flavor That *Makes* or *Mars* the Meal!

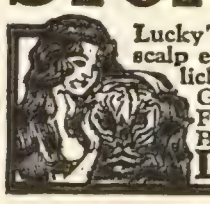
28 KINDS

Reliable concentrated Tube Flavors are 28 in number and are not sold in stores but by specially trained salespeople demonstrating and serving housewives in their homes *everywhere*.

If you haven't tried Reliable's wonderful, new Black Walnut in cakes, puddings, sauces, etc., you've missed a delightful treat. Reliable flavors actually cost you only a fraction of others—4 drops are enough! Packed only in tubes, so always fresh. Can't deteriorate or lose their strength.

RELIABLE MFG. CO., Chicago

STOPS FALLING HAIR

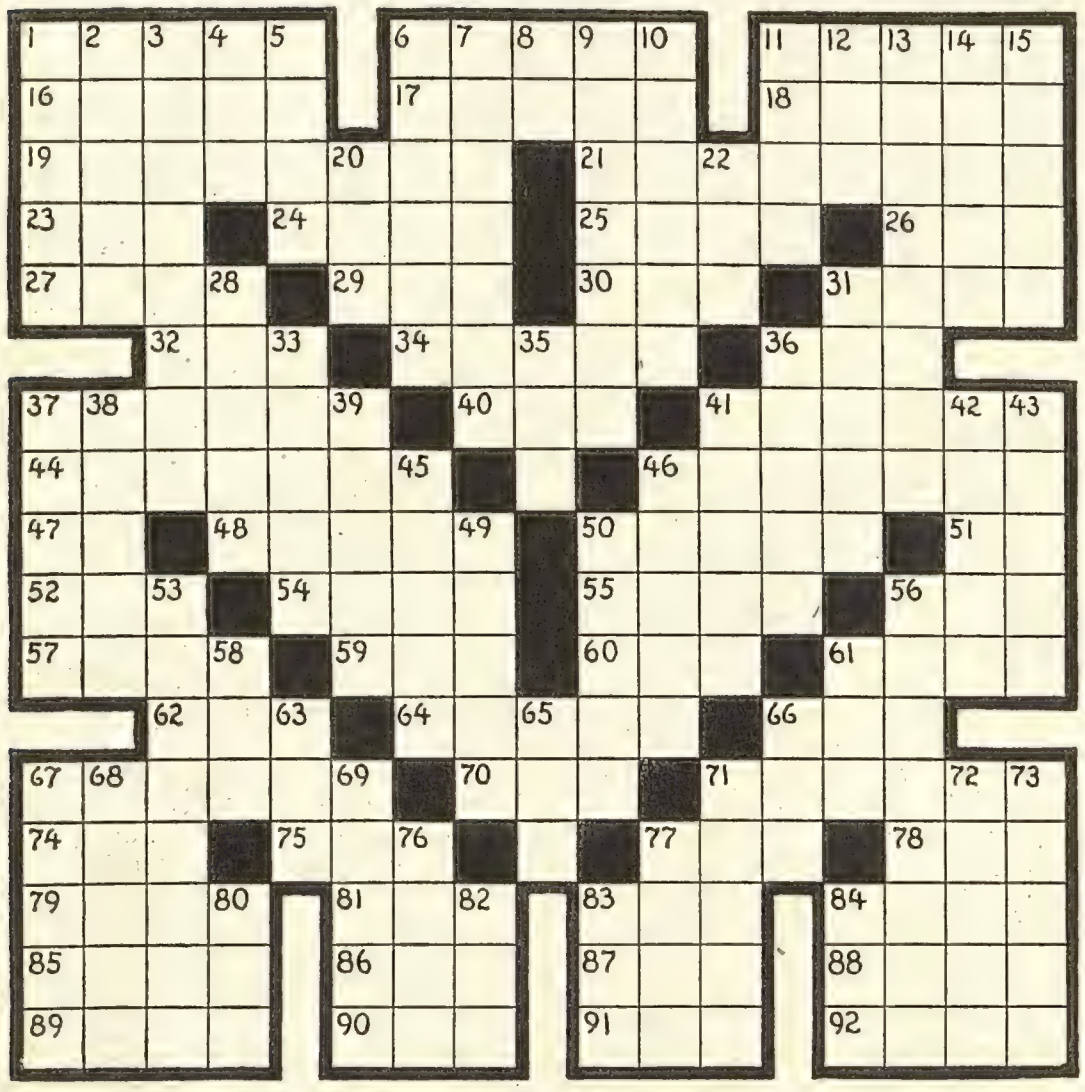


Lucky Tiger knocks dandruff and scalp eczema by killing the follicle germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Use Whyte-Fox for Skin eruptions. Barbers or druggists.

LUCKY TIGER

DOUBLE Y PUZZLE

HERE is a form of design not generally employed by cross-word puzzle constructors, but a sound one, nevertheless. It presents but two unkeyed letters and it conforms to the accepted practice in the matter of black squares—approximately one to six.



HORIZONTAL

1 Instrument for reducing a dislocation
6 The cigar fish (plural)
11 Character in The Three Musketeers
16 A tree
17 Measure of weight
18 At that point
19 Where Miltiades defeated the Persians
21 Put ashore and abandoned
23 Letter of the Greek alphabet
24 Kind
25 Discontinue
26 Fall behind
27 False pretense
29 Supreme god of the Babylonians
30 Outside
31 Fashion
32 Rocky pinnacle
34 College officials
36 Spigot
37 To carry away secretly
40 Diminutive for a certain relative
41 Most recent
44 Water-raising device used by East Indians
46 Bewails
47 Note of the scale
48 A drain
50 Recess in the shore (plural)
51 The sun god
52 Tavern
54 Withered
55 Declare confidently
56 Deface
57 Frog
59 Put on
60 A color
61 Jumps
62 Bind
64 Fresher
66 Alcoholic liquor
67 Penurious
70 Form of to be
71 Inner sole of a shoe
74 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
75 Triangular sail
77 French coin
78 Sticky substance distilled from organic matter
79 Distinguished aviators
81 Eagle
83 A metal
84 A roster
85 Irritate
86 Prevaricate
87 Adopted son of Mohammed
88 Possessive pronoun
89 Mythical river of the dead
90 Atmospheric moisture
91 A constrictor
92 Nothing but

VERTICAL

1 Porridge made of Indian corn (plural)
2 Resounding metallic noise
3 A sea
4 Meadow
5 Crafts
6 Tallied
7 Part of a saddle (plural)
8 Measure of area
9 Plums
10 Standing
11 On the top
12 Although
13 Cape on the coast of Delaware
14 Mountain nymph
15 Coarse grasslike plant
20 The nave of a wheel
22 Decay
28 Members of certain Philippine tribes
31 Companions
33 Ceremonies
35 Melody
36 More domesticated
37 Riven
38 A musical instrument
39 Made into leather
41 Bathed
42 A strop
43 Autocrats
45 Wading bird
46 Sweetheart
49 Refresh
50 Responsibilities
53 Naturally
56 Monotony of tone
58 Noise
61 Pronoun
63 Incite
65 Pale
66 South African antelope
67 Asterisks
68 Implied
69 Give up
71 Ancient Greek colony
72 Tardier
73 Expunge
76 A French cheese
77 Storage place for green fodder
80 Gender
82 Recent
83 A flap
84 Gypsy gentleman

Answer to last week's puzzle

America's Supreme Vacationland

The Union Pacific West

Yellowstone . . Pacific Northwest and Alaska
California . . Colorado . . Ogden . . Salt Lake City
Zion-Grand Canyon National Parks

More scenic grandeur, more strange displays of nature's forces, more variety of man-made attractions await you in this western wonderland than anywhere else on earth. Among them are mysterious geysers, vast wild animal refuges, lofty mountains, great glaciers, enchanting waterfalls, lovely lakes, tremendous colored canyons, virgin forests, ancient ruins, a thousand miles of Pacific beaches, dude ranches, cities great and gay. All or any of these western wonderlands may be visited easily, quickly, inexpensively on the fine, fast and frequent trains of the Union Pacific System, either independently or by Escorted All-Expense Tours.

Low Summer Fares and Famous Trains to all the West

Whether your vacation period is two weeks or two months, Union Pacific travel experts, who know the West, will gladly plan for you a complete itinerary that will suit your purse and assure you the maximum in sightseeing and comfort.

Summer Excursion tickets on sale commencing May 15 and June 1. Stopovers anywhere en route.

General Passenger Agent, Dept. 214—Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information including cost, and booklet.
☐ Yellowstone ☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska ☐ California ☐ Dude Ranches
☐ Colorado ☐ Zion-Grand Canyon National Parks ☐ Hawaii
☐ Escorted All-Expense Tours

Name ---------- Street ----------
City ---------- State ----------

UNION PACIFIC

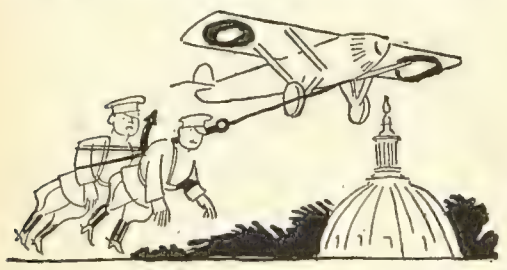
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Vox Pop

This Campaign Starts Right Off—

PASADENA, CALIF.—Thanks for your "Diary" of General Mitchell. I would not be surprised if this series were a stepping stone in his march to the White House.

Mitchell's diary is very like Roosevelt's. Both make preparedness the



major issue. Both were popular junior officers—one the beloved Rough Rider, the other the Air Chief.

If Mitchell becomes President, some admirals and generals may take some airplane rides whether they want to or not, for much the same reason that Teddy prescribed the long horseback rides.

Mitchell would get a measure of the great popularity Lindbergh has won for all fliers. These men, one the son of a Senator, and the other the son of a Congressman, may give America an administration as notable for young men of achievement as the present administration is remarkable for its old men.

Mitchell says there must be a new Cabinet official or air minister. Lindbergh would do.

Since it seems almost certain that the Republican Party will nominate Dawes, the wagon General, some other party should nominate Mitchell, a flying General.—*W. P. Hollywood.*

—With an Argument

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—I really believe, Mr. Editor, that you hate the poor doughboy. All we see is stories about the airmen. Now along comes Willie Mitchell with a lot of bunk about our air forces and also tries to write and tell your readers about the doings of the ground forces.

He claims that the troops never got close enough to the Germans to use the bayonet. Well, Willie dear, pin your ears back and listen to this. I am a veteran of the Rainbow Division. I went in as a buck private and I came out as a buck private. I was fortunate to be in the old Sixty-ninth of New York.

We engaged the Germans in hand-to-hand fighting on the 14th and 15th of July, in Champagne, and we also had to use the old trench knife in a few of our raids and in all our battles. I was in them all, being wounded on October 15. I don't remember a time when we ran away, as Willie says.

Mr. Mitchell, will you kindly remember that infantrymen can read, and that they see your bunk. So will you kindly tell us where our air forces were in Château-Thierry and in the Argonne. I remember the German airmen coming down to the ground and killing our troops on October 12, 13, 14, and 15—and no support from our "wonderful" air forces.

In all my time up front I never remember seeing our air forces. I did see some of them in Paris. You fellows had a chance to turn tail and beat it home, but the poor, dirty infantry bird was there to do and die. —*A. D. S. C. doughboy of the Rainbow.*

She'd Probably Brighten the Office a Lot

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—A short cheer and nine rahs for *Nancy Topsfield,* heroine of Robert W. Chambers' pirate series. All I can say is that, for an undernourished, tender-yeared, half educated child she's not doing at all badly.

In fact, the gal is rather brave and efficient and wise—just rather—and

I'd even go so far as to give her a job as typist in my office, any time.

Put a sword in her hand (as in "Drums and Black Colours") and let her fight a huge and hairy pirate in each issue. The huger and hairier the better.—*N. Bartlett.*

Puppy Love, Eh?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—We have many books and magazines, but your magazine seems to be our favorite. My father must buy seven LIBERTYS. One for him, one for my sister, one for my mother, one for me—and three for our three puppies.—*A Liberty Reader.*

Sucker Bites

BETHLEHEM, PA.—First of all, LIBERTY is an outstanding proof that all the suckers in this world are not dead yet.

Second, Antoinette Donnelly's articles are just one sickening page after another.

Next, stop gassing about the war. It's over, in case the news hasn't reached LIBERTY yet.

Fourth, as for Jack Dempsey, leave that Prize Palooka out; he's over, too.

Fifth, give Leslie Thrasher a rest —forever. What's wrong—has he a life contract with LIBERTY? If so, please break it.

Sixth, put the table of contents on the cover so we'll see at a glance that the magazine is no good.

Or, best of all, stop printing LIBERTY, and try plumbing for a while. —*L. M. B. and R. L. A. (Lehigh University).*

De Gustibus

INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—Say, this guy with the handle "Frederick James Smith" sure gives me one royal pain!! "Four Sons"—the most human story ever presented on the screen—he tears to pieces! Why do you let him butcher up all the good things and praise all the rotten junk that the movies get out?—*E. J. C.*

Well, Don't Give Up

PORTLAND, ORE.—I wish that complaining Howard Cordes would name *one* smutty story that has ever appeared in LIBERTY. I've read every copy for a year and have failed to read a smutty story.—*A. Webfoot.*

Lovers o' Lil

MADISON, WIS. — Whazzamatter with some of the bozos who've been panning "Les" Trasher's *Lil?* Ain't the poor bimbos ever found anyone nice enough to fall in love with?

Keep *Lil* and *Sandy* together. They're human.—*L. A. Babcock.*

CENTERVILLE, IA.—*Sandy* and *Lil* are doing everything I do. I got married about three weeks after they did. Signed a contract today.

How can I get to read my LIBERTY first? The boss and the office girl fight each other for it, and poor little *me* has no chance.

She weighs a hundred and eighty-five!—*Bob B.*

They Did

SAGINAW, MICH.—Haw, haw! I get more kick out of Vox Pop than any other page I have ever read.

Too bad a few more of those jealous Canadians don't read about our war heroes. And that a few more Kluxers didn't see the article, "The Pope at Home." And that a few more Catholics didn't criticize that fellow who said: "This is a Protestant country."—*R. U. W.*

Something Tells Us We're Going to Like Suzanne

OMAHA, NEB.—Those splendid articles of Kipling's that you ran justify the existence of LIBERTY—even if you never printed another line.

The Ralph Barton feature is the cleverest thing any magazine has sprung in a long time.

Let Elliott White Springs go ahead. He's a dirty devil, sometimes, but what's the difference? He makes us laugh.

You are right about women liking real sports stuff. Here's one that does. "The Manassa Mauler" was fine.—*Suzanne.*

A Knockout

SEATTLE, WASH.—For years I suffered from insomnia. I tried every remedy on the market. Some time ago a friend of mine suggested trying LIBERTY. "It will put any man to sleep within a few minutes," he said.

I tried it. It worked.—*Peter Hanson.*

Bon Voyage, Baron

STEVENS POINT, WIS.—Psychology tells us that when we read a story and enjoy it we are vicariously living the action of the plot.

Now, I always did like Sax Rohmer's delightful bunk, but please don't print any more stories like "She Who Sleeps." The transition from the story-dream to actual life is like running out of a Turkish bath and rolling in a snow-bank; rather disconcerting, if you see what I mean.

Oh, gosh; when's the next boat leave for Egypt?—*Baron Casey.*

The Right Price for Pirates

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Well, at last your magazine has something good in it. This happens to be the pirate stories by Robert W. Chambers.

Boy, that guy named Norman Price sure can draw. Price is an artist and a half. In my school there's a boy with the same name as him. Price's pictures are so good that I cut them out.—*Alvin M. Amster.*

P. S. We happen to be studying of pirates.—*Alvin.*

Or Give Thermostats?

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I was taking an ultra violet ray treatment with an Alpine sun lamp. Not having a watch handy, I decided to read "Captain Death" while taking the treatment, as the reading time of sixteen min-

utes corresponded to the time of my treatment under the lamp.

But woe is me! It took me about twenty-five minutes to read the story and now I have a *terrible* case of sunburn!

For the sake of us sun bath addicts won't you *please* lengthen the time set for reading your stories?

Robert W. Chambers' stories are worth a good sunburn, but most of your stories are not.—*Bob.*

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW UNLESS YOU

—LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

YOU may think there couldn't be any better shaving preparation than your present favorite. Maybe you're right.

But millions of happy shavers think BARBASOL has everything else beaten at least *three* ways: *faster, smoother, closer.* We hope *they're* right.

Why not settle this shaving question the modern American way?

Make This 3-Day Test

Use your favorite shaving soap just the way you use it every day—lather up, rub in, hot towel, lather again—but *only on one side* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side*—with hot water or cold, so long as it's wet—and spread on a film of creamy, cooling BARBASOL. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. None of the fuss and muss of old-fashioned shaving.

Just shave! Like this:
1—*Wash the face {and leave it wet}*
2—*Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}*
3—*Shave!*

Do this three successive days, and—

Let Your Face Decide!

It will tell you, smartly, which is the soap side, alkali burn and razor pull and beard resistance.

It will tell you, coolly, the BARBASOL side is all smooth and soft—pliant with the natural oils left right in the skin. Just as we said: *Faster, Smoother, Closer.*

All druggists, 35c and 65c. Send 10c for generous trial tube.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Barbasol Skin Freshener
A tonic stimulant. After shaving—after bathing—any time. 65c at all druggists

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

And I was just showing her how mine could reach my plate.

My Owl Auntie

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 8 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

What's a kan-gar-oo, Mary says to me. Mary's always saying what's something to me. I guess she doesn't know much. She wants to. She's always asking questions, Mary is. If I don't answer them right away she says I don't know anything, too. She says she knows more than me. She's bigger. But I asked her what's a cal-a-bid-oo? She said she didn't know. I didn't either. I just asked her.

She has a book. It has a red cover on its outsides. There are animals on its insides. The animals are wild.

Mary reads the book. Then she asks me to tell her.

So, when she said what's a kan-gar-oo? I said it's a—it's a—it's a—

She said you don't know what it's a. I said I did, too. She said is it a animal? I said yes. She said that's right. Does it live in a Zoo, she said. I said yes. She said that's right. All animals live in the Zoo, I said. She said no they didn't. Cats didn't. And dogs didn't. They live at home.

So then she said what does a kan-gar-oo look like? I made a face. She said no that's a rabbit. A kan-gar-oo doesn't look like that. It looks like this.

Then she jumped to show me. She jumped far. She said kan-gar-oos didn't fall when they jumped—she just tripped, and it wasn't nice of me to laugh. I said I wasn't laughing at her. Only at the kan-gar-oo she was.

Then she showed me how the kan-gar-oo played. It hits like Marvin does with his boxing gloves on. I didn't like that. I didn't know it was going to box me. Mary said she was sorry. She was only playing kan-gar-oo. So I said let's play something else.

We did. But after a while Mary looked in her book again. She said do you know what is a gir-affe? I said yes. She said what is it? I said it's a long neck with legs tied on. She said has it a head? And I said necks always have heads. And she said who put his head on? I said I don't know. I guess God did. He's the only one who could reach that high.

She said who tole you? I said he did—the gir-affe did, I mean. She said did you ever talk to the gir-affe? I said yes I talked with him at the Zoo. I said:

"Hello, Gir-affe, how are you?"

And he said, "Fine, thank you, Toni, and how's yourself?"

And I said good.

He said I'm glad to hear it.

I said I wish you'd come down here where I could talk to you better, Gir-affe. I have to holler so loud.

He said holler away. Sound always goes up.

So I said what have you got that long neck for?

He said mine isn't long. You ought to see my old man's. He has to bend over to eat his breakfast off the tree tops.

I said I wasn't laughing at her. Only at the kan-gar-oo she was.

And I said who made you such a long neck?

He lifted his head away up into the sky. So I knew who he meant. Then he said:

"How'd you like to take a to-bog-gan slide down my back? There's nothing to stop you once you get on. But try and get on," he said.

I didn't like the way he said that so I changed the sub-ject.

"What have you got your upper lip stuck out that way for?" I said.

"So I can take hold of twigs and leaves easy," he answered.

"Do you like leaves?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he said, "they're all right for a gir-affe. But I like biscuits and vegetables, too."

So then I said I'd bring him my veg-e-tables some day if he liked them.

"Oh, what a long tongue you've got," I said, when he stuck it out for the veg-e-tables I promised to bring him.

"I can stick it out further than that," he said. "I have to so I can pick off the leaves without getting close to plants and brushes and things that have thorns on them. I'll show you—"

"It looks AWFUL," I said. "If I stuck my tongue out that way I'd get warmed some place I won't mention."

He said, "You should. You're only a girl, not a gir-affe."

I would have told some more the gir-affe said to me. But Mary stopped me. She said the gir-affe never said a word to me. I was making it all up. Her book says no one ever heard a gir-affe utter a sound. I said he didn't utter. He talked to me. I thought he did, anyway.

Then it came lunchtime. At the table I said to Mary let's play gir-affe. And she said all right. Stick out your tongue, I said. She did. Further, I said. Like this—look!

And I was just showing her how mine could reach my plate when a Cross Voice said what are you doing, you little animal? I said I'm a gir-affe. The Cross Voice said then you'd better go and live in the Zoo with the rest of the wild ones. That is per-fect-ly dis-GUST-ing.

So we didn't play gir-affe any more.

MARY'S book is a new book. She wants to read it all the time. When we went back to the playroom I said let's play peg-leg. She said she didn't want to and what's a Auntie Lope? And I said I don't want to know her. Come on and play. But she said what animal goes tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who?

I said you.

She said I'm not an animal. I said but you just went tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who.

So she said no this animal wears spec-tacles and is very, very wise.

A-U-N-T-I-E! I said. She wears spec-tacles. And she says she is wise to me.

It's a OWL, Mary says. Is your Auntie a owl? And Daddy said yes. And he's a Elk. And Mommy's a deer. And Toni's a ring-tailed monkey, chattering and climbing all the time. And Mary's another and if this men-ag-eree doesn't quiet down soon he's going to blow his horns and make for the tall timbers.

More of the observations of this impressionable young lady will appear next week.

Before Shaving
HINDS CREAM

Eve ate the apple;
And now woman pays.
But why don't
They shed some tears
For poor man
Whose crop of whiskers
Is ready for fight
Each morning?
Men!
We've found a way
To take the fight
Clean out of beards
Before you lather.
Try Hinds Cream.

Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!

After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving
HINDS CREAM

© L. & F. INC., 1928

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Sole Distributors
Dept. 1498
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....
(This coupon not good after June, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

PROFIT BY YOUR SKILL AT WORD GOLF

IF your *original* WORD GOLF hole appears in LIBERTY you will receive $5 and there is no limit to the number of entries that you may submit.

When you go out for an award, remember that obsolete and foreign-language words are barred, and that your best chance for success lies in confining yourself to such words as may be reasonably familiar to the average Word Golfer. Study the solutions printed below. They are excellent examples of good Word Golf form and they will aid you in your quest of a LIBERTY award.

Here is the work of those who have made the grade this week:

MRS. JOHN C. JENNINGS
Spartanburg, S. C.

PLANK
FENCE

MRS. MARK D. WELLS
Decorah, Iowa

MOVE
HALT

AGNES NELSON
Denver, Colo.

STEEL
SHEAR

CHAS. J. BERRY
Los Angeles, Cal.

QUOTA
SHARE

JOS. KLINKHAMMER
Shakopee, Minn.

PLOW
REAP

GEORGIA SMITH
Rolla, Mo.

BRAIN
THINK

Did you have a try at that QUIET-NOISE hole, suggested last week?

We don't claim an unbeatable record on this one. Some Bobby Jones or Glenna Collett of the WORD GOLF fraternity may have been able to break our score of 21. However, here's how we played it, using nothing but simple words—the kind that candidates for LIBERTY prizes are asked to use in their contributions: QUIET—QUILT—GUILT—GUILE—GUIDE—GLIDE—ELIDE—ELITE—ELATE—SLATE—SLATS—BLATS—BOATS—BOOTS—ROOTS—ROUTS—ROUTE—ROUSE—MOUSE—MOOSE—NOOSE—NOISE.

Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

SCOLD	CLEAN	SKIN	FATE	DIET	PATH
SCALD	CLEAT	SKID	FARE	DINT	PATS
SCALE	CHEAT	SAID	FORE	MINT	PANS
SCARE	CHEAP	SAND	FORM	MIST	PENS
SPARE	CHEEP	BAND	FOAM	MAST	PEND
SPARK	SHEEP	BOND	ROAM	FAST	REND
SPANK	SWEEP	BONE	ROOM		READ
			DOOM		ROAD

Send your entries of *original* WORD GOLF holes—as many as you wish—to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 68

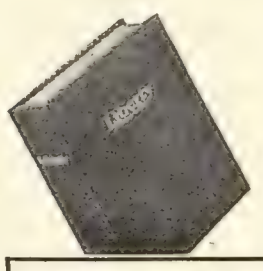
1—Sicily.
2—The branch of zoölogy that treats of insects.
3—The Wars of the Roses (1455-85), between the houses of York and Lancaster for possession of the English throne. York adherents wore white roses and the Lancastrians red roses.
4—All are pianists.
5—They were brothers.
6—Compressed food made from dried beef, fat, sugar, and dried currants; used extensively by arctic explorers.
7—The duckbill of Australia.
8—Alanson B. Houghton of New York.
9—Polo.
10—Patrick Henry.
11—Specimens of printing and block engraving that appeared before or soon after A. D. 1500; as the Mazarin Bible.
12—Venice, Italy.
13—Patty of fattened liver; usually goose liver.
14—The Everglade State.
15—Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe.
16—Switzerland.
17—Zeus.
18—Wilson, Cleveland, and Buchanan.
19—Tropical ocean winds that blow steadily from the same quarter at certain seasons.
20—Prague.

A Hole in the Wall!

AS far back as history goes man has reserved a place in the home for his reading matter. 3,000 years ago men valued each piece of papyrus and kept it in its hole in the wall. Now men value their books and each has its place on the shelf or library table.

LIBERTY publishes, in addition to several hundred short stories, articles and features, at least four fiction serials and six biographies a year. Many become favorites in book form. You will want to read them again and again.

Why, then, shouldn't LIBERTY have its "hole in the wall"? It has! One of LIBERTY's services to readers is the LIBERTY Binder that keeps 13 issues clean and whole. It holds your LIBERTYS in the form of a beautiful, black book, stamped in gold; each issue quickly and easily inserted. LIBERTY Binders are sold *at cost*—only 80¢ each. Get yours *now*. Use the coupon, please.



LIBERTY Binder Dept.,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me.....Binders for which I enclose 80¢ each.

Name.....

Address.....

.....
5-12-28

AN evening dress of purple lace with a square décolletage and a lamp-shade skirt.

THIS crêpe roma ensemble is of red and gray with a two-tiered skirt.

MADE of wool jersey in red, this one-piece dress looks like a suit.

Three Fascinating Frocks and a CAPE

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

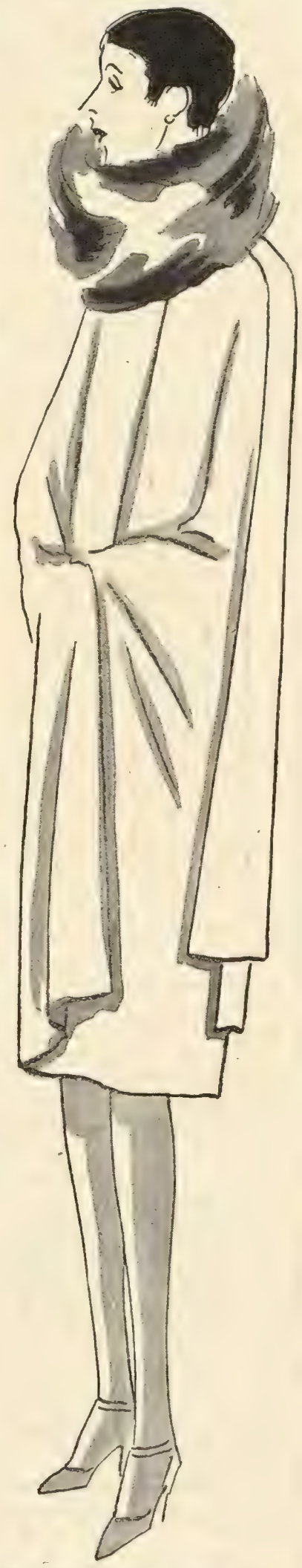
IT is really hard to say whether Mme. Chanel is more famous for her creations or her coquetries. Still, we are erring on the side of flippancy to call such soul-stirring romances as hers by a word so jaunty that it covers only the mere triflings with love. Said the Duke of Westminster when he wished her to marry him, "Think what a wonderful title would be the Duchess of Westminster to bear." And the French couturière answered, "Chanel is a greater name."

If possessions make greatness, then the Duke of Westminster would rank very high indeed. Once, while waiting for my boat to leave for America, I decided to explore a little of the country in and round Liverpool; but, far as I went, I did not succeed in getting off the Duke of Westminster's property. His house in London, furthermore, is the most regal in which I have ever been entertained, with its Rembrandts and its Gainsboroughs (representing a fortune in expenditure and an aristocratic taste in one's ancestors) scattered over great halls and drawing-rooms as lavishly as if they were mere prints.

Mme. Chanel, of course, was essentially of the people and sprang from just such a setting as still holds many a little dressmaker who is without the gift that could lift her beyond her lowly scene. Now people accuse the great designer of having what they call a "property" complex. Since she has amassed her wealth, she has been forever collecting farms. With each new landslide of a popular fashion, which brings her a fresh fortune, she buys one, as if as safeguard against any risk of being obliged toward life's finish to return to that setting from which she sprang.

But if property is her goal it almost seems as if a more direct method of acquiring this in quantity would have been to marry it—or the man who appeared to a casual traveler to own about half of England. Doubtless only French soil, however, could soothe Mme. Chanel's soul.

Still, we are here to discuss not that phase of Mme. Chanel's charm which leads to romances, but the side of it which flows into her creations and marshals a feminine army embracing all the nations, even to the Japanese and the Hindu, into costuming that bears the insignia of her taste.



MOLYNEUX made this evening cape of white velvet with a muff collar of white fox.

Again we might say that she is renowned for her creations, her coquetries, and her caprices, except that even her molding of a neckline involves something more than mere caprice. With about ten yards of exactly the proper washed-out shade of apricot chiffon to make look milder the yellowish coloring pigments in a lady's skin, she will construct a scarf and tie it round the neck, with ends falling and flowing just as they should fall and flow.

She is the one who put the whole feminine world into sweaters for both afternoon and evening, who introduced a bullfighter red for evening which swept the world with its popularity, and popularized lace, and established jersey in all of its variations as the standard material for day clothes now for many seasons. These are but a few of her contributions to the fashions. And as another of her very positive tastes she has from the first sponsored tiered effects and the bolero.

Now she is carrying them over from that age that was boyish and austerely unornamented on to the threshold of this new period of the feminine. Tiers are appearing on all sorts of things, including handbags, which come in rows of scallops (that won't lie smooth after you have carried the bag twice, but rough up and look harassed).

THE evening gown at the extreme left shows one of the more successful uses of tiers on an evening dress. Topped by a bolero, this frock is in detail almost like the dresses that a few seasons back were boyish, and now by an indefinable something have become feminine, as in this offering. Chanel still continues to use profusely the lace which she first popularized. In this gown the quality is very coarse and it is stiffened to keep in place the circular billows in what they call the lamp-shade silhouette. The color is purple.

The Chanel classic décolletage this season is square in outline, as shown here, and it is held in place by flesh-colored straps. The bodice has the bolero jacket outline in the back, and the skirt is composed of two tiers, lower in the rear than in the front. The scarf is entirely detached from the dress, but is of the same material.

The second offering also shows Chanel's handling of tiers, as well as of bows, and her flat, unornamented V neck, in one of the mediums that she helped to popularize, which is printed crêpe. The dress is made effective with bands of stitched crêpe roma going all over it in a long and slenderizing pattern. Gray and red are the colors of the print, the roma bands taking the shading of the gray.

The third sketch shows a one-piece dress of hers that gives the appearance of being a suit with a bolero jacket effect which, as the artist says, is cut "amusingly," the front being almost in the manner of one of the modernistic staircases. The plaits in the skirt carry out the same idea.

The fourth model shows one of the uses that M. Molyneux makes of the tiered effect, in a white velvet evening cape with another cape sewed on the back of it and falling into two steps at the bottom.

The Dress that Breeds Content

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, April 16.

THE toll of perpetual chic is apt to be terrific. Not the dollars and cents tariff, because there are many women who always look smart without any great outlay of hard cash. It's eternal vigilance that is the greatest price of good dressing: the being forever on the job in order to look our best all the time. How many books, movies, and plays have been built on the wife who neglects her appearance, the errant husband, and her final winning back of the prodigal other half by reviving her sartorial allure!

There's too much fundamental truth in such a story for any woman to deny it. And yet many a tired woman has had a sneaking sympathy for the slipshod heroine who all but loses her man because she doesn't take pains to keep up her appearance.

It is all very well for those women who have nothing else to do except look their best. But most of us have some kind of job, or series of jobs, besides that.

And yet at no time can woman really afford not to look nice if she wants to squeeze all of the juice out of the orange of joy. There must be some kind of labor-saving chic which will enable women to look like a million dollars on short notice. There is, of course.

How often that thrilling "I never saw you look so charming" proves to be a tribute to some dress we have worn frequently, maybe for several seasons; a dress we like so well and feel so good in that we cannot bear to leave it hanging in the closet.

Such a frock in which you feel and look charming may be made one of the greatest little time and worry savers for a busy woman. It is usually a type of dress that has the priceless partnership of smartness and usefulness, and when you go about getting yourself such a gown it is your own fault if it doesn't contain both. In addition, the dress that breeds content must have, above everything else, becomingness; and to such a degree that you always feel you are at an advantage, no matter whom you meet.

(Above) A coat dress of wool georgette from Bernard et Cie that assures chic for its wearer.

(Right) This Lelong black and white satin-finish crêpe is ideal for the separate dress.

(Left) Martial et Armand offer this rose beige crêpe de Chine.

When a frock is all of these things it may be worn over and over again. The one thing that is necessary is to suppress the vanity that urges one to be displaying something new all the time, and this rarely bothers except when competition between women in groups is particularly keen.

From adolescence on, American women are particularly intelligent about clothes. So, in providing yourself with the best kind of a frock for the greatest number of occasions, your first move will be to make use of your self-knowledge.

Color, fabric, and lines should be chosen to put forth every conceivable charm you know you possess. Fashion should follow, and in this season, when individuality is so smart, this is very easy. Naturally, style should not be outraged by the choice of anything so "out" as to be sensational because of its oddity. An excellent idea for the single frock is to supply it with detail, or details, that are particularly chic in the season during which it is worn.

Jenny creates an alluring combination of black and white ivory satin with a charming outline.

This week I have chosen four frocks that are outstanding successes in Paris. They have been bought, each of them, by a great many very different women, and the constant demand for them proves their appeal to feminine psychology generally.

The first of these is a Martial et Armand frock in beige crêpe de Chine, the color being in that rosy tint which is becoming to almost every complexion. Extremely smart details are the lingerie collar and cuffs that are made of point lace—the kind we used to call Battenberg, which many women know how to make. The lace collar flatters the face, and this effect is increased by a soft bow tie of beige chiffon.

The cut of this dress is one that is also easy to wear, with a blouse which is very slightly full, though closely draped on the hips, being shirred into the side seams. A yoke at the top of the skirt is cut into points in front, and is wider on the left side. From this yoke a circular tunic hangs, this tunic descending to the hemline on the left side.

OUR Lucien Lelong model is made of black and white printed crêpe with a satin finish. This is indeed a frock which breeds content for most women, because lines, color, and fabric are smart, becoming, and practical. The square neck of the blouse is greatly enhanced by a large flower of the same material as the dress. The sleeves are shirred a bit at the wrist and extend well over the hands. The two-tier skirt has two circular godets in front, and the black belt has a rhinestone buckle.

Jenny combines two tones of crêpe satin, black and ivory, in the model in the upper right-hand corner. The arrangement of diagonal lines cleverly slenderizes the figure, the first of these diagonals being the band of ivory crêpe satin which edges the V neckline and extends down to the right underarm seam of the waist. The second diagonal is a wide band of black crêpe satin which makes a yoke in the back of the skirt and which extends in a point up the front of the waist, ending under a row of rhinestone buttons. The finely plaited skirt is crossed in front and lifted along the lower edge of the black diagonal band above.

The coat dress model is from Bernard et Cie, made of wool georgette in tiny diamond pattern. This frock, which is in green and beige, has a double-breasted closing, and the curved band that borders the inset pockets extends across the back simulating a jacket. The scarf of beige and green is shown tied in the smart manner and is an effective accessory.

Declare Your Own Trump in the GAME of BEAUTY

By EILEEN BOURNE

THE tall woman with striking features is just naturally designed to wear large hats. They provide a stage set which makes her look stunning. Remember that neither height nor a massive profile taken separately justifies the picture hat, but that the combination is needed. It is always pathetic and absurd when a tiny little creature pokes a small face from under an enormous hat. We must be brimful of wisdom to frame the face both artistically and fashionably.

ENGLISHWOMEN wear what they believe is becoming to them, no matter what the style may be. Parisians wear what is chic and don't care one bit if they are ugly. Why don't we Americans weigh both factors and strike a happy medium?

Of course, the first job is to size up one's points. Only complete honesty helps. Next we have to experiment in every conceivable way to emphasize assets and diminish faults. You can't put this intimate study upon anyone else. Certainly the average dressmaker or modiste will not be adequate. Then, when you really know how to produce the desired effect, you can always find among current fashions in clothes, jewelry, and coiffures the very style which will make you look your best.

You cannot succeed without time and thought. True individuality of appearance requires both and is worth all you put into it. You have to remain open to new suggestions and yet free from the desire to copy something which looks well on another person. Such research never fails to be cheering. For it results in new appreciation of every advantage.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City..... State..... 91

Pictures by CORINNE DILLON

WE hardly need to remind you that one of the most important elements in individuality is the coiffure. And yet you see the wrong thing tried on every hand. If you feel inclined to wear a bang like the maid at the right, stop and think. To wear it well requires several things—youth, an oval face, height of both figure and head, and a certain distinctiveness of feature. Remember that a bang reduces height. That's why women with high foreheads should wear it—provided they have dark hair. Blondes seldom look well in it.

ONE excellent thing for the short, square face is to wear long earrings. Of course, just now they're only smart with evening dress and therefore some trick of hat and coiffure will have to help you during the daytime. But don them when the lamplight shines and count your blessings. The woman with the long, thin face is always simply aching to wear earrings to the shoulder, yet she's wise only if she diminishes her facial length by choosing the button type. If the short face is set on a short neck it is better to eliminate a necklace altogether and depend on earrings so elaborate as to give sufficient decoration together with a distinguished simplicity.

HERE is one thing which present styles can do—offer a boon to the figure with long waist and short legs. Nothing better creates the illusion of length of limb than extended draperies set high on the hip. One must be slender to wear the frock we show above. But it suggests an idea which, differently applied, is useful to anyone with a long waist, no matter what her weight.

IT is a long neck that knows a turning of the necklace. The short neck must always be decorated by a single strand to give it the suggestion of elongation. If you have a long neck, wrap your pearls around your throat and rejoice in your good luck. You can also wear high collars in the back, flowers on the shoulder, and be more fussy and fluffy than your short-necked sister.

Work day, Play day, May day, Pay day!

The real OhHenry!

NOW A NICKEL

Now *everybody's* happy—since the real OhHenry! candy arrived in this convenient 5¢ size. The choicest candies you ever put between your lips cannot excel OhHenry! There are hundreds of imitations but the real thing—the world's most gorgeous nickel's worth—is in that gingham wrapper. Still made this *home-made* way

all for a nickel

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg. CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt. PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed). CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Still made in the 10¢ size also

Dashing Debonair Joyous

what a thrill they give you!

Here is a new sensation—a new enjoyment for your hours of ease. The thrill of color! In Pajamas—worn for lounging as well as sleep.... ¶Glover has made this possible. Glover, creator of fine nightwear. Now bringing you Pajamas that are at once the most restful of sleeping garments and the smartest of lounge suits! Styled with a touch of European swank—tailored to a perfection distinctively Glover's—giving full expression, in pattern and color, to your individual taste.... ¶How men have responded to this modern idea! Men of every age—every class—whose hearts are young. Wives, too, approve enthusiastically.... ¶And so, you find Pajamas by Glover everywhere. In homes—beneath the reading-lamp, by the radio, at the late Sunday breakfast. In famous clubs, hotels, college dormitories. On crack trains. At fashionable beaches.... ¶Pajamas by Glover! Satisfying an elemental instinct—your masculine hunger for color. Let your favorite store show them to you today (the real *Glover's*). Tonight, enjoy this new thrill—this new luxury!

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY

New York Chicago Dubuque San Francisco

(Address Executive Offices, Dubuque, Iowa)

The few styles and patterns pictured are typical of the broad range of Glover Pajamas at every price from $2 to $25. Look for the woven Glover label! If your store cannot supply you, write us.

Glover's
BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
Sleepingwear

Ask to see the Glover *Sports Special Shirt*—collar-attached—with Kayway shoulder and free-swing back—champion of golf shirts—$3. Smart style and flawless tailoring distinguish all Glover Shirts.

GLOVER PAJAMAS

©1928 H.B.G.Co.

THE VOGUE, $3
Blue, Rose and Tan
(lower left)

THE SARATOGA, $3
Red, Black, Blue, Helio
(middle left)

THE TIVOLI, $5
Helio, Rose, Green, Peach
(upper left)

THE TRINITA, $7.00
Assorted mixtures
(left figure)

THE MOORS, $5
Blue, Rose and Tan
(2nd figure)

THE NIGHTINGALE, $5
Green, Blue, Rose, Tan
(3rd figure)

THE STRAND, $4.50
Blue, Tan and Green
(right figure)

HYDE PARK, $5
Blue, Green, Helio, Orange
(upper right)

THE SAVOY, $5
Green, Blue and Helio
(middle right)

MARDI GRAS, $3
Tan, Blue and Green
(lower right)

U. S. Official

United States doughboys mopping up a trench just captured in the battle-scarred Argonne Forest sector.

Leaves *from my* War Diary

By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

German Intelligence Methods—The Armistice—Plans for Occupying the Rhine

(Reading time: 19 minutes 32 seconds.)

IN the previous installments of his personal record of the war the author described the historic events which occurred subsequent to the German drive of March, 1918, the Chemin des Dames, the growing activity of the A. E. F., St. Mihiel, and the Argonne.

PART SEVEN

October—November, 1918.

HUNDREDS of combats in the air, the attack of German ground troops and the bombardment of enemy objectives, occur daily. It would take volumes to write about them. The results of these are contained in our daily operation reports.

One day our bombardment fliers attacked the railroad station at Longuyon. They missed the station by two and one-half miles, but hit in the middle of a German division at drill, killing and wounding over 2,000 men, including some of the members of the commanding general's staff.

Another night our bombardment aviation hit an ammunition train drawn up in the railroad station at Longuyon. On one side of it was an incoming train filled with troops, and on the other was a railroad train of men on leave going to the rear. About 500 men were killed outright and over 2,000 wounded.

One of our pilots put a bomb straight through the top of the roundhouse at Longuyon, destroying eight or ten locomotives in it, and blew up the whole place.

We have lost many a good man, and of course will continue to lose more. Many of these have been taken prisoners, and as our aviators know so much more about the general situation and the position of all the troops than any other officers of corresponding rank, we have to be very careful to instruct them as to what to do in case they are captured. The following is a list of don'ts each aviator is supposed to know:

DON'TS FOR FLIERS WHO LAND IN ENEMY TERRITORY

IT is important to impress upon pilots and observers, and any others whose duty may take them in an airplane across the lines, the following points with regard to minimizing the amount of information which the enemy would be able to obtain should the machine and occupants fall into their hands:

(1) Don't carry any papers, official or private, while in an airplane. Envelopes contain-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTY-ONE]

How an Underwear Maker Got Quick, Desired Distribution Through LIBERTY

AFTER doing no advertising for more than ten years, a knitting goods manufacturer decided to advertise an underwear specialty in LIBERTY *exclusively*. This was in 1927.

Distribution on this item was so spotty that the chief task put upon the LIBERTY advertising was the creation of retail outlets through consumer demand.

Because the retail trade knew and were feeling the fast-hitting sales stimulation of LIBERTY advertising, this manufacturer opened up 760 new, high-grade retail accounts during the year.

Since January first of this year, over 150 additional retail outlets have been secured. Only a moderate schedule of insertions was and is being used.

The advertiser is holding these 900 new accounts. They include a great number that he had failed to secure through years of effort prior to the LIBERTY advertising campaign.

Quality outlets result from the quick quality demands of LIBERTY'S readers.

* * *

Name of this advertiser sent on request of any interested advertiser.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Over 1,500,000 Net Paid Circulation—99% News-Dealer Sales

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-NINE]

ing private correspondence give away the identification of the prisoner's unit.

(2) Don't mark airdromes and other information concerning our own side of the line on maps which are taken up into the air. The smallest mark is sufficient to indicate an airdrome to the enemy should the map be captured.

(3) Don't, if captured, trust anyone, whether in German uniform or uniform of any of the Allies. Speak as little as possible and don't enter into conversation. Friendliness shown by the enemy should at once cause suspicion.

(4) Don't forget that a clever interrogator will obtain information from you in the course of a casual conversation; therefore speak as little as possible.

(5) Don't address letters which the enemy says he will drop for you across the lines to your squadron wing or brigade. Address letters to the headquarters of your Air Service and they will be sent from there to their right destination.

(6) Don't forget that the Germans want to know, not only about aviation in general, but more particularly American aviation. They will make unrelenting efforts to obtain this.

(7) The Germans use listening apparatus in prisoner-of-war cages and other places where prisoners are located, so that conversation with other prisoners is overheard. Therefore don't discuss military or aviation matters of any sort or description with anyone, even your best friend, as your conversation will be overheard by the enemy.

(8) German interrogators will dress up as Allied officers or soldiers and will be placed in the same room as you, with the object of learning your information; therefore again suspect anyone whom you do not actually know.

(9) Don't be misled by the kindness which will be shown to you when first captured. Champagne dinners and such things will be provided for you in order to get you to talk.

(10) Don't ever be put off your guard.

Extract from the Statement of an Officer Recently Escaped from Germany

I LANDED on a village green in the middle of a number of Germans. The Germans were all around the machine at once, and before I could realize where I was they were pulling me out of the plane. They did not treat me roughly. There were several German officers present.

I was taken to headquarters in the village, where I was interviewed by a general. I refused to give any information. After threatening me a little, the General retired. A German Flying Corps car came up and I was taken to an airdrome several miles back, where I was given lunch. The food was poor, but we had champagne.

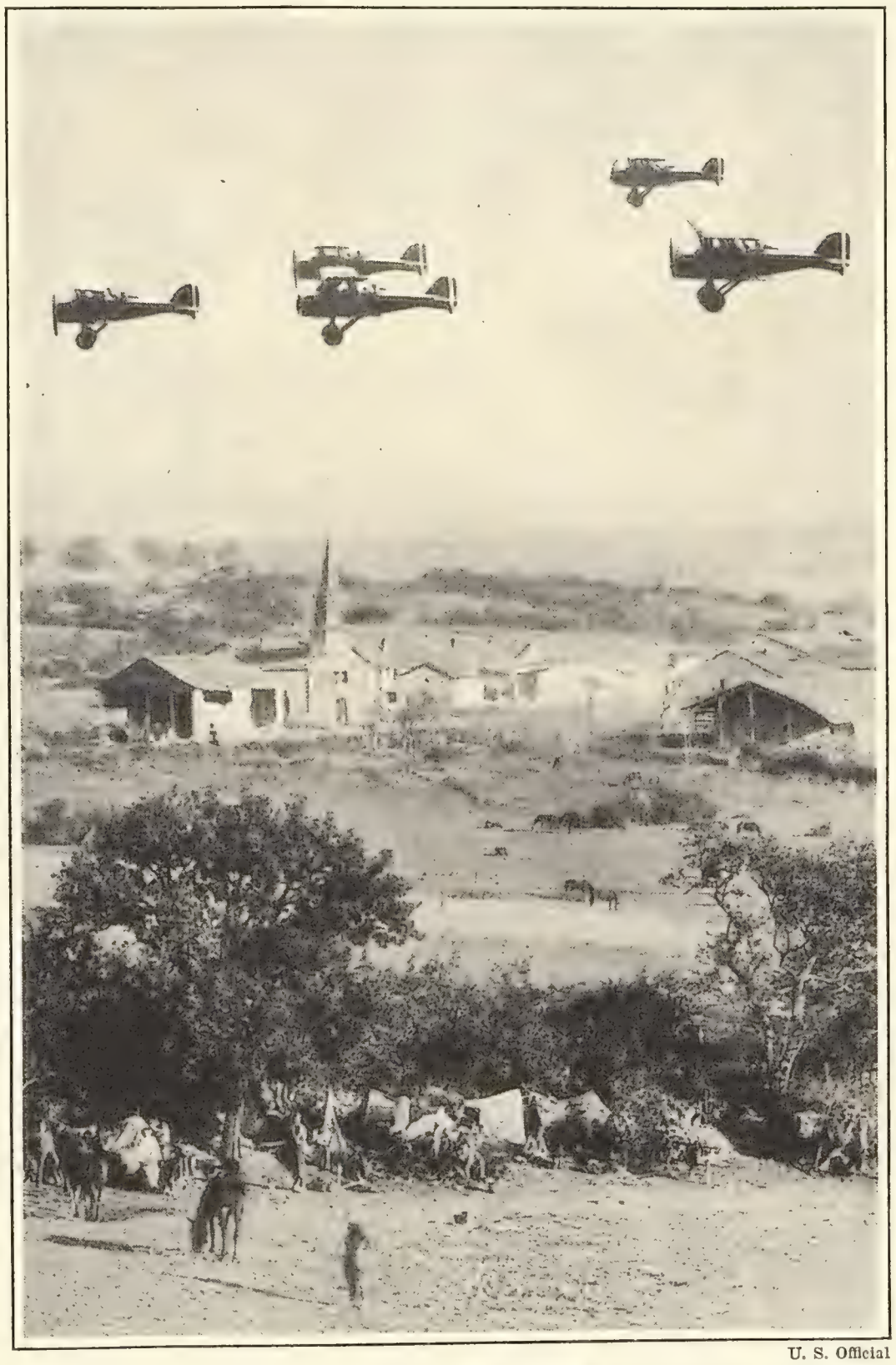
Eight or ten German officers had lunch with me. They were very polite. They asked me a good many leading questions, but they got nothing out of me.

I was then taken to divisional (or corps) headquarters, where I was questioned by several officers. They were fairly polite. They seemed to know about most of the infantry battalions in that part of the line, where they were, the name of the C. O., and other particulars. They told me the position the battalion had occupied at Loos. It was all correct. They asked me for the position of General Headquarters, which they admitted they did not know.

I was then taken in the car to Cambrai, where I was placed in the Citadel. Here there were about 100 British soldiers with two officers besides myself (I am not sure of their regiment, but I think it was the Durham Light Infantry in the new army).

I was taken before Lieutenant Schram. He was very polite and asked me many questions as to the aërial work, especially as to the Spad machine. He told me that they had recently got some very useful information from papers in a machine which had been shot down, which contained instructions as to co-operation between the air service and the infantry. He also asked me about the tanks.

He also asked me many questions about two leading men on our side whose names I do not remember, though they were both knights. I cannot remember if they were general officers or what their position was. He wanted to get to know anything about them and their movements and where they were. He was very urgent about this.



U. S. Official

A flight of U. S. fliers passing across the Argonne area on their way over the enemy lines.

Warning to British Aviators

The following instructions in the form of a warning have been given to British aviators. American officers and aviators should note them and appreciate their importance:

IF you are unfortunate enough to be compelled to land behind the German lines, you may be agreeably surprised by the apparent hospitality and generosity of your welcome there. The German officers will probably have you to stay with them as their guest for a few days at one of their squadrons, and will make you most comfortable.

You will probably be extremely well entertained with the very best of everything they can offer. An abundance of good champagne from France will oil the wheels of conversation between the officers of the German Flying Corps and one whom they will probably term a brother officer of the English Flying Corps. They will appear to be very good fellows, straightforward, cheerful, and will keep on the scientific side of flying, apart from their ordinary work, with which they may say you are quite fed up.

They will probably lead you to talk about the possibilities of aviation after the war, and profess little interest in aviation as actually applied to war. It may not take much wine to gladden your heart and to induce you to lay aside your suspicions and reserve and forget the guile which lies behind their artless questions.

And so, unaccustomed as you are to this form of deceit, you may fall another victim to this clever combination of cunning and hospitality. But, though they may succeed for the moment in making a favorable impression, you will afterwards have every reason to remember that during this war the Germans have proved themselves to be a cruel and unscrupulous enemy.

They are sound financiers and have an eye to good investment. It does not cost them much to entertain you well, and even if it did, they expect to get an adequate return for their money in the form of information unwittingly imparted by you.

That is why they give you all the delights of the Carlton and Savoy, with none of the regrets of an overdraft at Cox's, and that is why you will be treated as a highly honored guest instead of being half starved in one of their now notorious prison camps, a treatment which is in fact only postponed until they have squeezed every ounce of useful information out of you.

THE work is done by experienced men. Quite unknown to yourself, one or more of the seemingly irresponsible flying men are highly trained intelligence officers who will sift bits of useful information from your most brilliant *bon mot*.

On the other hand, different methods may be employed, though these are not so common with prisoners of the Flying Corps as with others. You may be browbeaten and ordered to disclose information under pain of suffering severe penalties if you refuse. Remember that this is only a ruse and that they will not carry out their threats.

It is quite possible that you may be placed in a hut with an officer alleged to be an English prisoner, speaking English fluently, knowing many people in England well, and wishing to have news of everyone and everything. Perhaps he will ask no questions, relying only on your confidence. It will be difficult for you to believe that he is not a companion in misfortune.

Therefore be on your guard and remember that in a show like this it is impossible for any individual not at the head of affairs to say what is of use to the enemy and what is not.

Remember that any information you may inadvertently give may lengthen the war and keep you longer in Germany; may cost the lives of many Englishmen; may strain the country's resources even more than they are being strained at present.

Don't think this is all imagination and need-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Keeps Your Hair Neat, Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

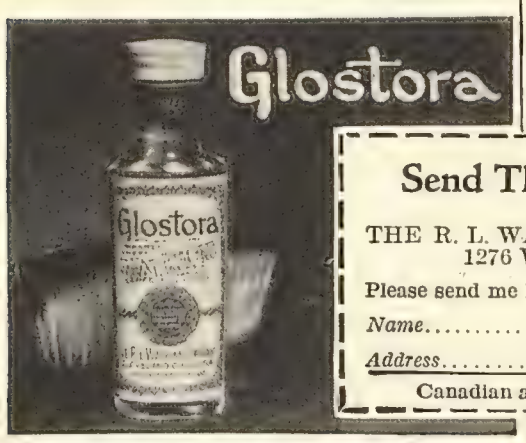
It gives your hair that natural, rich well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request.



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I weighed 279 Lbs! After trying many ways to reduce, a medical advisor of one of America's leading insurance companies told me of a new way . . . a natural, pleasant, healthful way. No drugs, no tiresome courses in dieting or exercise; no thyroid or glandular extracts, no sweat baths, lotions, soaps or creams. It was easy, natural and absolutely safe.

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MORE fighting fish, more man-size *thrills!* Yours for *quick* and *true* casting—hitting the spot, on the dot. Spools so even, thumbs so easy, runs so free.

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A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co., 2830 Taylor St., Elyria, Ohio

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from page eighty-one

less caution. The need of it has been brought out by experience.

. . . . .

WE continue, of course, to receive many complaints from the ground troops about not getting enough airplanes to them, and that the observers don't see them nor repeat their signals at the time that they are required. Our airmen stay on the line all of the time, whereas the troops on the ground are changed frequently. The result is, comparatively speaking, that the men in the air are much more familiar with their particular duties than those on the ground.

It now remains for us to assemble a great force of bombardment and pursuit planes with which to attack the interior of Germany. If the war lasts, I am sure that air power will decide it. I laid out the program for doing this and set my staff to selecting the points where these new units, equipped with the Handley-Page and Caproni bombardment airplanes, combined with DHs, built in the United States, would be placed.

We also figured out how they were to operate in combination with the British and the French. There is considerable talk now of combining all the aviation under one command. The English command the sea forces, with Admiral Beatty as the head. The French command the armies on the land, with General Foch at the head. It is proposed that America be assigned the aviation, and that I command it.

November, 1918.

THERE is a good deal of talk that General Pershing is to be relieved of command of the A. E. F., presumably on account of the losses that we are incurring in the Argonne. There is a rumor that General March, the Chief of Staff in the United States, may replace him.

In this kind of war if attacks are to be pushed it is impossible to avoid losses. The day of grand maneuvers, flanking attacks, and enveloping and surrounding an enemy on the ground is practically a thing of the past. The old professional armies have led us into this method of war, which is merely a contest of exhaustion. We Americans ought to be able to last longer than the others can, but of course we shall have to pay dearly in lives.

General Pershing is playing the game, and playing it as well as he can; and now that we really have a great American Army in operation, it would be a shame to change commanders, with all the troubles and mix-ups which would ensue. We have had a good test of what changes every little while mean in aviation, which set us back months.

Our air attacks against the German airdromes, supply points, and communications have begun to have a decided effect. The German citizens have been complaining to their government and becoming more insistent that they be given protection.

Winter is now facing us; but

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

In Next Week's Liberty—

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Tells a new story of the War Birds in action that is as unusual as its title:

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Also—

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By William MacLeod Raine

The rousing true story of life in one of the wildest, woolliest, most wide-open towns of the Western frontier days.

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Mitchell, So. Dak.—Walter M. Willy, of this city, is in need of 500 men to help market his new and amazing invention which makes glare from passing automobiles impossible. This device fits and matches all cars. It can be installed in a minute. It is inexpensive. It is entirely different from anything else previously used for this purpose.

The inventor is now ready to place this remarkable discovery on the market and has an introductory free sample offer to mail you. Write Mr. Willy today. Charles Hickey wrote for this free sample offer. Since then Mr. Hickey has made $4,931.50 profit and earned $977.25 in prizes. To get this liberal offer simply write your name and address, enclose this ad in an envelope and address it to

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Restore the dark color of your hair with Q-ban. Works so gradually and naturally that even your best friends will not know. 75 cent bottles at drug stores sold on money-back guarantee.

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Q-ban
HAIR COLOR RESTORER
Makes Gray Hair DARK

HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists
Memphis, Tenn.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-TWO]

with its coming we hear that the Germans are weakening and that the interior of Germany is becoming more and more a prey to a revolutionary movement.

. . . . .

AS the time for the Armistice approached and it became known that it meant the end of the war, the nervous tension to which all had been subjected began to let up. In the Air Service, where certain German air pilots were known individually by the markings on their planes, and who in turn recognized our men, the pilots went out for one last fight.

Picture by Clayton Knight

Back to blighty.

Very much in the same way that the knights used to do in the days gone by, they challenged the opposing aviators for individual combats by flying around the hostile airdromes. I believe that the last German shot down by an American aviator was the victory which Major Maxwell Kirby gained over his adversary on the morning of November 11.

No people knew better than those in the Air Service what a continuation of the war meant. We had all preparations complete to carry the war into the heart of Germany in the spring of 1919.

The air weapons that would have been used would have caused untold suffering. Chemical weapons most certainly would have been brought into play—gases for destroying cattle and sheep, and incendiary projectiles for burning the crops and forests.

During a war of this kind one's nerves, passions, and whole physical and mental make-up are tremendously overwrought and one's outlook is somewhat different than it would be ordinarily.

During the last six months of the war I doubt if I actually slept more than three hours a day. This was because the reports of the day's activities along our front did not reach my headquarters until about 10 o'clock at night. They would then be arranged by the appropriate staff section and I would begin their complete perusal somewhere around midnight. I would then dictate the orders for the following day and carefully check their proper sending to every unit.

It would be 2 o'clock by that time, and I would be up at 5 so as to watch the action of our forces that took the air before daylight.

Picture by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

Armistice Day, 1918.

When the order came to cease hostilities I realized that I was pretty tired and that everyone around me was very much the same way. I was glad to see the terrific loss of life being stopped, because with our green and untrained troops we were losing a great many more men than were our Allies.

Of course it was to be expected that the Europeans would not allow us to reap any more of the fruits of victory than was possible.

While on the one hand we had unquestionably won the war for the Allies—as they would certainly have been defeated by Germany without our entrance—on the other hand, it was their fight and they had put up the greatest sacrifices.

We also were fighting to keep the advantages in commerce and finance which we had gained as a result of the war. The Germans certainly were not destroyed, or hardly defeated. They were repulsed and thrown back; but their troops would have continued to fight bravely on the line if the interior of Germany had not gone to pieces behind them. We hear that the Kaiser and the court have fled to Holland and that the whole country is a prey to revolution.

SO now the Germans are retreating. But they have done all the fighting on foreign soil. The only damage that has come to their own country has been through the air. The Allies have paid dearly for everything they have obtained, because, according to the present system of war, ground armies are incapable of inflicting a decisive defeat in a short time on an adversary.

The evening of November 10 I went from my headquarters at Ligny to Toul, where I found the staff of the Second Army preparing an attack for the following day. This, it seemed to me, was a rather foolish proceeding, as it would lead to no benefit to us and would kill a great many men, because the Germans would certainly resist them. The division to be used was the Ninety-second, composed of colored troops, who had had very little experience on the front.

This attack was actually carried out the following morning, with disastrous results.

As I went back to my headquarters late at night, I could see ammunition dumps exploding on the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you meet Cynthia, the college widow, for the first time in ten years and call her Helen . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a MURAD cigarette.

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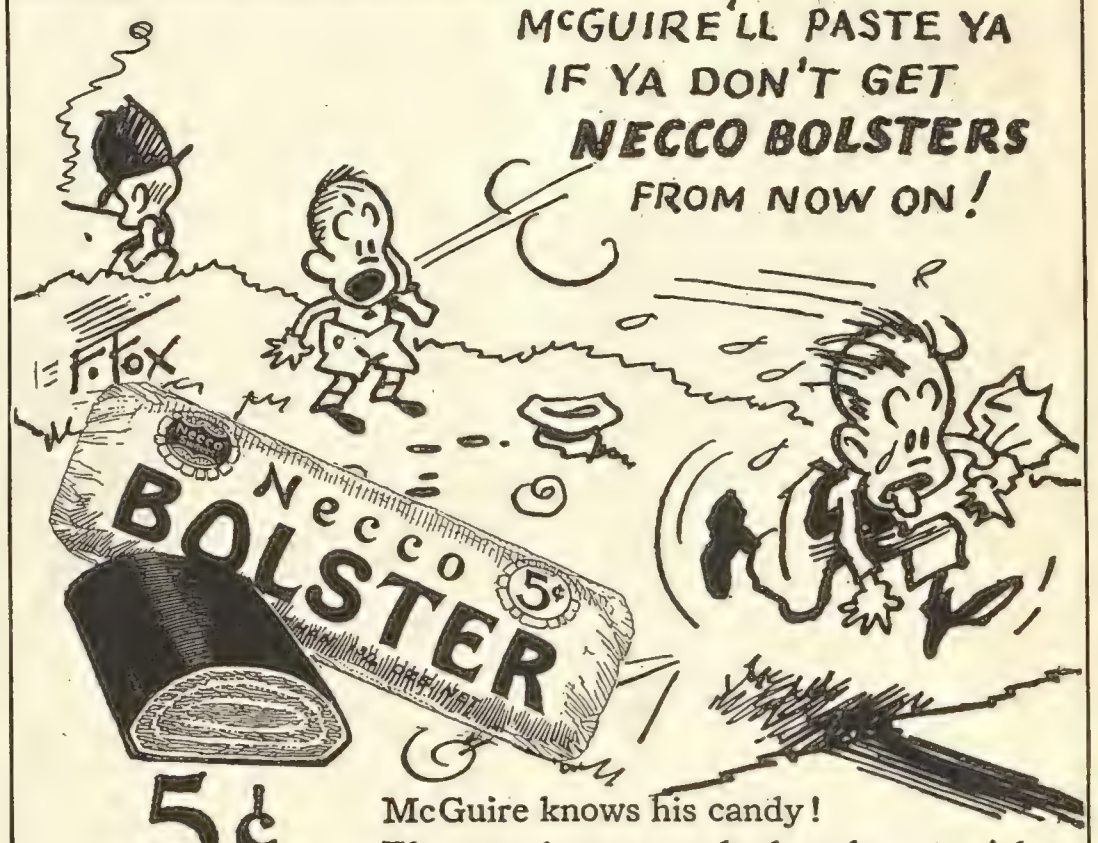

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Flavory, honeycombed molasses with peanut butter drawn through. Coated thick with chocolate. Only 5¢.

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By Princess Radziwill

How Marie of Russia sees life in her changed estate

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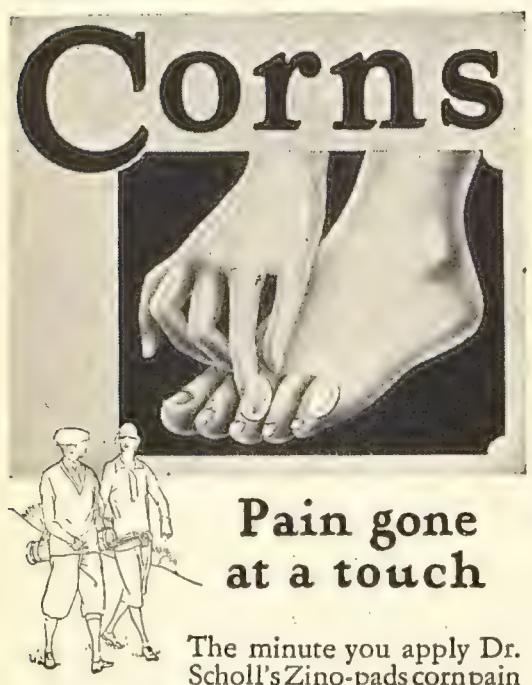
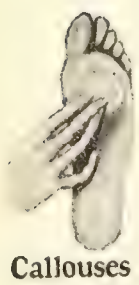


Pain gone at a touch

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads corn pain stops. You can then walk, stand or play with perfect comfort—as forgetful of corns as if you never had one.

Zino-pads *remove the cause* —friction and pressure of shoes. No other method acts on this scientific principle.

They are thin, protective, healing, safe and sure. If applied at the first sign of irritation caused by tight shoes, they *positively prevent corns and tender toes.*



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Special sizes for callouses and bunions. Buy a box today. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores, 35c.

For free samples and booklet, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY] Continued from page eighty-three

German side, rockets being fired in the air, and rejoicing going on wherever it was possible on the French side. Some could hardly understand that peace was at hand.

A few of the peasants I talked to were very skeptical. The poor things had been at it for over four years, and their minds had become so fixed with the idea of war that it would take some time to unfix them.

The morning of November 11 I visited the commanding officers of the Air Service of both armies that were under me and congratulated them on the great work they had done. This was the first time in the world's history that great bodies of air troops had been brought together and fought as a single organization.

We Americans had developed the best system of air fighting that the world had ever seen. We had entered into full combat with the splendid air troops that the Germans had trained for over three years of war before we joined. We not only held our own, but greatly excelled it. We could look with absolute confidence to the future if our system were maintained and our men who were trained in actual combat were given charge of the development to make America absolutely safe from hostile invasion.

The day has passed when armies on the ground or navies on the sea can be the arbiter of a nation's destiny in war. The main power of defense and the power of initiative against an enemy has passed to the air.

MY reports on the morning of November 11 showed that I had present on the front in the hands of American units 740 airplanes. Of these, 528 were of French manufacture, 16 were of British manufacture, and 196 were of American manufacture.

Just think—one year and eight months after the war began the United States had only been able to put 196 airplanes on the front! We did practically all our fighting with foreign machines. There was no excuse for this whatever.

My figures show that from the time that American air units entered into combat on the front—that is, from March, 1918, to November 11, 1918—our men shot down and received official confirmation for 927 enemy airplanes or balloons. During the same time we lost, due to operations of the enemy, 316 of our airplanes or balloons.

This ratio of three to one was a most remarkable thing and was much greater in proportion than the victories achieved by any of our Allies. The reason was that we had remarkable pilots and that our tactics and strategy were superior to any of those employed elsewhere.

U. S. Official

The end of the war for them.

EVERYONE was rejoicing. After giving the necessary instructions to have every organization write up its war experiences, I decided to take a trip into Paris to see what was going on in the French capital.

I took my largest automobile and gathered up some of my friends, who had been so kind to us during the war, and proceeded to the capital. Everyone was trying to get to Paris that could. The roads were choked with automobiles.

We reached there quite late in the evening, and found the Champs Elysées in a great uproar.

Men and women were pulling captured German cannon, which had lined the street, up and down the pavements. Girls were dressed in soldiers' caps and blouses and going through the drill around the guns that the artillerymen were taught on the front. Everyone was singing, shaking hands, kissing each other, dancing, screaming, and yelling—the most spectacular outburst of feeling that I have ever seen.

The people had been almost sure that they would be defeated in some way or other before the war was over, and now they had actually obtained victory! How great it was, no one could tell; but they were victorious, and their joy knew no bounds.

They were very open in what they said about the Americans that night. Everywhere that an American soldier was seen he was hailed as a hero and a deliverer. It was funny how quickly a French soldier could tell whether he had been serving on the front or in the interior.

We got a little supper, then started down in my automobile to the boulevards. Everywhere people were jumping on the running-boards and embracing the chauffeur and mechanic who were driving my car. The streets surged with the populace and none but military cars were allowed to proceed. When we arrived at the boulevards it was nearly midnight, and a never to be forgotten sight presented itself.

People in all sorts of costumes—singing, shouting, yelling, crying, some of them fighting, and acting all sorts of ways — were there. A cordon of police closed the boulevards to all vehicles; but, as a gendarme was telling my chauffeur that the street was closed, we were recognized by a crowd of pilots of the French Air Division who had served under me at the attack of St. Mihiel and in the Argonne. These screamed, "*Vive notre Général Américain!*" and, throwing the gendarme to one side, they almost picked up the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

boys!

baseball equipment free!

BOYS! Don't delay! Here's your chance to get all your baseball equipment absolutely free! Send the coupon below and we will send you full details. Thousands of boys all over the United States and Canada are winning baseball suits, mitts, balls, bicycles, tennis rackets, golf equipment, games, and many other things every regular fellow wants to own. It's easy! Just look at happy Loren Arenz of Illinois shown above with the dandy bat, the big league ball and the peachy mitt he received—without a penny of cost to him! You too can be happy with wonderful sporting equipment if you grasp this opportunity!

In addition we will show you how to earn money every week. We supply full instructions. You don't need to leave your own neighborhood. Work in your spare time—a few hours after school one day a week or more—just as you choose. Send the coupon today. Don't delay!

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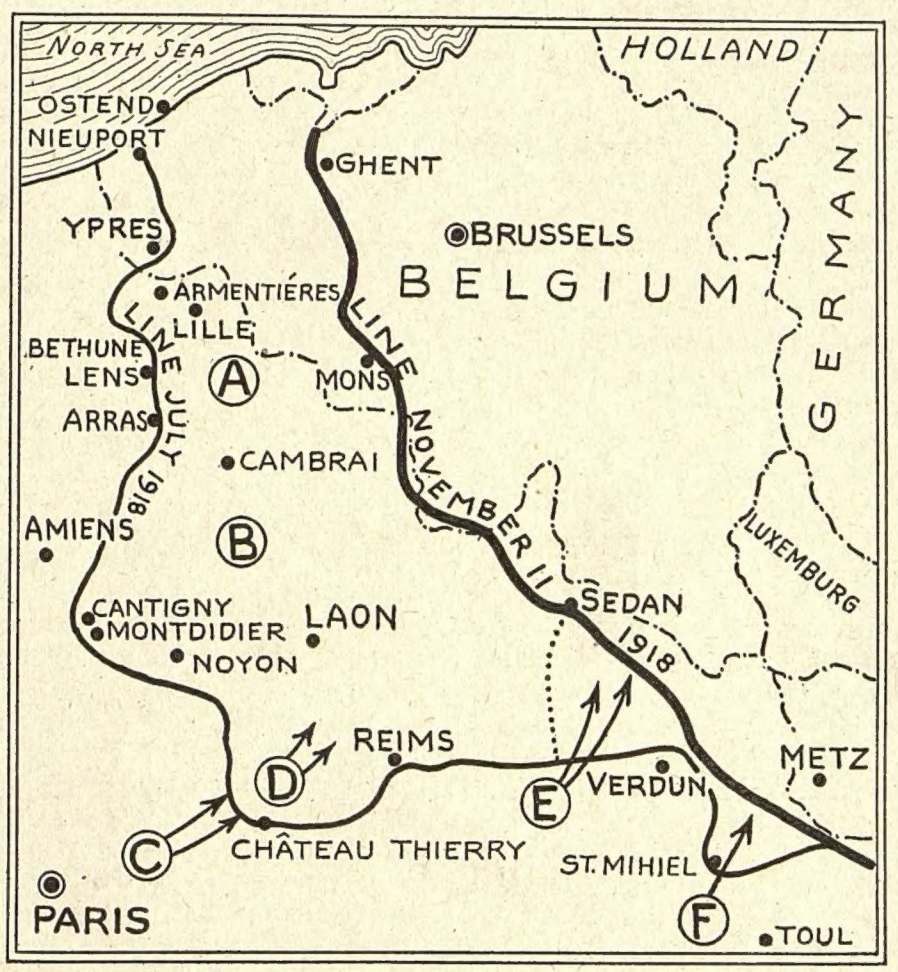
[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

automobile and carried it right down the boulevards.

I counted eighteen of them sitting on the roof, on the radiator, on the mud guards, and all over the back. They formed a ring hand in hand around the car, both men and women, singing the Marseillaise and Madelon and some of the aviators' songs, and literally carried us from one end of the boulevards to the other. We were in the only automobile, I believe, that was on the boulevards that night. It was a great experience.

The following day and night there was very much the same celebration.



The map shows the various engagements of the A. E. F. and the divisions taking part: (A) Ypres-Lys, August 19-November 11; 27, 30, 37, and 91 divisions. (B) Somme, August 8-November 11; 27, 30, and 33 divisions. (C) Aisne-Marne, July 18-August 6; 1, 2, 3, 4, 26, 28, 32, and 42 divisions. (D) Oise-Aisne, August 18-November 11; 28, 32, and 77 divisions. (E) Meuse-Argonne, September 20-November 11; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 26, 28, 29, 32, 33, 35, 37, 42, 77, 78, 79, 80, 82, 89, 90, and 91 divisions. (F) St. Mihiel, September 12-16; 1, 2, 4, 5, 26, 42, 82, 89, and 90 divisions.

THE following day I worked in the Paris office and saw General McAndrew, our Chief of Staff, Harbord, and Dunwoody. On November 14 I went to Chaumont and had a good talk with General Pershing. He told me he wanted me to take the Air Service up to the Rhine with the Third American Army, which was being organized to occupy the territory up there in accordance with the treaty.

Only the oldest units in the Air Service were to go. These were to be filled up to their full strength with pilots, mechanics, and men. Likewise, the ground troops were to have the oldest and best organizations. General Dickman is to command the army. He had distinguished himself in all the fighting. He is of German extraction and speaks German with great fluency.

It is strange how many Germans we have that have distinguished themselves in our service, and what efficient officers and patriotic Americans they are. Of course it is not strange, because we are made up of the nations of northern Europe, and all of the countries in northern Europe have a large Germanic element in them, even the French.

ON November 14 an order was issued placing me in command of the air troops to go to the Rhine. All the other troops now were given a schedule of training which would keep them busy until they could be sent back to the United States.

We began to liquidate all our establishments and to turn in, store, or sell all our property, keeping, of course a sufficient amount ready in case there was any interference with the Armistice.

I returned to my headquarters at Ligny and reorganized my staff for the advance into Germany. From November 14 until November 17 I visited the various organizations that had been under my command, including the British, the French, and the Italian.

I never imagined that allies belonging to different nations could work together the way we did in the Air Force. It is impossible with ground troops. With us in the air we were all striving to perfect and develop a new power that the world has never seen before, which calls for qualities that are entirely different from those on the ground, and we therefore were all more or less on an even footing.

In the next and final installment of his war diary General Mitchell describes the occupation of Germany by the Allies.

Use

Cleans

and gives all furniture that "new-like" appearance

Dusts

and removes all finger-marks and the like

Polishes

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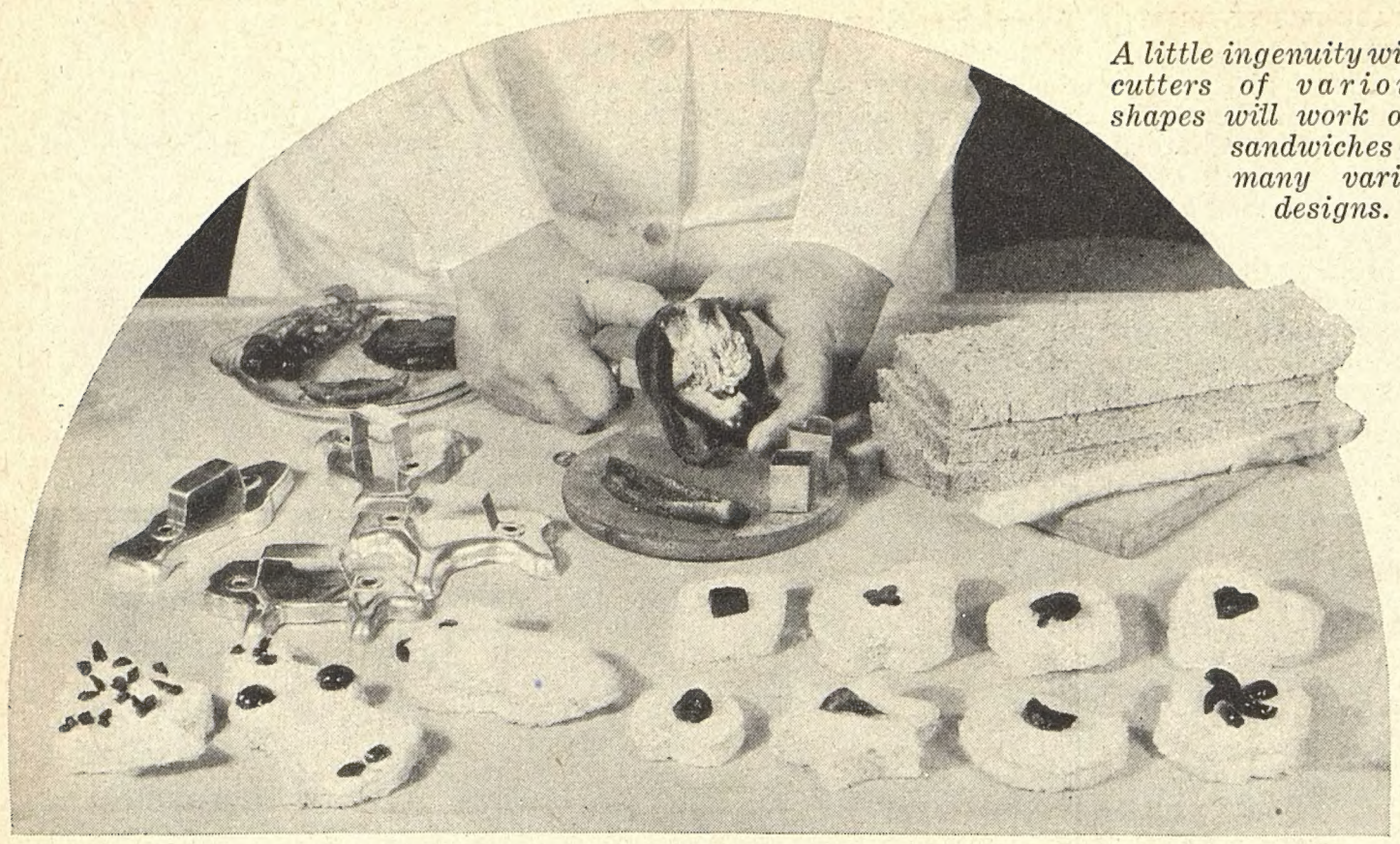
Wet a piece of cloth with water, wring it almost dry, pour on a few drops of O-Cedar Polish, go over the surface to be cleaned, then rub with a dry cloth.

30c to $3 sizes. There is *extra* economy in the larger sizes

O-Cedar Polish



A little ingenuity with cutters of various shapes will work out sandwiches of many varied designs.

Party Sandwiches

Take Their Place in the Color Scheme

By ETHEL SOMERS

PARTY sandwiches must be delicious, dainty, and interesting. Good bread is the fundamental basis of attractive sandwiches. It should be feathery, yet not crumbly; moist, yet firm. For wafer-thin sandwiches use only bread a day old. Homemade bread which has been made with milk is ideal.

If the bread is to be sliced extremely thin, it should be cut in the usual way after buttering and spreading. On the other hand, if the slices are to be nearly a quarter inch thick, it is more efficient to cut the loaf the long way.

To save time, assemble all of your materials at the start—a sharp, flexible knife; a cutting board; well creamed butter or a sandwich mixture moistened with cream sauce in which the butter has been increased to three times the ordinary measurement; an efficient spreader, slightly flexible; fancy cutters, both large and small; a variety of fillings; a silver knife; a pastry bag; a damp towel; and large flat boxes or pans lined with wax paper for packing the sandwiches.

If carefully packed and covered tightly with a moist cloth, many varieties of sandwiches may be made the day before they are to be used. In such sandwiches the slices must be well buttered to prevent the filling from soaking into the bread and the finished sandwiches must be closely packed to eliminate drying air spaces.

Some Good Sandwich Fillings

THREE pimentos; 2 hard-cooked eggs; ¼ pound mild cheese; 1¼ cups pecans: chopped, blended, and bound together with mayonnaise.

Anchovies, chopped or paste; olives; butter to form a paste.

Equal parts of orange marmalade or currant jelly spread on one slice, and cream cheese on the other, and the two put together.

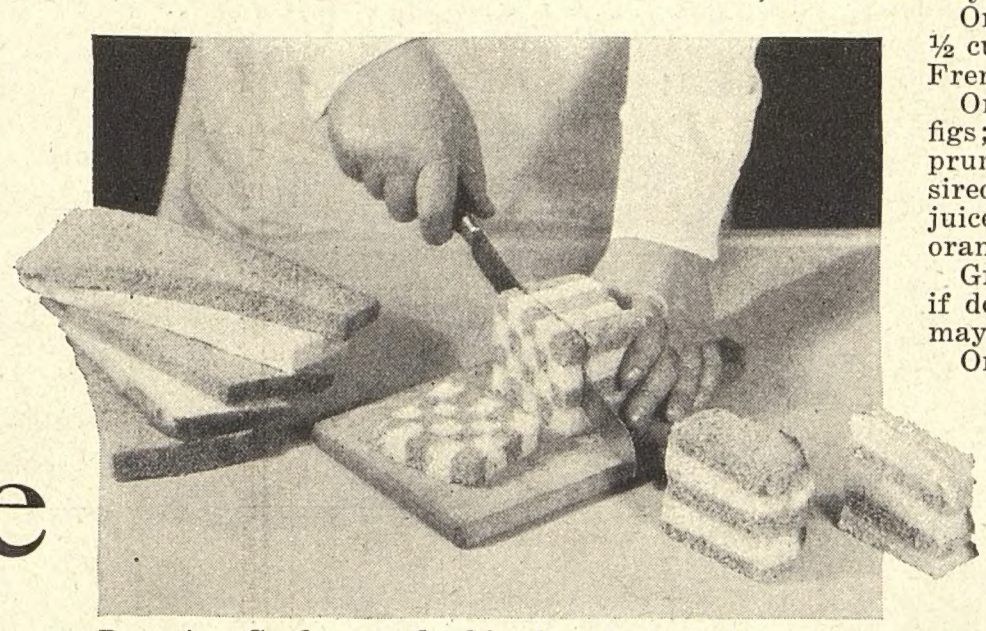
One cup celery; 2 tablespoons nuts; 2 tablespoons olives: chopped together, mayonnaise to bind.

One-half cup finely chopped nuts, blended with one-half their measure of mayonnaise, spread on one slice of buttered bread, and crisp shredded greens on the other; place together.

Brown bread spread with whipped cream, sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese, and covered with a thick layer of radish slices.

Equal parts of creamed butter, grated English cheese, and chopped pimento, blended and seasoned.

One cup cream cheese, softened with cream or mayonnaise; ½ cup finely minced salted almonds.



By using Graham and white bread stacked as shown and arranged and pressed as described, you evolve the decorative Checkerboard Sandwich.

Mushrooms sliced, chopped, and sautéd lightly in butter; bind with mild mayonnaise. Make into small sandwiches, as these are rich.

One large apple minced; ½ teaspoon lemon juice; ⅓ cup raisins chopped: used in Graham bread sandwiches.

One cup preserved pineapple; ½ cup chopped dates; nut bread.

Chopped dried beef, bound together with mayonnaise, and spread sparingly on the bread, so as not to be salty in flavor.

Chicken, shrimp, lobster, salmon, tuna fish, or boiled ham; an equal quantity of thick white sauce in which the quantity of butter has been doubled or trebled; salt and pepper to season; mayonnaise and lemon juice, if desired, to bind. Spread on one slice of bread and cover with a slice of buttered bread spread with plain mayonnaise.

One-half cup cream cheese; ½ cup chopped nuts; 2 tablespoons orange juice; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon butter; ¼ cup chopped pimento: all blended and chilled before spreading.

One cup of quartered dates; ½ cup cottage or creamed cheese; 2 tablespoons cream: blended.

One cup cold minced chicken (white meat preferred); ½ cup minced celery; 1 cooked egg, chopped; mayonnaise to bind.

Spread one buttered slice of bread with honey, and the other with finely minced black walnuts, pecans, or hickory nuts. Put together.

One-half cup chopped nuts; ½ cup chopped olives; bind with very little mayonnaise.

One-half cup ground peanuts; ½ cup ground carrots: bind with French dressing.

One-half cup dates; ½ cup figs; ½ cup raisins or cooked prunes; chopped peanuts, if desired: bind together with the juice and grated rind of 1 orange.

Ground boiled ham; piccalilli, if desired; sweet cream or mild mayonnaise to moisten.

One-half cup cream cheese; ½ cup stuffed olives, chopped; mayonnaise to moisten.

Checkerboard Sandwiches

CUT slices of white and Graham bread ½ inch thick after removing all the crusts. Butter the slices of bread and place the alternate layers of dark and light bread together, arranging them so that the top and bottom slices are unbuttered. Stack a second tier in opposite colors from the first, so that one is made up of three layers of the Graham and two of white, while the other consists of three of white and two of the Graham. Butter and cut off ½-inch slices from each of these ribbon-striped loaves in turn, and place the freshly cut slices together alternately, so that a ribbon stripe of Graham rests on one of white, and vice versa. Wrap in a damp towel and press with a heavy bowl or a 7-pound weight in the ice box until the butter is firm. Cut in ½-inch slices for service.

Ribbon Sandwiches

RIBBON Sandwiches may be made as directed for Checkerboard Sandwiches, stopping the process when the plain ribbon stripes are formed and weighting the loaves thus formed before slicing.

Rolled Sandwiches

TO prepare Rolled Sandwiches, spread a damp towel on a bread board. Remove all crust from the loaf and cut well buttered *thin* slices one at a time *lengthwise* of the loaf. Spread with any desired pastelike filling. For an interesting Rolled Sandwich, spread the slice in thirds or halves with different kinds of filling that combine well. Then roll the bread up tightly, as for a jelly roll, taking care to keep the roll tight, especially at the start. Exert a slight pressure with the rolling to insure the roll sticking together. Butter the ends of the roll to prevent its coming unrolled or drying out. Wrap tightly in a damp cloth and set in the refrigerator until ready to use. Just before serving cut in thin slices.

Open Sandwiches

OPEN Sandwiches that are attractive and different may be made by piping a wall of cream cheese, softened with mayonnaise or cream, around the edge of fancy cut buttered bread slices and filling the center with jelly, jam, or minced filling.

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